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A **MERICAN**
L **EGION** *Monthly*



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"They Snickered When I Got Up To Speak"

—But from the First Word, I Held Them Spellbound

THE banquet hall was crowded. Suddenly I heard the chairman's voice say—"We will now have a few words from Mr. Byron Munn." It came like a flash of lightning! He was unexpectedly calling on me for a speech! No time to beg off—no chance to wriggle out of it!

As I started to get up, I heard a titter run around the table.

"Watch him make a fool of himself," I overheard someone whisper. "He's so bashful he's afraid of his own voice."

"He'll die on his feet!" came another whisper. "This is going to be funnier than 'Abie's Irish Rose!'"

I knew they were laughing at me and expecting me to make myself ridiculous, but I only grinned inside. I stood squarely on my two feet and started in!

"But When I Commenced to Speak"—

Almost from the first word, the smiles of doubt and derision faded from their faces. They were incredulous—amazed! Instantly the atmosphere became so tense that you could have heard a pin drop! No snickers nor sneers now—nothing but breathless attention for every one of those hundred listeners! My voice, clear as a bell—strong, forceful, unflinching—rang out through the banquet hall as I hammered home each point of my message with telling strokes that held them spellbound! I let myself go—soaring to a smashing finale that almost brought them to their feet!

When I finished, there was an instant of dead silence! And then it came—a furious, deafening wave of applause rolling up from one hundred pairs of hands—spontaneous, excited, thrilling! Somebody pushed forward and grabbed my hand. Others followed and everybody started talking all at once.

"Great work, Byron old man! I didn't know you had it in you!"
"You sure swept them off their feet! You're a wonder!"

Was Once a "Human Clam"

After it was all over, Jack Hartray fell into step beside me as I left the hall. "Gee, that was a great speech!" he said enthusiastically. You certainly raised yourself about 100% in the eyes of every person in that place tonight. . . . And yet they used to call you 'a human clam'—and the quietest man in the office!"

It was true, too. All my life I had been handicapped with a shy, timid and retiring nature. I was so self-conscious that it almost hurt. With only a limited education, I never could express my ideas in a coherent, forceful way. As a result I saw dozens of men with less ability pass me by into positions of social and business prominence simply because they were good talkers and knew how to create the right impression. It was maddening!

A Lucky Accident

At last I began to despair of getting anywhere—when I accidentally ran across a little book entitled *How to Work Wonders with Words*. And I want to say right here that that little book actually helped

me change the course of my whole life. Between its covers I discovered certain facts and secrets I had never dreamed of. Difficulties were swept away as I found a simple way to overcome timidity, stage-fright and self-consciousness—and how to win advancement, popularity and success. I don't mean to say that there was any "magic" or "mystery" about it, because I went at the thing systematically in the privacy of my own home, simply applying 20 minutes each day. And the results were certainly worth it!

Today I hold the sort of position that I had always envied. My salary has been increased! I am not only in constant demand as a speaker in public but I am asked to more social affairs than I have time to attend. To sum it all up, I am meeting worthwhile people, earning more than I ever dared expect and enjoying life to the fullest pos-

sible degree! And furthermore, the sheer power of convincing speech has been the big secret of my success!

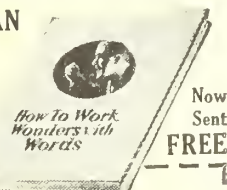
The experience of Byron Munn is typical. Not only men who have made millions, but thousands of others have found success after learning the secrets of powerful, effective speech. Being able to say the right thing in the right way at the right time has perhaps been responsible for more brilliant success than any other one thing under the sun! And the secret behind it all is so simple that it is astonishing!

Send for This Amazing Booklet

Right now, we offer to send you absolutely free, a copy of *How to Work Wonders with Words*. This remarkable little book will show you how to develop the priceless "hidden knack" of effective speech that has brought success, social position, power and wealth to so many. It will open your eyes to a new realization of what life holds in store for men who master the secrets of Effective Speech. See for yourself. There is no obligation. You can obtain your copy free by just sending the coupon.

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The AMERICAN LEGION

Monthly



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THE STARS IN THE FLAG

VERMONT: The first State aside from the original thirteen to be admitted to the Union. It became the fourteenth State March 4, 1791. Champlain explored the region and the French made the first European settlement at St. Anne in 1665. At the outbreak of the War for Independence three colonies claimed the land, Massachusetts, which in 1724 had established Fort Dummer on the site of Brattleboro, and New Hampshire and New York, whose governors had granted tracts of land in the region to settlers. The people in convention Jan. 17, 1777, declared their independence and formed a State, calling it New Connecticut, but on June 4th of that same year changed the name to Vermont. During the Revolution "the Green Mountain Boys" waged war on their own account against Great Britain, as they had no representative in Congress. Gen. Ethan Allen and his men captured Fort Ticonderoga in 1775. After the three States that claimed the land relinquished their equities, Congress admitted Vermont to the Union. Population, 1700, 85,425;



1027 (U. S. est.) 352,428. Percentage of urban population (communities of 2,500 and over), 1900, 22.1; 1910, 27.8; 1920, 31.2. Area, 9,564 sq. miles. Density of population, 38.6 per sq. mile. Rank among States (1920 U. S. Census), 45th in population, 42d in area, 26th in density. Capital, Montpelier (1920 U. S. Census), 7,125. Three largest cities, Burlington, 22,779; Rutland, 14,954; Barre, 10,008. Estimated wealth (1923 U. S. Census), \$842,040,000. Principal sources of wealth (1923 U. S. Census), quarry products (marble, granite, slate, lime and talc), \$18,082,408; woolen goods, \$22,428,138; dairy products, \$27,152,954. All crops (1920 U. S. Census) were valued at \$47,900,600, the three leaders being maple sirup and sugar, apples and cereals. Vermont had 13,010 men and women in service during the World War. State motto, adopted 1868: "Freedom and Unity." Origin of the name: Champlain, while sailing on the lake that bears his name, seeing the green hills to the east, called them Verd Mont, French for "green mountain." Nickname: Green Mountain State.

ROBERT F. SMITH, General Manager

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DON'T FOOL YOURSELF

Since halitosis never announces itself to the victim, you simply cannot know when you have it.



They talk about you

And rightly so—halitosis
is inexcusable.

behind your back

HALITOSIS (unpleasant breath) is the one unforgivable thing—because it is inexcusable.

“But how is one to know when one has halitosis?” both men and women ask.

The answer is: *You can't know.* Halitosis doesn't announce itself to the victim. That's the insidious thing about it. So thousands go through life ignorant of the fact that they are offending others to whom they desire most to appeal.

Don't fool yourself about this matter. Eliminate the risk entirely by using Listerine systematically. Every morning.

Every night. And between times before meeting others. Keep a bottle handy in home and office for this purpose. It puts you on the polite—and popular—side.

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For your own best interests, use Listerine every day.

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—you've got a treat ahead of you.

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The safe antiseptic

READ THE FACTS
1/3 had halitosis

68 hairdressers state that about every third woman, many of them from the wealthy classes, is halitoxic. Who should know better than they?



CROWDED DAYS The jangle of telephones, a sea of papers on your desk, a stampede of interruptions — and the day is over before you've accomplished all you intended to. Night after night you go home really tired — with nerves perhaps a bit on edge. Then your Gillette Blade has a double job to do in the morning — but it must give you the same easy comfort that you get on more leisurely days.



RESTLESS NIGHTS Three A. M. tours of the house with a wakeful child never soothed anyone's tired nerves. A few short hours of sleep when you want about ten of them — and the alarm brings you face to face with your razor. Then — comfort! The smooth, steady, unchanging comfort that's a family characteristic of all Gillette Blades!



HECTIC MORNINGS A trifle unsteady — even the brightest dawn looks gray. But in your razor is a fresh, even-tempered Gillette Blade. It's the one constant thing about your daily shave. You can always count on its smooth, sure comfort, no matter how ruffled your nerves.

Jumpy nerves *can't take the smooth, sure shave* *out of the Gillette Blade*

WORRY — a sleepless night behind you and a stiff day ahead — have you ever noticed how your skin tightens on such mornings — how different and more difficult even a simple thing like shaving seems to be?

Relax. Lather well and give the soap and water time to soften your beard before you start to shave. One thing you can always count on: your Gillette Blade — every Gillette Blade — will be right up to its smooth, even job, no matter how jumpy your nerves may be on any particular morning.

Gillette makes this promise to every one

of the 28,000,000 Gillette users in America. To keep it we have spent, during the last ten years, millions of dollars for blade improvements alone — 500 patents, embodied in machine processes that are accurate to one ten-thousandth of an inch and timed to one one-thousandth of a second; a factory system that makes four out of every nine workers inspectors, and nothing else, and pays a bonus for detecting every single blade that won't do a superb job of shaving.

All this, so that every Gillette Blade may play its smooth, even-tempered part in your daily shave, every morning.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.



To be sure of a smooth, comfortable shave under any conditions, slip a fresh Gillette Blade in your razor.

Gillette



By LEONARD H. NASON

*Illustrations
by
Raymond Sisley*



The MAN *in the* WHITE SLICKER

Part One

AN AMERICAN division, in the pride of its youth and strength, had jumped off in the Argonne on September 26th, and running gleefully up the Meuse, had penetrated quite a distance into enemy territory. "Ha! ha!" they thought. "This is easy. The war's over."

At noon of the first day they were through the defense system, and were going through comparatively untouched country, with only here and there a pill-box or a strip of wire to impede their progress. At one o'clock they received orders to hold up their triumphant progress for awhile until the division on their left could catch up. Their flank was beginning to wave in air, unprotected, for a dangerously long distance. This not only exposed them to attacks from that direction, but the artillery of the slower division would be firing into them.

The division halted impatiently, reformed, evacuated its wounded, replenished ammunition supply, and ate its emergency rations.

At four P.M. they received orders by airplane to attack at five-ten.

"Ha! ha!" said they. "Let's go now and end this thing."

Once again they jumped off, but this time something appeared to be wrong. The machine gun fire that greeted them, as frantic hand-clapping greets the appearance of a favorite on the stage, was much louder and stronger in volume than that of the morning. They were out of range of their artillery now, and the curtain of steel that had protected them hitherto was missing. Officers saw their commands fade into nothingness like melted snow. The men in the ranks saw the command of a company run right down the roll of officers and non-commissioned officers as though a ghostly mustering officer checked off the names with his finger.

When corporals began to command platoons, the survivors

*"Ab, the damn jug-
head's laid down again.
Pour the club into him
now! Twist his tail,
O'Nail!"*

had sense enough to get behind a tree, a stone, or a body, and take things easy for awhile.

The sun withdrew sullenly behind the hills to the west, hiding himself in a dirty grey haze that promised rain for the morrow. His last farewell rays lighted the thick pines of a wood to the left front. The bulk of the enemy fire was coming from this wood, and the word was passed around that it must be taken during the night. Four days later the division was still trying.

It was not a large wood, but it covered the brow of a hill, and this hill leaned back against a long ridge as a man leans against a wall to defend his back from attackers. A ravine ran up the western side, and any attempt at envelopment was met with terrific fire from across this ravine. Artillery at the upper end of it enfiladed any troops that tried to cross.

On the eastern side there was a wide, open stretch of field to be crossed, exposing attacking troops to fire from batteries across the Meuse, which fire, coming from the rear, impressed the Americans with the idea that their own guns were shooting them up, and did not fill them with zeal to continue their sojourn in the vicinity.

On the morning of the third day a council was held at the divisional commander's P. C. It was agreed by all that the wood must be taken. Up until now the division had not really lost

any time. They had made no progress, but neither had anyone else. Now, however, the roads in rear were in shape at least to bear horse-drawn traffic, a few batteries had been got through, replacements had come in, there was abundance of ammunition, and rumors of food. Good.

So, then, the wood was to be captured, and the advance begun again. At this point in the council, the discussion would veer away from the main subject to questions of traffic, brigade boundaries, help from balloon and airplane observers, co-operation from corps artillery, or lack of engineer material, such as barbed wire and revetting stakes. It would seem that everyone avoided the subject of the wood, beyond agreeing that it should be captured.

"Gentlemen," said the division commander finally, "if we can get through to the Romagne-Briellules road, I'm sure we'll be relieved, and can have a drink and a bath. But first we've got to get through. Now my plan is this: that we go over to the Regulars and ask them to make an attack from their side of the ravine, and we'll back it up with our machine guns, smothering the artillery and machine gun fire from the enemy with a flank barrage. That will get us across behind the woods and we can pinch out that whole ridge."

The morale of the council went up a hundred percent. If they could get somebody else to do the attacking, they would support said attack with everything they had, including heart and voice.

"But will the Regulars fall for that?" asked an officer.

The council groaned. The bubble had burst. Someone was always taking the joy out of life. In this case it had been the last speaker, and others, craning to see who he was that would have such a discouraging thought, saw that it was the divisional machine gun officer.

"That," said the general, "I'll have to see about. I think if I tell them that we're only Johns, and so forth, and we want the help of their experience and superior knowledge, and a little more bull like that, they'll come."

"Yes, General," said the machine gun officer, "and then there's another thing. You spoke of a flank barrage. That will be a very difficult thing. That's a narrow ravine, and to dope out a system whereby the barrage will be effective is *some* job. Who's going to do that?"

"You are! Isn't that your duty?"

The machine gun officer gasped, but the council was unsympathetic. Good enough for him. It would teach him to keep his mouth shut and not ask embarrassing questions.

The divisional machine gun officer, however, did not lose any sleep. He went to the commanders of his machine gun battalions, and informed them of their mission: a flank barrage up the ravine. The details they could dope out for themselves.

That afternoon the consent of the Regulars to participate in the action, but only to the extent of the loan of one battalion, was secured, the attack order was got out, and the hour for the attack set at daybreak the next morning. As soon as it was dark, the different units were moved to their new positions and all was toil, preparation, and profanity.

Among the units that so moved was a machine gun section, that is to say, two guns, commanded by a corporal. This was not the appropriate command for a corporal, but the sergeant had been loaned to another company of the battalion for the purpose of commanding a platoon therein, and the corporal, named Gordon, had succeeded to command of the section.

The section, its guns carried on two mule-drawn carts, had been ordered to change position from one side of the brigade sector to the other, since the machine guns were to be concentrated for the attack in order to neutralize the hostile fire in the ravine.

The change, of course, had to be made after dark, and since the brush was thick, and the guide none too sure of where he was, or where he would go next, progress was difficult.

"Come, come," cried the corporal at last, "dig the lead out of your shoes! You guys got nothing to carry but yourselves and



still you can't keep up! Suppose you had the gun and tripod? Well, if you had, we'd never get there till the war was over! Whoa! Halt now! We're coming to an open stretch. If we barge out there without lookin' it over, we're liable to stop some lead!"

"Don't stop, for Christ's sake," pleaded the first squad as one. "Every time we halt this dam' mule lies down! Keep goin'!"

"Hold him up!" replied the corporal. "Kick him in the belly! Don't you know how to stop a hard-tail from lyin' down? Borrow a bayonet off the first doughboy you see and let him lay down on *that*! That cures 'em!"

"There's no infantry around here," remarked someone. "They got sense enough to stay in their holes. We're the only ones that go thrashin' around in these adulterous woods all night."

"Well, halt that cart!" barked Gordon. "You know what 'halt' means? You don't have to be in the Army very long to learn that, do you?"

"No, keep on coming!" yelled the guide. "I know where we are now! This ain't an open spot. There's a mask there! They can't see yuh! Come on, now, we're almost there!"

There was a rushing sound in the underbrush, a snarling sound, whereat everyone's heart stood still and even the tired mules reared and kicked. At once arose clamor.

"What the hell's comin' off?" . . . "The Boche has broke



*"Look out for that thing!"
gasped the corporal, as
the muzzle of the .45
looked him in the eye.
"Don't point it at a man"*

through!" . . . "Nah, we run over some doughboys in fox-holes!" . . . "Keep that goddam mule quiet, can't chuh? Hold his head up an' he won't kick like that! You're supposed to be drivin' him, I ain't!" . . .

The men were not long left in doubt as to the cause of the disturbance.

"Cut out this talking!" snapped a stern voice. "Cut it out, I say! The Boche can hear you all over the sector! Who's in command of the crowd? What is it, a regiment or what? You make more noise than fifty tanks! Who's in command? Speak up!"

"Corporal Gordon, sir. I'm in command."

"Oh, Gordon. Yeh, this is A company's second section. This is almost the last, Major."

"A company? Good," said the first speaker. "You know where they go now, don't you? Take them away. I want you to be more quiet, men, understand? If the enemy suspicions that there's preparation going on here he'll know at once what it's for, and the attack will fail. Hurry now, and get into position. You're late!"

"Move 'em out, Corporal!" commanded the second newcomer.

"Forwa-a-ard!" replied Corporal Gordon.

Instead of the rattle of wheels and the thump of feet there was a steady stream of curses and a sound as of a carpet being beaten.

"What's the matter there?" demanded several at once.

"Ah, the blank dash illegitimate jug-head's laid down again! Pour the club into him, now! Twist his tail, O'Nail. Git up, yuh son, or I'll kick a hole through your stomach! It was meself told the stable sergeant this mule was weak in the knees, the devil sweep him! Git up! Push on the other side, Milo! Git up, yuh

son! Push! Push hard! Ah, there ye are! Move him out quick before he falls down again!"

The first squad's cart rattled away, and the second followed it. The two men that had burst from the bushes were the divisional machine gun officer, and a company officer that was assisting him. The major went away, bemoaning the fact that deaf men in Sedan could hear the battalion changing front, and that every gun in the Argonne would open on them at daybreak. He went on to find another lost platoon, while the officer with him took charge of Corporal Gordon's section, and led them to their allotted place in the line.

"Have the gun set up," said the officer to Gordon, "and by that time I'll be back. I'm going over to see where 'B' company's left gun is."

"Pull that gun off the cart!" commanded the corporal. This was not the proper command, but the corporal was nervous. The wind blew strongly here, which showed that there was no cover in front of them. He could likewise see flares going up with nerve-racking frequency. The enemy was awake and vigilant.

The gun, tripod, ammunition boxes and sand-bags were taken off the first cart, then the second was cautiously brought up and its gun removed.

"Set up your gun, Corporal," said Gordon to the gunner of the other piece. "The looey'll be back in a minute to show us where he wants 'em. If he's going to fire indirect barrage at daybreak, he'll have to set up with a compass and a clinometer and aiming stakes and all that, and there'll be no sleep for us. Look, you run your gun and I'll run mine. We don't need any sergeant in this section. Go to it. Now, then, how yuh coming on that gun?"

The squad were working slowly. The straps that held the tripod-legs shut were stiff and wet, and the men's hands were cold. The buckle tongues came out reluctantly. Then once the tripod was set up, there was difficulty in getting the gun onto it. The guns this battalion was armed with were Brownings, which are attached to the tripod by two steel pins at the trunnion and the elevating joint. The gun being lowered by Number Two, the gunner and he slam these pins through their appropriate holes, and the gun is mounted. However, it was dark, the gun was heavy and like a block of ice in the numbed hands of Number Two. Moreover Number Two had had but fitful snatches of sleep since the drive began and for the two nights preceding it, so that he was passing out on his feet.

The result was that the pins did not slam home very well, and when they did, it was discovered that one of them, at the trunnion, had not engaged with the gun at all, which would have caused amusement when the gun started to fire.

"There, she's up at last!" decided Gordon, when the trunnion pin had finally been inserted. "Now who've I got for a crew? Milo Fanning, Number One, of course; Number Two, Block; Number Three, O'Nail; all right. You new guy, what's your name, now? Mackintosh, come here. You'll be Number Four. You know what your duties are as Number Four? Sound 'em off!"

"Hm!" began Mackintosh. "Replace Number Three when he gets bumped off."

"You're a cheerful guy," remarked Number Three, "but don't think you ain't gonna do nuthin' but stand around with your thumb up your nose waitin' for me to become a stiff, cause you ain't!"

"Shut up!" said Gordon. "I'm doing this. That's one, what's the others?"

"Mmm! Bring up ammunition. Take away empty boxes. Pass signals from Cat-Pie Droghan to O'Nail, and from O'Nail to Cat-Pie." He paused for breath.

"All right," said the corporal, "and not having any Number Five, you do Number Five's job; that's to see that the water-box is kept full. Comprehend?"

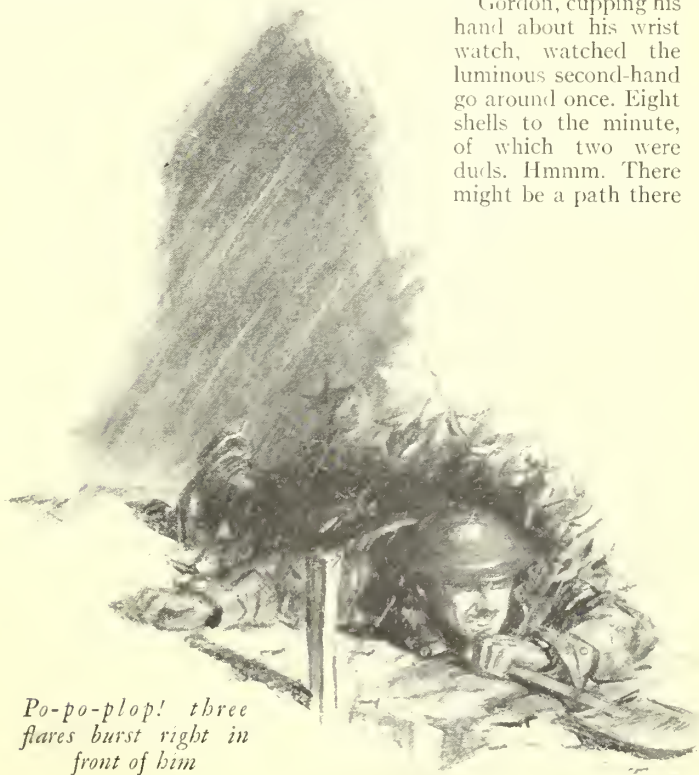
"Whaddyuh say, Corporal," spoke a voice from the night, "shall I be after takin' away this limb or not?"

Thus spoke Droghan, known as Cat-Pie, who led the mule, and was charged with his care and amusement during such times as the gun was firing.

"No, stick around till the looey comes back. I don't know where he wants to put the carts. If this shove comes off the way they hope, we'll have to follow it up and we don't want to have to lug gun, tripod and 'ambition'."

Whoooo-chock! went a shell. It had landed, from the sound, about a hundred yards away. No one said a word, waiting for the second one. It came, still distant, and others like it.

Gordon, cupping his hand about his wrist watch, watched the luminous second-hand go around once. Eight shells to the minute, of which two were duds. Hmmm. There might be a path there



*Po-po-plop! three
flares burst right in
front of him*

that the Germans were shelling, possibly a well or a spring where they hoped to catch watercarts or a company filling its canteens, or else—or else they had heard the battalion come in, and were going to search for it all night. Two minutes and sixteen shells passed, and the officer arrived rather breathlessly.

"It's all right," he panted, "it's only one gun, and they aren't after us. There's some huts down the hill they're knocking down. Just step back now, men, we've got to lay these guns."

Machine-guns are principally for direct fire, but they can be used for indirect fire, that is, for firing when the gunner cannot see the target, and they are as efficient for firing in this manner as artillery.

The mission of the battalion to which Gordon belonged was to fire down the ravine. The infantry, plus one battalion from the division on the left, were to attempt to clean out this ravine, and driving across it, to cut in behind the wood that had held them up so long, and so force its garrison to surrender. It would be necessary for the machine-guns to fire across the front of their own infantry instead of over their heads as usual. There would be smoke, fog, and the brush in the ravine was thick, so that the timing of the barrage and the infantry advance would have to be closely co-ordinated.

If the barrage swept from left to right too swiftly, its effectiveness would be lost, and if it went too slowly, it would very likely fall into the Americans, who would have all they could do to stand out against fire from the front without having their own guns pounding them in flank.

The machine-gun officers had suffered heavily in the preceding days. This resulted in practically all the survivors having a higher command than they were entitled or accustomed to, and made the work of preparing the barrage doubly difficult. Happily, there were accurate maps of the country, and the figuring of the preliminary data was comparatively simple. The enemy positions were not known, for the mist and fog of the day before, together with the thick brush, had made aerial reconnaissance impossible, but there were plenty of Germans there, and a barrage that sprayed lead up the slope of the ravine would be bound to hit some of them.

One party of officers had come out late in the afternoon and driven a stake to locate each gun, then they had, by compass, set up five aiming stakes, one for each stage of the barrage. A second party of officers had checked the location of these stakes, had refigured the fire data, and each had again re-checked the other's work. All this required hours of patient toil. Yet once it was done, all the gunner had to do was pull the trigger, or so thought the officers.

"Set up your gun, now," ordered Gordon's lieutenant.

This officer was commanding both A and B companies, and was consequently hurried. "Just set it up over the stake. Then line up on the left hand aiming stake."

"What stake?" inquired Number One. "I can't see it."

"Well, put the gun over the other one, and I'll put a flashlight on the aiming stake!"

"No! no!" cried everyone. "Careful o' them flashlights! Man, them krauts would shell this place till hell wouldn't have it. Looka what G company got, along o' buildin' a fire to try to dry out by!"

"They can't see us from here!" replied the officer angrily. "Think I'm a dam' fool? I've been out here in daylight! We're behind a ridge! Set up that gun!"

"Come on, Milo, you and Number Two grab hold. Lend us a hand here, Slicker or Mackintosh, or whatever your name is. Where the hell's the stake? I feel it. Here. Put it down here, over my hand, right—ow! Goddam your lousy soul, where yuh goin' with those hobnails? I said put it down *over* my hand, not on it!"

"Shut up!" barked the lieutenant. "They'll hear us surer than hell!"

There was a moment's silence, broken only by the panting of the men, the slight sound of the pin-chains striking cradle or elevating gear, and the intermittent whoooo-sock! of the shells striking downhill below them.

"There," said Gordon thankfully, as the last sandbag thudded down on the tripod-leg, "that part of it's done! By God, it's a black night. It'll rain before morning."

"She'll never hold on this ground," remarked Milo, who, being Number One, would be responsible for aiming and firing the gun, and whose neck it would be if anything in that department went wrong.

"Why not?"

"All mud! Too soft! Lookit now. I'll give a heave an' sandbags an' all, you can feel her give."



"Hey!" he protested. "Kamerad! Put up them guns! Whaddyuh think this is, Fourth of July?"

He braced himself against the breach and shoved. Gordon felt a distinct movement of the tripod.

"What's all this?" demanded the lieutenant.

"She won't hold," said Gordon. "The ground's too soft. Ten minutes of barrage and she'd be all over the lot."

"Won't the sandbags hold her?"

"No. They'd only make it worse. Gotta have hard ground for a barrage to be shot from, or anything else, if you want any accuracy."

"Now what's the matter?" demanded the major, emerging from the gloom. "It never rains but it pours! Got the gun down and can't get it together again? Water all run out of the jacket and haven't got any more? What is it?"

"The ground is too soft for the gun to hold in, sir," answered Gordon.

"Umm!" The major kicked with his foot, judging from the sound. "It is pretty soft at that. You should have a T base."

With this everyone silently agreed. A T base is a very convenient thing, for the two front tripod legs are firmly locked in the cross, and the back leg at the base. But where the two planks that make a T base were to be had, or how the T base could have been carried through the woods to this position, did not appear.

"Who sited this gun? Schneider, was it you? What did you

put it in this mud hole for? You'd think we'd been using it for mules to soak their hoofs in!"

"The orders were to maintain a twenty-yard interval, sir!"

"Well, pull it up and find some hard ground for it. The others are all in order, this is the only one that isn't ready to fire."

"Yes, Major, but that will mean that all the aiming stakes will be useless, and it won't be possible to set them up again before daylight!"

"Well, those details you'll have to work out for yourself. Meanwhile, where's your cart? The order has just come through to send back all carts to the old position. Well, since it's a wet, cold night, and we have a tough job ahead of us, I don't mind telling you what it's for. Food has been brought up as far as the trucks could bring it, and all we need now is transportation to bring it from the dump. We're sending back all the gun-carts, so you can be sure of a good meal when this job is over."

"Good enough!" cried all, and the men would have cheered had not the enemy been so near.

"Come on!" cried Corporal Gordon, "let's go! Up with the gun and let's put it down in a better place."

Food!

The thought of it was more cheering than a drink of cognac. How long since they had eaten? The last (Continued on page 54)



A HOT TIME *in the* OLD TOWN

By Major General George S. Gibbs

THIRTY years ago, thousands of young Americans were rallying to the colors to a lilting air that had nothing at all to do with war.

Congress had formally declared war against Spain on April 25, 1898. The American patriotic spirit, dormant for thirty-three years, had been awakened suddenly by the battle-cry of "Remember the Maine!" With the speed and suddenness of a tornado the spirit swept across the Union and carried thousands of us out of our homes, occupations and local interests and sent us far across the seas in the service of our country.

It caught our little company in Iowa City and whirled us into Des Moines. There in the live stock barns at the State Fair Grounds we were joined by volunteers from every corner of the State. The four regiments of the Iowa National Guard were mobilized and quickly recruited to war strength. Before we had time to realize the full significance of the adventure upon which we were embarking my regiment was rushed to San Francisco for service in the Philippine Islands.

And it was an adventure, different perhaps from the World War but fraught with the same dangers. All wars, of course, have a great deal in common. We had the same elements to fight—a brave enemy, the scourges of fever, incessant rains—and if we did not have the numbing cold of the Meuse-Argonne we sweltered under the torrid rays of the tropical Philippine sun. In addition we enjoyed a bit of romance in that struggle in '08 which was missing in the stormy days of '17 and '18. We had a little more of the picnic spirit and perhaps less of the crusading ideal which permeated the A.E.F. We were not so thoroughly trained, for we had to get into action too soon, but then there was a certain bravado and freshness in our amateurish military souls which the highly trained professional soldier often lacks. We did not go

about our military work in the thorough, business-like manner of the soldiers in France. Our uniforms were a hodge-podge of many shades and hues. We fought in blues and yellows and browns. When we left for the Philippines we knew nothing about our adversary. A halo of romance and an irresistible fascination surrounded our venture of sailing seven thousand miles across the sea to an unknown Spanish civilization in the midst of a Malay archipelago in the center of the Oriental world. The men who sailed the Atlantic in the World War, however, knew of every snare that lay before them, of the submarine infested seas, the trenches and the means of combat employed by their enemy.

Then there was no secrecy to our venture. We sailed from San Francisco in the middle of the day with bands blaring, men and women shouting and children waving and screaming. We paraded around the decks on the high seas when we were not too seasick, of course, and scratched our matches and lit our pipes and cigarettes at any hour of the day or night that we chose. We did not sleep in our life belts, nor in the constant worry of a threatening torpedo. No battleships or destroyers crossed our lanes, not even our own, to convoy us through "hostile seas."

We had most in common with the A.E.F., however, the spirit and the will to victory, and in less than eight months the glory of Spain in both the old and new worlds had been dealt a staggering blow as a result of the success of American arms. To us fell the lot of capturing Manila, the heart of Spain in the Orient.

Admiral Dewey had already whipped the Spanish navy in Manila Bay. Outnumbered in men and ships, and playing the disadvantageous rôle of the aggressor in a hostile sea, he burned, sank and destroyed the pride of the enemy's naval power in the East and left no vestige of its former glory after the battle of May 1st. The city of Manila, however, still remained in the hands of



The Utah Battery just after the command to fire—a touch of real war in the land battle for Manila thirty years ago this month. In oval, Major General George S. Gibbs, Chief Signal Officer, U. S. A., who was a sergeant at the time of the struggle that ended Spanish domination in the Philippines. On opposite page, old brass cannon on the walls of Manila. Note some of the types of soldiers who made up this east-bound A. E. F.



the Spaniards. The American sea hero felt that he could reduce the defenses of the city and capture it without much difficulty but that to hold it permanently he would require reinforcements on land. The Eighth Army Corps, with General Merritt in command, was consequently organized, and as a member of this organization I sailed for Manila on the *Indiana*, on June 27, 1898, as acting first sergeant of the First Company, Volunteer Signal Corps.

I had been transferred to this organization shortly after my arrival in San Francisco. Our Signal company had been hastily organized especially for the expedition at Camp Merritt. It included five officers and fifty-five enlisted men, most of whom were telegraph operators, linemen, electricians, and telephone men picked from all of the regiments that had arrived on the Pacific Coast. Captain Elmore A. McKenna of Idaho was placed in command, with Chance of Washington, D. C., and Perkins of San Francisco as his first lieutenants. The second lieutenants were Kilbourne, an Army boy recently graduated from the Virginia Military Institute (brigadier general in the World War and now colonel, U.S.A.) and Rudd of Minneapolis. From the moment we sailed from the Golden Gate until ten days after the capture of Manila we had complete charge of all the communications of the Eighth Army Corps in the Philippines.

We sailed as part of the Third Expedition of the Philippines, commanded by Brigadier General Arthur MacArthur. Major General Wesley Merritt accompanied our contingent. We had been preceded by the First Expedition, commanded by Brigadier General T. M. Anderson, which sailed May 25th, and the Second contingent, commanded by Brigadier General F. V. Greene, which left San Francisco, June 15th. It was originally planned to include seven expeditions to make up the Eighth Army Corps, but as matters turned out these three expeditions, consisting of 470 officers and 10,464 men, made up the Army which drove the Spaniards out of control of the city of Manila.

Our long voyage across the Pacific was a novel experience to most of us, particularly those of the Middle West who had never seen an ocean before their arrival in San Francisco. Our company broken up into a number of small detachments and our signal-

men were stationed on each of the five transports of the Third Expedition to maintain communications between the vessels in the fleet. We had no wireless in those days and flag signals were used to keep us in touch with each other.

Our difficulty in maintaining communications began almost as soon as we lost sight of land. The usually calm Pacific belied its name and tossed our vessels about like so many canoes. Once during the heavy gale I had to be lashed to the bridge of the *Indiana* while sending messages so that the huge waves would not sweep me overboard.

The message I sent on that particular occasion was an unusually important one. Several cases of meningitis had broken out aboard the *Indiana* and we required the assistance of the medical officer who was sailing on the *Ohio*. We made our needs known, and Major Frank R. Keefer, the medical officer, now Assistant Surgeon General of the United States Army, was transferred in an open boat during the raging storm and successfully landed on the *Indiana*.

We had many discomforts on the trip, but we bore the vicissitudes of seasickness, cramped quarters and poor food with a



It's a posed picture, but not for the movies. The function of this Signal Corps detail in the battle for Manila was to maintain communications with the Army and to facilitate the co-operation of the Navy. The picture was taken after the fight to illustrate the official report on the action

certain stoicism as incidental to the great adventure ahead of us. We had our daily drills and exercises, worked hard at code signal practice, played cards, took more than an average amount of bunk fatigue, and discussed the world before us. Our odyssey across the Pacific was broken up pleasantly by a stop-over in Honolulu, where its citizens tried for two days to see how much they could do for the men in the uniform of the United States.

It was on the morning of July 31st that we sailed into Manila Bay. As we approached Cavite the havoc that Admiral Dewey had wrought soon became visible to us. Sunken war vessels were all about us. Some had only the upper works showing above the water; others had been burned and showed twisted and naked frame members.

We landed at four o'clock in the afternoon and our work began in earnest. The First Expedition had arrived June 30th and the second July 17th, and communications had to be established between the various headquarters. As first sergeant, my work kept me at Cavite until the eve of the battle of Manila, but I could see the flashes and hear the rumblings of battle my first night in camp.

Incidentally the night of July 31st saw the opening of actual hostilities between Spaniards and our forces in the Philippines. Shortly after eleven o'clock, during an impenetrable darkness, a

torrential rain and a blowing gale, the Spaniards had suddenly opened a

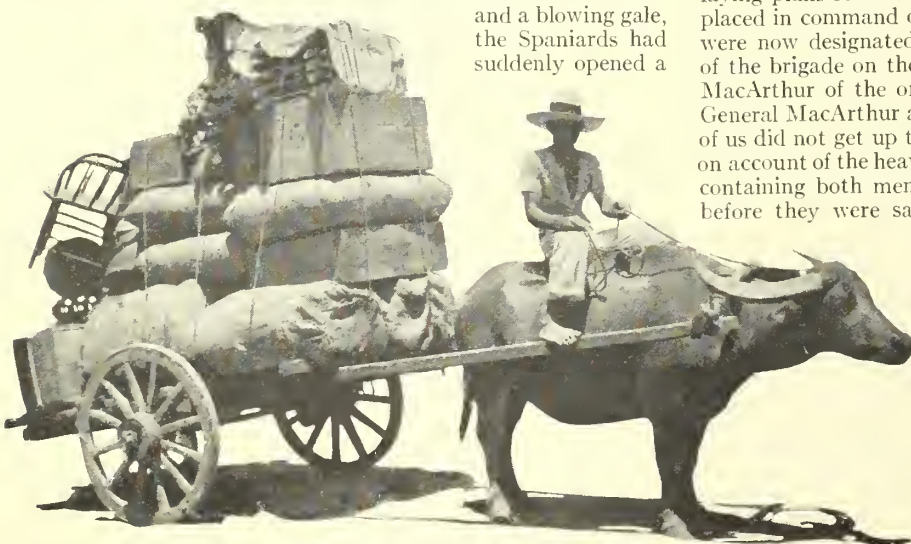
terrific fire on our trenches with both artillery and infantry. The 10th Pennsylvania Volunteers, four guns of the Utah Light Battery, and one battalion of the Third Artillery were in line. For a moment the battle was entirely one-sided. Our soldiers had strict orders to act only on the defense, but the concentrated firing by the Spaniards indicated a determined effort to drive us out and we returned the fire vigorously.

Brigadier General Greene rushed forward reserves from the First California and the First Colorado Infantry regiments. For about one and a half hours the heavy and continuous infantry and artillery duel was carried on. We expended 160 rounds of artillery and about 60,000 rounds of infantry ammunition, which we could ill afford to waste thousands of miles from our base. The Spaniards we estimated, had expended twice as much. The firing ceased at about two in the morning, but not until we had lost ten killed and forty-three wounded.

This skirmish was but the beginning. Every night for a week the Spaniards bombarded our trenches with desultory effect. Our men, anxious to move forward to engage the enemy hand to hand, were compelled to maintain only a passive resistance, for the time was not yet regarded auspicious for a combined attack on the Spanish positions by the Army and Navy.

In the meantime, Admiral Dewey and General Merritt were laying plans for the capture of Manila. General Anderson was placed in command of the Second Division, Eighth Corps, as we were now designated, with Brigadier General Greene in charge of the brigade on the left of the line facing Manila and General MacArthur of the one on the right. The forces accompanying General MacArthur after landing at the Cavite base with the rest of us did not get up to reinforce Greene's troops until August 7th on account of the heavy surf and stormy gales. Their small cascos containing both men and supplies were frequently turned over before they were safely landed. The men did not mind the drenching, for the downpour had been continuous practically since their arrival, but the loss of their rations on these occasions was a much more serious consideration.

While waiting for General MacArthur and his troops to come up, the soldiers in General Greene's brigade were performing services of a most arduous character in the trenches. The men were wet during the entire twenty-four hours of their vigil. The mud ruined their shoes and a considerable number of our soldiers were rendered barefooted. Any movement above our trenches promptly brought the usual



Transporting signal stores in the Philippines as managed a generation ago

fire, so that the men had to sit in the mud under cover and keep awake prepared to resist an attack during the long tour of duty.

After one particularly heavy rain a portion of the trenches contained two feet of water in which the men had to remain. The trench could not be drained as it was lower than an adjoining rice swamp in which the water had risen nearly two feet. The rainfall had been more than four inches in twenty-four hours. These hardships were all endured with a minimum of complaint and with a certain boyish enthusiasm. In spite of the unfavorable conditions the men joked freely and hankered for the opportunity to get into close combat with their adversary.

In the meantime, back at Cavite we were having a busy time maintaining and establishing communications with the different elements in the division. The distance by direct route from Cavite to Camp Dewey, where the trench lines began, was but eight miles, yet around by land it was at least twice as great and through a country difficult at all times but rendered nearly impassable during the heavy rains and great heat. We lacked the ordinary army transportation and we had to resort to the small Filipino ponies and native carts. We succeeded in laying a line of communication from Cavite to Bakor, the insurgent headquarters where Aguinaldo, the native leader, was in command; to Paranaque, the secondary base, the camp and the trenches. In addition we maintained communications with the Navy.

Admiral Dewey also had an office ashore at Cavite, and I had a number of occasions to see him at work while I was laying telephone and telegraph wires to his desk. I happened to be present on duty the day he received word from the United States that he had been made a full admiral by act of Congress. He was immediately besieged by hundreds of callers, messages, well-wishers and searching reporters. Patiently, good-naturedly and most graciously he received all the compliments that were showered upon him that day.

When the room was finally cleared he turned to me, busy installing an instrument, and said earnestly, "Young man, I hope you will never be famous."

All of the soldiers of our company were put to work as soon as they arrived. They were broken up into small detachments and many of them served in the advance lines and performed conspicuous acts of bravery in these preliminary skirmishes. The first of these occurred on August 5th when two of our men, Corporal Dozier and Private Green, distinguished themselves by rushing out under a hot fire to repair a field telegraph line which had been broken down by the Spanish artillery.

On August 7th our commanders got down to the serious business of bringing Manila to terms. On that day, the general-in-chief commanding the Spanish forces was notified that "operations of the land and naval forces of the United States against the defense of Manila may begin at any time after the expiration of forty-eight hours."

This was acknowledged in a courteous note from the Spanish

general. A general exodus from the city followed and the foreign squadrons in Manila raised anchors to withdraw from the harbor. Two days later General Merritt and Admiral Dewey demanded the surrender of Manila, suggesting to the Spanish general that, since he could not spare the city from destruction, and the loss of the Spanish fleet made it impossible to hope to save any lives or supplies, he should surrender and avoid the horrors of bombardment.

The Spanish general requested time to submit the matter to his home government, but the American military chiefs, believing he could gain nothing by the delay but time, denied him this permission. Preparations for a joint assault on the city began promptly.

The general features of the planned assault combined the artillery attack from the Navy and the few small guns of the Utah and Astor batteries which comprised all of General Merritt's artillery, followed by a general infantry drive toward the Spanish citadel.

General Greene's brigade on the left of the line faced Fort de San Antonio Abad and the Spanish trenches in the vicinity, while General MacArthur on the right was headed toward Blockhouse 14 and the village of Cingalon.

The entrance to Manila from the south had to be made along two parallel roads—the Calle Real, which runs by Fort de San Antonio Abad close to the beach and passes through the suburbs of Malate and Ermita toward the "walled city," and the Pasay road, slightly to the west, passing through Cingalon and around Blockhouse 14. General Greene's forces were to capture Manila and march into the city by way of the Calle Real and MacArthur's brigade by way of the Pasay road.

On the night of August 12th orders were issued for the disposition of the troops and the assault the next day. Our little company was divided into five details, each under the command of an officer. One was ordered to report to the division commander, one to each brigade commander, and the reserves and the fifth to the beach, headquarters "to maintain communications with the

Army and to facilitate the co-operation of the Navy by the display of pre-arranged signals for the control of fire, not only during the bombardment of the fort and the enemy line of trenches but for directing its fire in advance of the Army during its progress."

It was my good fortune to get the assignment on the beach, where Major R. E. Thompson, the chief signal officer of the expeditionary force, and Captain McKenna, my company commander, had taken their stations on account of the critical nature of the signal work to be done there.

Four o'clock on the morning of August 13th the bugles sounded their welcome reveille and no one grumbled as we went about preparing for the day's fight. A tropical drizzle was falling, the skies were lowering and the atmosphere heavy and depressing. Long lines of soldiers in slouch hats and bedraggled brown uniforms were scurrying to take up their (Continued on page 65)



What the doughboys and redlegs saw as they steamed into Manila Bay—the wreck of the Isla de Luzon, with a glimpse of the Don Juan de Austria in the background. There were others, thanks to Dewey and his squadron

9:35

By KARL W.
Illustrations



*"We stand talking in the shelter
of the buvette when an auto
passes. Flute! Was it rapid!"*

Part One in Brief

LEUTENANT JOHN MEIGS, Division of Criminal Investigation of the A. E. F., left the St. Hubert café on the Le Mans-Paris road, at 9:20 P.M. on the night of May 14, 1910, after a routine inspection. Because its owner, Madame Beret, bore a good reputation, he did not search her private living quarters for stolen American property, and she thanked him, saying that her daughter Celeste was asleep, and objected to visits of the police.

Leaving Madame Beret alone, Meigs started through the rain toward Le Mans on his motorcycle. Just as he left, a car halted some hundred yards behind him, but he did not see the occupants. Before he reached the city he passed a rapidly driven American limousine, a man on a bicycle, and a girl walking, all moving toward the café, and all a short distance from it.

At D. C. I. headquarters he ordered Sergeant Seagraves to return to quarters one Sergeant Cass, of the finance department, arrested without a pass, and bareheaded, on the edge of town.

At 1:05 Meigs was notified by Inspector Girardot of the Le Mans civil police and Gendarme Napoleon Piquet of Le Loup post, near St. Hubert's café, that Madame Beret had been murdered. Piquet reported that he was passing the café when a large American car plunged out of the lane at terrific speed and turned toward Le Mans. Suspicious, he investigated, and found

the woman's body on the kitchen steps. This was at 9:35. His cries awakened the daughter Celeste; they carried the body into the kitchen, and discovered a bullet hole in the woman's head. Piquet took the girl to Le Loup, and returned to Le Mans to report, leaving the village priest at the café.

The gendarme knew both mother and daughter well, and insisted that the girl had nothing to do with the murder, that she was not capable of the crime. Meigs found that he himself was the ranking officer in the department at this hour, Captain Finch, the commander, having gone to Tours to investigate the theft of some sugar. It was Meigs' first murder case.

Taking Sergeant Seagraves, the inspector and the gendarme, he hurried to the St. Hubert. They stopped at the railroad crossing on the way, where the gateman was repairing the gate. He complained that a rapidly moving car had crashed through it shortly after 9:35, and had gone on without stopping, toward Le Mans. A

few minutes before a small, heavily loaded American truck, driven by a girl, and with a man in the seat beside her, had passed in the same direction. Arriving at St. Hubert's, Meigs remembered that as he left he had thought he heard someone moving in the shrubbery, but had put it down to imagination.

Seagraves had not heard where they were bound, but on finding the St. Hubert to be the place of the crime, reported to

Meigs that the finance sergeant, Cass, whom he had arrested earlier in the night, had a bill of fare from that restaurant in his pocket. On the back of the cardboard had been written a name and address.

In Madame Beret's bedroom Meigs found fresh mud inside a window, showing where someone had entered. He decided that the murderer probably slipped in there, and that Madame Beret had been fleeing when she was shot down in the outer door. Seagraves found tire tracks in the lane, but no shoe prints leading from it. Two persons had been walking in the mud, however. A man's tracks led from the rear, toward the River Huisne and the fishing docks, and a woman's from the road. They had stood facing each other,

then turned toward the highway. The woman's shoe was rather broad, a typical "walking" shape. Midway to the main road the man's prints turned into a summer house, where Meigs discovered an officer's bedding roll.

It bore the initials of a captain attached to the camp hospital in Le Mans, with his rank and address. In the roll was a recently fired .45 automatic pistol. Meigs sent Piquet, who protested, to Le Loup to bring back Celeste. In the meantime Inspector Girardot had discovered a bullet hole in the wall, its position indicating that the shot had been fired from the driveway, through the door in which Madame Beret was killed.

Celeste insisted that she had heard no shot, that she had slept all evening. Her shoes did not fit the tracks in the yard. At least, Meigs determined, she did not know of his own visit there, and would not implicate him in the investigation.

Back in Le Mans at dawn Meigs sent Seagraves to find the small truck driven by a girl, that must have been near the café at the time of the shooting. He re-arrested Sergeant Cass, over the objection of the finance quartermaster, Major Chaffee. At the camp hospital he found Captain Morris, owner of the gun and bedding roll. Morris at first contended he had been in Paris for three days, but soon admitted he had left the roll at the summer house that same night. He explained the gun by saying he had

P. M.

DETZER

by V. E. Pyles

been shooting turtles. His three-day pass to Paris was unused. He contended that he had gone fishing instead, in the river back of St. Hubert's.

He admitted that it had been he who rode the truck into Le Mans with the girl driver. In the meantime operators had discovered her and the truck, and brought them to the headquarters. She was a Red Cross worker, Helen Ames, and her shoes were the ones that left the tracks in the café driveway.

Cass refused to explain the menu card from the café and the address penned on the back of it. While Meigs still talked to him, the finance quartermaster, Major Chaffee, arrived, and demanded that Cass be released, as he was needed to get out a payroll.

Chaffee and the medical captain, Morris, grew threatening toward Meigs, who wished fervently that Captain Finch would return quickly to take the responsibility. Helen Ames still waited at the curb beside her truck, and leaving the growling officers the lieutenant went down to question her. Chaffee indignantly followed him. The girl admitted she had been in the lane the night before, and produced a pair of gloves she had found inside the gate. A patrolman accepted them, and began to examine them thoughtfully. There was no lack of clues to this case.

Chaffee interrupted before the girl could go on with her story.

"I'm going back to work," he said defiantly. "You'll hear from the chief of staff!"

He started to get into his car when Meigs halted him. The smashed headlights and streaks of white paint identified it as the automobile that had crashed through the crossing gate returning from St. Hubert's a few minutes after the murder. At the same moment the patrolman who had been examining the gloves muttered: "Damn funny. Look here, sir. Your gloves, Lieutenant Meigs. Your name's wrote in them!"

With amazement on their faces the others turned slowly and stared at him.

Part II

THE astonished patrolman held Meigs' gloves before him at arm length, as if they were infected with the plague. Helen Ames, whose surprised eyes moved quickly from one to another of the group, started to speak, then thought better of it. Major Chaffee still scowled. He was behind the wheel of his car by this time. The situation seemed hard for him to grasp.

Meigs spread his feet apart and tried to look unconcerned. He'd had nothing to do with the murder. A police officer had to make his inspections, didn't he? Yet what proof had he? He was the last person on public record to talk to Madame Beret alive. A hot, unreasonable wave of indignation against the murdered café owner swept through him. This was a nice mess she had stirred up, wasn't it? Something more for Inspector Girardot to crow about, Girardot sitting out there in the café kitchen with his infernal bullet holes. Americans involved? The whole army was in it!

"Where did you find those gloves, young lady?" Major Chaffee climbed leisurely back to the curb. Anger on his face was giving way to satisfaction and a shade of amusement.

"In the lane, just inside the gate."

"What lane?"

"At that café. What's it called?" She turned to Meigs. A fiery spot blazed in each of her cheeks.

"St. Hubert's."

Major Chaffee grunted, and moved forward three short, rapid steps. "Hubert? What *you* doing there?" he demanded.



"Hunting a telephone."

Meigs strode to the patrolman, who still held the gloves before him. "Give me those. Never mind, sir, they're my property," he spoke irritably to Chaffee. "I'll not hide them. Major, you will please go back into the office. I've some more questions to ask. Miss Ames . . . that's your name? Go inside. Wait in the desk sergeant's room for me."

The major objected.

"I'll not permit this, Lieutenant," he said determinedly. "I refuse to be ordered around. What in the name of all the French saints would you keep *me* here for? You've got Cass, what else do you want? I know army regulations!"

Lieutenant Meigs, in spite of the sensation that his tongue was growing too thick for his mouth, met Chaffee's angry eyes defiantly.

"I'll not stay here," the finance officer repeated with emphasis. "Under regulations you've no right to hold me without placing me in arrest!"

"Very good, sir. I'll do that. I charge you with smashing a railroad crossing gate on the Paris road last night. You'll go into the office at once . . ."

"Crossing gate? Me?"

"Yes, sir, you."

Chaffee looked from the lieutenant's heated face to the wet, wadded gloves. Then he snapped his fingers ill-humoredly and followed Meigs back into headquarters. Miss Ames already

stood in the center of the desk sergeant's room, eyeing distastefully its wall gallery of "men wanted." Across the floor above, Captain Morris could be heard pacing restlessly. Meigs instinctively felt the doctor's gun in his pocket.

"If you'll kindly be seated," the lieutenant told the Red Cross girl, "I'll see you in a few minutes. You and I can talk in the identification room, sir," he said over his shoulder to Chaffee, who stood contemplating the telephone. Meigs held the door open. The major ignored him. He reached for the telephone, purposely disregarding the gaping desk sergeant, who usually granted permission for its use, and to the operator said:

"Give me G-1 . . . Colonel Wheaton . . . his billet. Major Chaffee talking."

Meigs waited in the door.

"That you, Colonel?" The voice was silky. "This is Chaffee. I'm arrested. I'm at . . . what's the name of this hole anyhow? . . . D. C. I. Understand that? D. C. I. If you will, sir. Thanks." He put down the telephone eloquently. "Very well, Lieutenant. What do you want me to do before he comes?" His manner was again coldly formal.

"Go out there and sit down," Meigs answered stiffly. "In arrest."

He watched his youthful superior officer pass through the door into the identification room; then he spoke fiercely to the desk sergeant.

"Reached the captain yet?"

"No, sir. Can't find him in Tours."

"Oh, Lord! Miss Ames, can you tell me quickly what in heaven's name you were doing at the St. Hubert last night?"

"I'll try. But I'm not hard of hearing."

"I beg your pardon. This is my first murder case. I'm a bit unstrung."

"You're unstrung about your gloves!"

"That may be." He met the accusation with dignity. "Where are you from, Miss Ames?"

"Baltimore."

"I don't mean that. What's your outfit over here?"

"I'm stationed at Paris headquarters, Red Cross."

"Paris? What are you doing here in Le Mans then?"

"I'm taking the truck through to Brest. It's loaded with canteen records. Who was this Madame Beret?"

"A café owner," Meigs answered shortly.

"You think I had anything to do with her murder?"

"I haven't accused you. Go on with your story, please."

"I planned to get in here early. Only the road was so crowded. Long after dark I wasn't anywhere near Le Mans. Then my engine began to miss. After a while it stopped. I got out and looked at it. That's all I knew what to do."

"When was that?"

"I don't know. It had been dark a good while."

"Try to fix the engine?"

"No. I don't know anything about engines. I drive. When I want a mechanic I find a telephone. I had just gotten out to hunt one when I saw a motorcycle start up, probably half a block ahead of me. I was going to stop it, but it went off toward town in the same direction I was going myself."

Meigs said nothing. There was no need for him to identify himself. The girl hesitated.

"I don't just know how to go on, Lieutenant. I thought it was queer at the time. I had a feeling . . ."

Meigs shook his head impatiently. "Never mind feelings. They wouldn't stand in a court martial."

The girl flushed. "I'm sorry. I found a gate finally, and away at the other end of the lane I saw a light. I was frightened a little . . . excuse me! You don't care about that." It was Meigs' turn to redden. "It was raining. Hard. I was half running, half walking when suddenly a man stepped out

of the darkness just ahead. It frightened me for half a minute."

"Who was he?"

"I couldn't tell. It was too dark. I spoke to him in French and he answered in English. He had a big bundle on his shoulder."

"What'd he say?"

"He . . . he just stood there swearing."

"Swearing?"

"Not at me."

"What at?"

"I didn't ask him. I merely told him about my car. He stopped swearing and said he'd try to help me. It seems he wanted to get himself and his bundle to town. I explained I could take him if the truck ever ran, but there wouldn't be room for the bundle. We argued that a few minutes. I finally convinced him the truck was overloaded already. He left the bundle finally. . . ."

"What was in it?" Meigs demanded.

"He said it was a bedding roll. He put it somewhere in a sort of pavilion and came out to the road with me. He asked me if I had enough gas and I told him I hadn't looked. He seemed to think that pretty stupid. Asked me if I had any emergency, and I remembered a two gallon can. Well, all he had to do was pour it into the tank and sure enough the car started."

"Who was the man?" Meigs insisted.

"A doctor. An American, captain from the medical corps." She choked indignantly. "You're thinking I'd met him before somewhere?" Her indignation deepened. "I hadn't. I wouldn't have remembered him if I had. I always choose to forget men with bad manners." She delayed pointedly.

Meigs overlooked the thrust. "He had bad manners?"

"Very. Grumbled and growled all the way to town. I let him out in the public square and he told me the way to the Red Cross hut. He didn't even thank me for the ride."

"Did you pass anyone coming in?"

The girl frowned thoughtfully. Meigs wanted to believe that she was telling the truth. But he couldn't, quite. He was resolved not to believe anyone yet. The doctor's pacing had stopped overhead. Again Meigs felt the gun in his pocket. No . . . he'd believe no one.

"Just after we got started . . . I think we were beyond that café gate . . . there was a car in the ditch," Miss Ames remembered. "Skidded off apparently, the road was wet. The driver seemed to be getting it back all right and paid no attention to us. It was a large car."

"French or American?"

"I didn't notice."

"Saw no one else?"

"Yes, I did. Just about the same time, or perhaps a quarter mile farther, a girl walked by."

Meigs nodded. So far it fitted perfectly. He himself had seen the car . . . not in the ditch then . . . and the girl walking. Miss Ames went on without prompting.

"And then . . . it had stopped raining . . . a French soldier on a bicycle. No, I think he was in front of the girl . . . some distance. Between the car and the girl."

"A gendarme?"

"Perhaps. He wore a uniform. So did the next man."

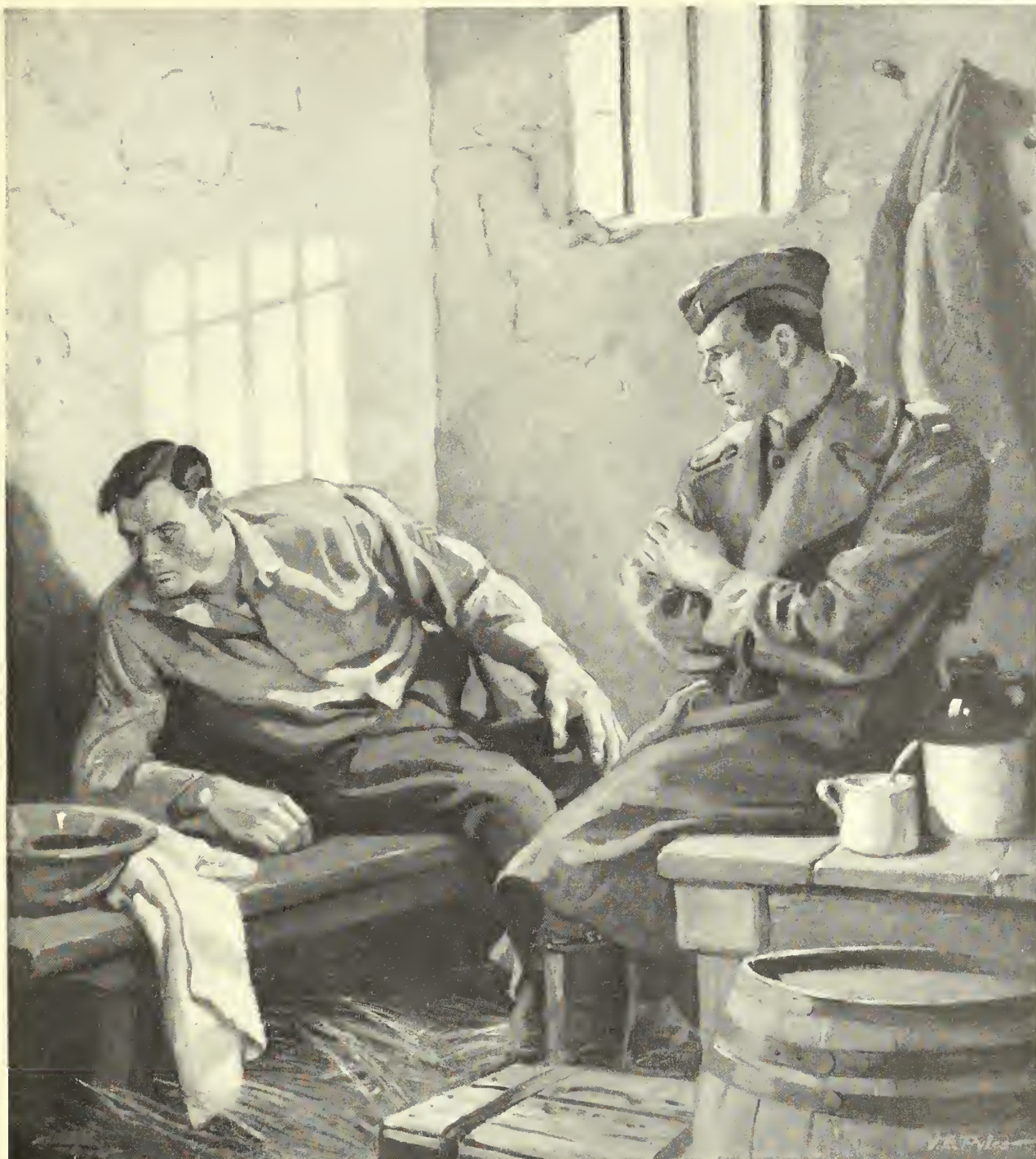
"The next man?" Lieutenant Meigs raised his eyes inquiringly. He had not met this one.

"Some distance along. We had crossed the railroad track . . . the watchman there had shut the gate again . . . when a man beside the road and held out his hand. An American soldier. He asked a ride to town. I called



"I hide in the bush while the lights of the automobile shine my way"

stepped out suddenly from his hand. An American soldier.



Lieutenant Meigs stiffened. "You talk fast now and say a lot!" he snapped. "You're headed for a nice barbed wire yard and a few bayonets!"

that I was overloaded and didn't slow down. I wanted to get in."

"Did he have a hat on?"

"No. A cap, an overseas cap."

"You met no one else?"

"Yes. After we got to town a car passed from behind. A big car, driving furiously. I noticed it particularly for it made such a racket. It had only one headlight."

She concluded her recital and glanced hopefully at the outer door. Lieutenant Meigs, happening to look down at her shoes while he decided how to put the next question, observed that they too were muddy.

"You didn't hear any shots?" he asked idly. "Out at the café while you were hunting a telephone?"

Miss Ames' round face showed displeasure. "I've told you, sir, everything I——" The desk sergeant saved her from further answer. He kicked over his chair in a startling exhibition of manners, and leaped up shouting:

"Atten-shun!"

Lieutenant Colonel George Washington Wheaton, (known as

Cherry Tree to the enlisted personnel) chief of staff, G-1, mouth-piece to the general, maker of thunder, stood five feet seven in his riding boots and was every inch a cavalryman. He halted in the doorway, neat, trim, heels together, mustache waxed and twisted, the brass on his belt shining, and his confident eyes taking in the scene before him.

"I'm looking for Major Chaffee."

The words clipped out through his teeth and he didn't take the trouble to raise his voice.

"Yes, sir. I'll call him. He's in arrest," Meigs said. "Miss Ames, will you please wait in the garden?" He opened the door to the identification room. "Major Chaffee."

The finance quartermaster flung a contemptuous look at the man who had incarcerated him as he stepped in quickly. He was plainly encouraged by the presence of the chief of staff. He had a story to tell and a complaint to make, and he began before he was fully into the room.

"This lieutenant arrested me, sir, on account of some murder last night. He's got my chief clerk (Continued on page 70)

SOLDIERS

à la Carte

By Samuel Taylor Moore

A SHABBILY
clad youth in
his early thir-
ties, his not

unprepossessing features hidden behind a month's growth of black bristles, stood before the desk of Ross Lopez, once instructor in the United States Army Air Service and now director of the Central Employment Bureau for Veterans in Los Angeles.

"Tell me, Mr. Lopez," said the whiskers, "are they making any pictures where they need beard types?"

"Not just now," was the reply.

"What are the chances for some beard pictures soon?"

That question being the equivalent of what the stock market will do next week, Mr. Lopez shrugged his shoulders and asked why.

"Because," answered the mild voice behind the evil-appearing mask, "I'm growing this brush on a hunch there'll be a call for beards from the casting bureaus. The wife is raising hell with me to shave it off. I just as soon if you think I'd get a chance in the pictures as quick without it."

"Whatever you do will probably be wrong. Make your own decision," said Mr. Lopez.

The young man shuffled off rubbing his whiskers in perplexity. His way to domestic peace was clear—but to be able to say "I told you so" to his better half would be no consolation at all if, the day after shaving, some studio sent forth a call for beard types.

The apparently simple solution to the problem facing the bristly one would occur to almost anybody. Find a steady job in some other line of work. To do so is not as easy as might be imagined, for southern California is the Mecca for thousands of the foot-loose, semi-invalids, adventurers, as well as prospective sound citizens, lured thither by the deservedly much-advertised climate. By train, box car, day coach and Pullman, in weird contraptions by courtesy called automobiles, on foot they come, swelling the population day by day.

The general over-supply of labor, however, is not considered at all by the type represented by the bearded youth, for he is a specialist, a movie extra. He is one of thousands on the fringes of the motion picture industry—Narcissuses in celluloid. Narcissus, you may recall, was a handsome youth in Grecian mythology who, glancing into a limpid pool, became fascinated by the reflection of his own image, and, seeking to embrace the vision of loveliness, drowned.

Sometime in the past, perhaps a month before, more likely three months, the bearded war veteran had a few days' work at three dollars, carfare and lunch, costume furnished, as "atmosphere" in a movie. And gazing at the completed production on the screen, like Narcissus he became enraptured with his likeness in celluloid. Madly, completely, he fell in love with himself. Star and starest of the production, in his mind, became mere background for his artistic talent, even though it was a momentary flash on the screen. Henceforward no sacrifice for himself or his family was too great to indulge his self-adoration. Hunger

and want are endured phlegmatically. In the procession of odd jobs outside the movies by which he ekes out an existence, it is possible he may encounter one promising steady employment and a future. But let the word reach his ears by the

grapevine telegraph functioning mysteriously from 121 Temple Street that a studio has called for his type—very likely a single day's work—then steady job and future are discarded with as little thought as the peel of a banana. If he is a war veteran drawing compensation for disability from the Government he is blessed, for then he does not have to worry about outside employment other than his choice. There is no caste or class to this movie madness. Two colonels, half a dozen majors and captains, a score of former shavetails are no less anxious for extra work than the former buck private of bearded countenance. Of six thousand war veterans registered as applicants for work in the Central Employment Bureau the first choice of all is in the movies. It's not laziness. Extra work is arduous, tedious, frequently hard. Indeed, measured in units of energy, the effort expended in chasing down an extra job would equal several days of manual labor. Three thousand of the six thousand veterans registered may be reached within a few hours for a movie job, and fourteen hundred are cursed with the fatal vanity of Narcissus, doomed to economic suicide in a pool of celluloid.

How hopeless is the quest for movie fame may be gauged by statistics of the Central Casting Bureau in Hollywood which functions for the entire moving picture industry on the West Coast. Registered there are twelve thousand names, exclusive of those on the roster of the bureau for veterans in Los Angeles. Three of that number average six days' work a week in the studios. Only sixty average three days' work. How the balance manage to exist is one of the mysteries of the industry.

Until three years ago the business of casting was chaotic. Casting agents charging various fees for their services dotted the land, exacting tribute from the mean pay of the down-trodden extras. Every veteran organization of any standing maintained a separate employment agency where no fee was charged. Managers of these bureaus criss-crossed each other's trails at the studio casting offices, seeking preference in extra employment for their members—and against the favored agents it was well nigh a hopeless task.

Out of this orgy of duplicated effort was born the organization headed by Ross Lopez, at various times a member of Tehachapi, Sunshine and Los Angeles Posts of The American Legion. Any veteran of any arm of the service since, during or before the World War is eligible for registration after his evidence of honorable service has been verified in Washington.

Mr. Lopez co-ordinated his work with that of veteran relief, a tremendous problem in southern California. There had been a wide abuse of the relief system. One case is of record where a dishonest veteran, starting in Los Angeles without a penny, traveled up the West Coast to Seattle and back, arriving at his point of departure with \$800 in cash on



Scrunch, and another Prussian Guardsman bit the dust! He was only a dummy anyway, but the vicious attackers who helped support Lillian Gish in "The Enemy" (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) are real ex-service men. Hollywood's full of 'em, and the Legion tries to bring job and man together



A typical group of unemployed veterans waiting in the rest room of the Central Employment Bureau for Veterans, Los Angeles, for a call from the studios. Some weeks it's a long time between calls

his person, all mulcted, with his livelihood, from the relief funds of veteran organizations. Today the able-bodied veteran who won't work cannot hope for financial aid, because Mr. Lopez may check through his records and advise the central relief organization of his aversion to toil.

The Central Employment Bureau for Veterans came into being directly as the result of American Legion efforts. Problems attending the post-war movement into southern California of former soldiers down on their luck were only partially solved by the organization of a central American Legion service department. Lack of system in placing unemployed men caused many complications. It was a Legionnaire who expertly provided the solution, Harold G. Ferguson, an A. E. F. artillery veteran and a Past Commander of Hollywood Post.

For understandable reasons it was impractical to establish the bureau as an American Legion institution. To forestall any charges of favoritism which would surely attend a "party label" Mr. Ferguson invited the Los Angeles Community Chest to foster the birth of the bureau and assume responsibility for financing it. The Community Chest therefore appears as sponsor of the bureau, but it was Mr. Ferguson who did most of the organization work, and he remains today as the chairman of the board of directors.

Fortunately the creation of the Central Bureau occurred at about the time the first of the expansive war pictures was in production, "The Big Parade." There had been so-called war pictures before, but combat had been only incidental atmosphere. The Laurence Stallings opus was the first to feature the mechanics of modern warfare. Mr. Lopez went to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios asking that the extra work in the production be given to men who had seen war service, an entirely reasonable request which was granted. Those who have seen the film know the contribution of realism made by the war veteran extras.

Now when any dramatic theme is popularized by an outstanding success in the movies, it is the rule among competing producers to rush into production with a similar theme. Thus the smashing reception accorded "The Big Parade" was the signal for launching a veritable avalanche of war movies, serious and humorous, on every lot in Hollywood. In a single year the total earned by veterans from the Central Bureau, chiefly supplying war atmosphere, was \$262,741.60. Among all war pictures, the largest number of extras were employed in the William Fox production of "What Price Glory?"



Laura La Plante in "Finders Keepers" (Universal). The fellows in the cars had the same experience in 1918. The Central Employment Bureau supplied them this time

Military atmosphere has by no means been confined to American participation in the World War. Some scores of veterans spent three weeks out in the Great American Desert as members of the French Foreign Legion, or as skulking Arab warriors, in the filming of "Beau Geste." Those assigned to ride the camels subsequently stated their preference for the good old army mule as a kind, considerate and reasonable beast. In the Paramount production of "Barbed Wire," American veterans not only played the rôles of French reservists but of German prisoners as well. In the De Mille Bible story, "The King of Kings," veterans of St. Mihiel and the Argonne were for the nonce stern Roman warriors.

So it has gone. British, Austrian, Italian, Russian, yes, even Chinese soldiery have been impersonated with equal convincingness by unemployed war veterans of southern California.

In Von Stroheim's "Wedding March" the casting office called for fifty men over six feet tall as an emperor's bodyguard. Not only did the requirements call for men who could execute the



Ross Lopez, manager of the Central Employment Bureau for Veterans; C. B. Collins, representative of the Central Casting Bureau, and Charles W. Adams, casting director of the Employment Bureau, in the office of the C. E. B. The Bureau came into existence as the result of Legion efforts. Note the photographic line-up of "types" behind Mr. Adams

German manual of arms but they must also be able to goose-step with Prussian proficiency. Mr. Lopez and an American veteran who graduated from Heidelberg assembled the company and repaired to an armory drill hall. For three days the contingent drilled without a penny of pay. But the sacrifice proved worth while. The director of the picture featured the bodyguard in all palace sequences and so outstanding was the performance of the unit that other directors hastily revised their scripts in German and Austrian pictures to include shots of the goose-stepping American veterans. To date they have appeared in several films and their popularity increases rather than wanes.

I visited a company employing a hundred or more veteran extras on location at Arcadia. It was the Universal Company shooting Mary Roberts Rinehart's story "Finders Keepers." The sequence centered in the departure of a troop train, and the work of the extras consisted of lolling in the windows of the train for eight hours, more or less. It so happened that before the director could complete his scenes a fog rolled in from the sea, blotting out the sun. The supers all smiled happily, for that meant another day's work.

Ordinarily a cycle of similar dramatic themes is completed by the studios within a year. The continuing popularity of blood and battle drama is without precedent in the history of motion-picture production. Soldier extras still are in demand and stories in production, or scheduled for the near future, will feature armed strife seriously or humorously in various climes.

Indeed, while I sat with Mr. Lopez four veterans of German appearance filed into the office and stood at attention in squad front formation while they were ordered to report to Director William Wellman on the Paramount lot the following day as German air-service mechanics. Before I left came another order for a yeoman unit of men exactly six feet tall, for fifteen soldier types from First National, for a hundred to report on the Universal lot.

Several months ago Mr. Lopez thought he foresaw the end of war pictures, which would mean a sudden drop in employ-

ment. He went to the Central Casting Bureau in Hollywood to ask that veterans be given further consideration in other than soldier parts. So satisfactory had been the work of the veterans, in discipline and reliability as well as acting, that his request was granted. To be sure, the call for extras at the Veterans Employment Bureau is merely the overflow from the central casting office, which is frequently swamped by last-minute demands for various types from the studios at the end of a busy day. Nevertheless two-thirds of present moving picture placements for veterans are in other than war pictures. At the time this was written, Russian drama and college life stories were the popular themes. World War veterans for the most part are now too old to be convincingly collegiate, but a sufficient number of post-war service veterans are available to supply the demand.

The office of the Central Employment Bureau for Veterans is in a dilapidated county building within the shadow of the classic tower which dominates the new Los Angeles Municipal Group. In the front office are the desks of Mr. Lopez, C. B. Collins, a representative of the Central Casting Bureau and incidentally a member of Hollywood Post of the Legion, and two secretaries. One of the secretaries is a colored man and his duties extend to supplying the needs of the studios for Negro extras. Ben Bowie Post of the Legion in Los Angeles is composed exclusively of Negro veterans, and practically the entire membership who cared for studio work were accommodated when Universal made a movie version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." More Negro actors and actresses found employment in that

famous drama than in any motion picture ever made. It is doubtful if a like number of Negro extras will ever find simultaneous employment again—yet hope springs eternal, and Negro veterans seek employment through the bureau as assiduously as their white brothers-in-arms.

The most interesting bit of office equipment is what appears to be a rogue's gallery. Fourteen hundred photographs, carefully indexed as to



Part of the Austrian emperor's bodyguard in "The Wedding March" (Paramount). But if called upon they'd have to address the emperor in doughboy instead of German

weight, height and features are arranged for ready reference, classified as to types. Telephone numbers are contained in a special directory and three telephones buzz constantly through the day.

In an inner office another secretary cares for employment calls other than movie work, but such jobs are only twelve percent of the total filed at the bureau. In one year 32,056 movie extras were placed as against 4,064 men who were sent out as clerks, mechanics or laborers. This department fills an important function as a disciplinary school for recalcitrant movie hands. If a movie extra's department fails to measure up to the standard demanded by Mr. Lopez the man is told that he cannot expect further employment at the studios until he has worked at some manual task for a certain period, the length of time depending on the gravity of his offense. And until the records show that the "sentence" has been executed at hard labor, satisfactory to the employer, there is no hope for that extra in Hollywood.

In a back room, graced by half a dozen wooden benches, are congregated former soldiers and sailors, overflowing out into the long corridor in a double line. Each man must present to a doorkeeper a card accrediting him as a veteran before he is allowed to enter. It is a motley, desperate-looking crew, with enough evil countenances to terrify an effete Easterner—that is, until one is assured that such features are the stock in trade of their owners, carefully cultivated for purposes of screen employment types.

Among them you will find a handful of veterans of the Indian wars, and many who saw service in '98 in Cuba and the Philippines. The majority are World War survivors, and it is worthy of note that disabled men are given preference when possible. The rest of them are kids of post-war service.

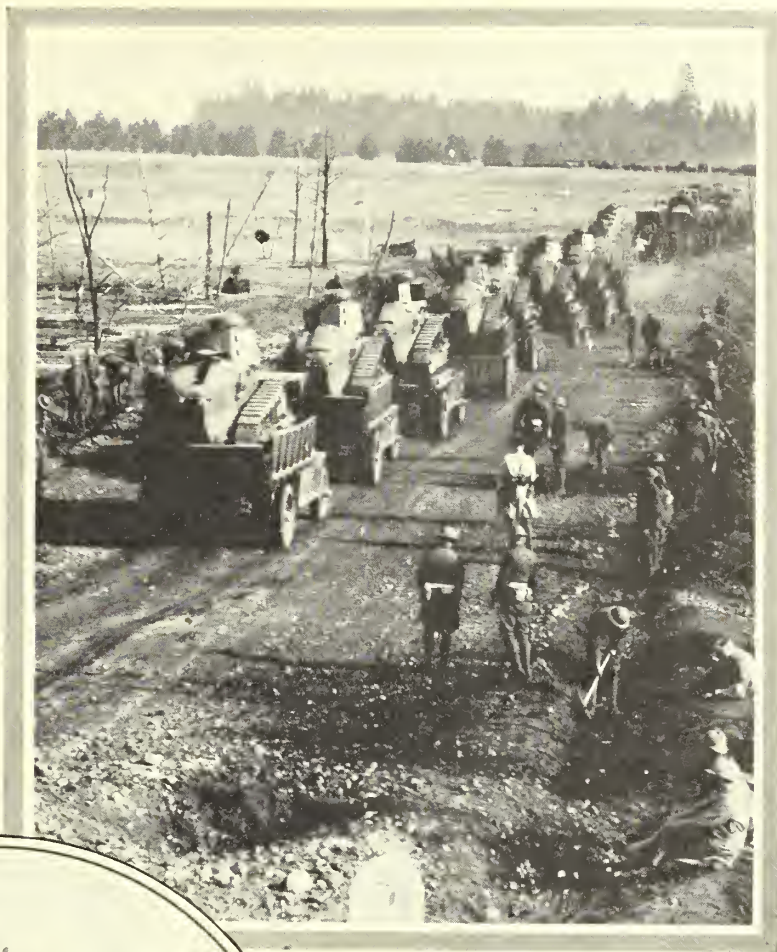
Dejection shows on most faces. But suddenly the crowd becomes electrified. Word is passed along that a studio has asked for fifteen men of a certain type. Of course it may be one of those rumors that originate you know where. But let us suppose this one is real. Hope lights the faces of those eligible, a hope alternated with despair. Over in the corner a glowering youth mutters beneath his breath.

"Aw, that dirty so-and-so (soldier talk) Lopez wouldn't give me a chance. I wish they'd put a square-shooter in there, the pup."

The complaining one is the next man called. Forgotten are the tribulations of the past. His features shine in eagerness. He fights his way forward to slap Lopez on the back in friendly appreciation. "A great guy, Lopez," he informs the doorkeeper on his way out.

Another veteran with delicate waxed mustache gains entrance to Mr. Lopez's office. His clothes are shabby, threadbare. Yet he presents a collection of photographs showing himself in several poses adorned in raiment that would do credit to a Beau Brummel, nonchalant in a tuxedo, a model of correct attire in formal afternoon dress, the snappy clothes of a collegian. Those clothes are at home, carefully hung in the closet. They are the tools of his trade, only to be worn for employment purposes.

That youth is one of the few who can supply his own wardrobe. Such extras, of course, receive greater compensation when their own clothes fit a part than when the studio furnishes the costume. But the pay is oftener the three dollars a standard than the rare case when a certain veteran earns as much as fifteen dollars a day.



Veteran-manned tanks en route to the battlefield in Legionnaire Rupert Hughes's "The Patent Leather Kid" (First National)



Ex-service soldiers in "What Price Glory" (Fox)

War veterans frequently have been of great aid to technical assistants in battle dramas. From their experiences they have been able to correct errors in military technique time and again. But it is sad to relate that such advice is generally accepted with poor grace, for an extra is an extra and a technical assistant is a high-salaried executive. Caste prevails on the movie lots.

It is a matter to contemplate by anyone seeking screen fame that while the veteran extra contingent contains many excellent actors, not one of several thousands who have gone forth to face cameras from the Central Employment Bureau has achieved a permanent place on the screen. Acting bits have fallen to a few, but lack of money has prevented them from following up their slight advantage in keeping fresh before directors the memory of their fleeting achievement. Perhaps the most distinguished

graduate of the employment bureau was a former captain sent out as a technical director in the making of "The Unknown Soldier." His work was so satisfactory that he has found employment in the technical field in several other battle films. Mr. Lopez himself is frequently on the lot when important scenes are shot and doubtless his services would be in demand at almost any studio did he choose to desert his job as head of the employment bureau.

All of Mr. Lopez's assistants are disabled veterans. Twelve hours constitutes the average working day, and there have been many times when the entire staff was still wearily making telephone calls at three o'clock in the morning. This has happened when a sudden cancelation or postponement of an order has been received. Perhaps two hundred men have been notified to report for a battle sequence or a fight crowd "atmosphere" at Burbank, Hollywood or Culver City. Unfavorable weather (they do have rain and fog out here (Continued on page 60)

KELLY

Illustrations by
Lowell L. Balcom

THE sun shone hotly upon the waterfront at Vera Cruz, and upon the blistered decks of a

motel of shipping in the bay. Evading the downpour, half naked peons lolled in the limited shade of low sheds and dwarfed warehouses, smoking their cigarettes, while American overseers cursed the heat and mopped perspiring brows. Sea and sky were a coalescent tapestry of fire, radiantly white.

Inland, the white streets and flat white shops and dwellings seemed to shrivel in the brazen glare, and closed shutters marked the solemn hour of siesta. In the plaza, the vowel-throated birds were silent. Funereal buzzards, silent too, perched like the plumes of a hearse upon the gray cathedral towers, their obscene eyes sleepily alert for refuse in the streets. In the distance, listless palms rose from the lower hills, unstirred by so much as a suspicion of breeze.

Viewing the scene with supreme emotion, I mentally consigned it to its infernal twin and thanked God that another fortnight would see me well away from it all. My passage was in my pocket. I had left the door of the steamship office not a moment before.

In the relative shade of the low building from which I had emerged, I stopped to light a cigarette.

"Friend," said a husky voice at my elbow, "you don't happen to have another of those things that ain't working, do you?"

A bloated, tattered vagabond stood beside me—indubitably American.

"Sure," I answered, handing over the package. A moment later I cried: "Kelly!"

The derelict's eyes shifted.

"Right!" he leered. For an instant he was abashed; his feet moved restlessly. Then with a sardonic smile he added: "Don't preach! I'm past that. And don't be too damned sorry for me. I've only six more months to go."

He inhaled the smoke of his cigarette with deep satisfaction while I looked him over.

"Is it . . . congratulations?" I asked tentatively, at length. "You're really going home, this time, are you, old man?"

I was more profoundly shocked by his appearance than I betrayed.

"Well, some folks call it that," he chuckled. His laugh was horrible. "That's my time limit," he carelessly continued, "here and . . . elsewhere! Oh, it's congratulations, all right."

"Hell!" I said with rough sympathy.

He raised a shaking hand. "No sympathy, *please!*" he said impatiently. "You're one of the white ones, you know. Don't spoil your reputation. It's all right . . . I've begun to look forward to it. And don't worry about Cedar Rapids, Iowa. I'd be a pretty sight going home there, *now*, wouldn't I? But that's fixed, too. The consul will see that I'm properly packed and addressed, six months hence. I'll arrive in a good deal of state, no doubt. After twenty years, man! Think of it—twenty years!"

In the face of this terrible monologue I was silent.

"Good bye," he said. "I'll keep the rest of your cigarettes. You don't mind? You've been awfully decent, you know; one time and another. Well, so long!"

Ignoring my hand, he turned away with a little nod, and I watched him slouch away in that hell of sunlight, until a bend in the road took him.

WHAT I have written above is a true account of my last meeting with Allan Kelly. I never saw him again. I have no doubt that he returned to Cedar Rapids as he had predicted . . . in a great deal of state. I might picture the home-coming, but I shall not.

By Vincent Starrett

My first meeting with Kelly, as I come to think about it, was on almost the same spot, but five years earlier. He had been seedy

and ragged then, but he was no such grewsome object as bore away my cigarettes on that last occasion. His earlier history I had heard partly from his own lips and partly from Captain Cameron of the *Atlantis*, a disreputable tramp (the *Atlantis*, not the captain) that plied between New Orleans and the Mexican commercial ports.

Kelly had been a civil engineer and, I believe, a good one. A taste for travel and adventure—and an active distaste for settling down at home—had taken him to Mexico in the prosperous days of old Porfirio Diaz. A taste for gambling and bad whisky had served to keep him there.

At first, Kelly was successful. British and American railroad men hailed his coming with enthusiasm. He occupied good positions, and under his direction a number of difficult engineering jobs were consummated, notably the remarkable bridge that spans the Tatlac Fall. For no little of the comfort and safety with which travelers of our day journey about Mexico, are those travelers indebted to Allan Kelly. I suppose there is no doubt that he was a genius in his line. With his genius, however, as I have suggested, Kelly combined a fondness for strong liquor—a liking both inherited and acquired, and certainly cultivated with astonishing fervor.

"In the tropics," said Cameron, who was by way of being a philosopher, "a white man degenerates progressively. I know of no exception to the rule, not even myself. The degeneration is intellectual, spiritual, and of course physical. The place raises hell with his heart and liver, even without the aid of alcohol. With that aid, he is a poor risk for an insurance company. As far as his head is concerned, there has been trouble *there* from the beginning, or he would never have yearned for the tropics. This is a thought born of unhappy experience."

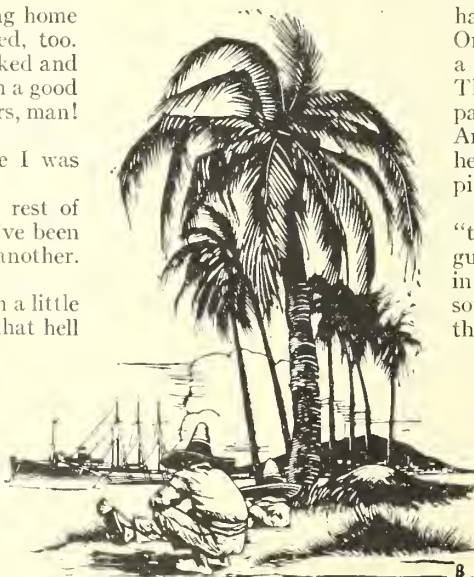
Cameron was right; I knew it. The marvel was that Kelly had lasted twenty years in this inferno—the marvel and the miracle.

"Of course, when Kelly began to slide," continued the captain, "they sang songs about him, and added a great deal to his misery. For a while, the poor devil fought a game battle, and it was a realization of his weakness that first led him to think of going home. He blamed the country for his trouble, not without justice, and determined to shake its dust from his feet. The story of his first attempt to get away is a bit hazy—a sort of waterfront legend—but in the main the facts are correctly remembered.

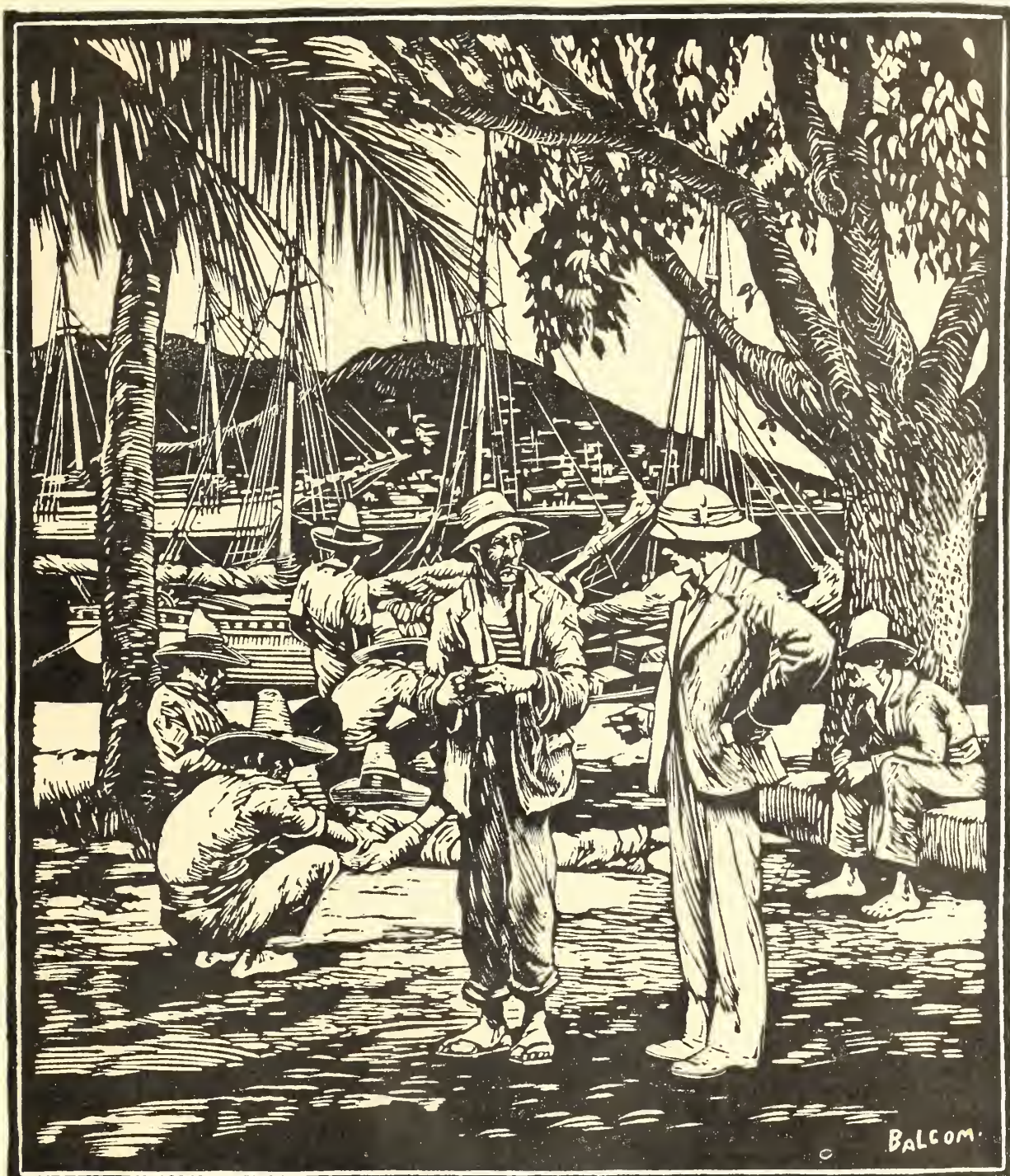
"By a fine effort of the will and steady application to his job—a minor one to which he had descended—Kelly managed to save enough money to pay his passage to New Orleans. I suppose his friends helped him out, for at that time he still had friends. He'd been working up near Orizaba, and he managed successfully to reach a ticket office and buy a ticket for Vera Cruz. That was quite a feat in itself, for he had to pass a dozen *cantinas* to reach the station. And the train came in, and he took it, and down he came to the port, almost maudlin with happiness; otherwise perfectly sober.

"Well," continued Cameron, with a shrug, "there was no ship for some days, and you can guess what followed. There he was with money in his pocket, and nothing to do. He fell in with some American sailors on shore leave, and then the whole party fell in with an equal number of women, and there was a beautiful orgy.

In twenty-four hours, Kelly had drunk and gambled away the last of his funds, and was as far from Cedar Rapids as he'd ever been. Waking up the morning after, without a nickel, he made frantic appeals to the American consul, a nice old gentleman, who promised to do what he could and was without power to do anything. The only thing the consul



B.



Half naked peons sprawled in the shade. The derelict inhaled the cigarette with deep satisfaction. "Don't preach!" he said. "I've only six more months to go"

could have done was dig up the coin from his own pocket, and that didn't occur to him. No reason why it should," added the captain sententiously.

But a ship was to sail within a week, Cameron continued, and Kelly—still hopeful, and of course very repentant—determined to work his passage. Again it was the waiting that betrayed him. He had no money, but he still had friends as thirsty as himself. While waiting, then, he fell in with a number of curious companions, drank heavily at their expense, and in a day or two found himself in the *cuartel* charged with an exciting series of offenses. The least of the charges was disorderly conduct, and the most serious threatened to involve him in a revolutionary conspiracy, no laughing matter south of the Rio Grande. So ran Cameron's story.

"The consul and a few friends—I think I was one of them—saw him through that trouble," the captain went on, "and it was arranged that he was to be kept in jail until the day the ship sailed. It didn't leave him much time to make application for free passage, but we thought we could arrange that; and any-

way it kept him from getting drunk. And the day came—!"

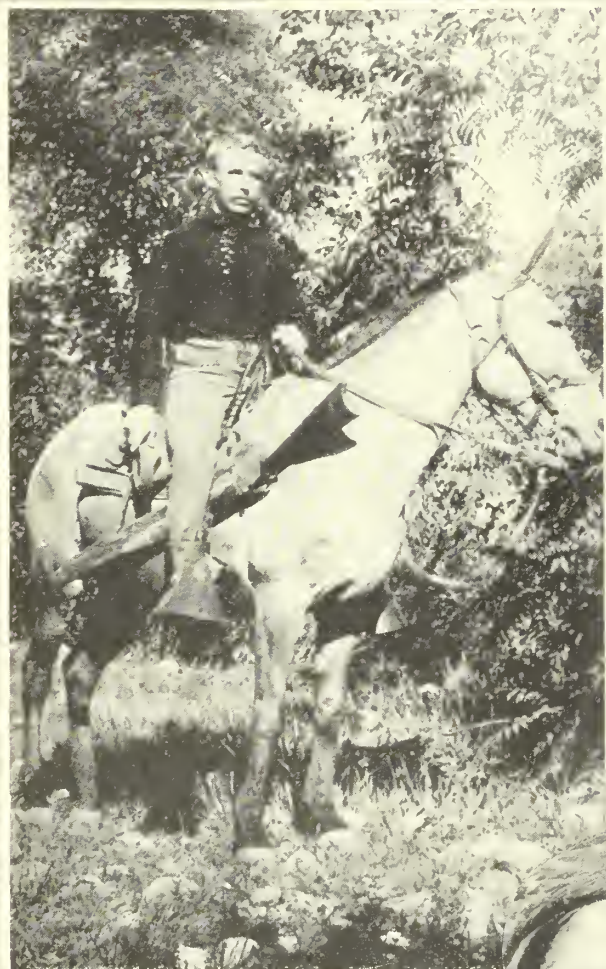
Cameron laughed harshly.

"He was released just in time to catch the boat," he said; "but he stopped off somewhere, on the way, for a farewell drink. I can see him taking it—happy as a kitten! We hadn't gone after him; we'd trusted him that far; and as far as he was able he made good. But that one drink was the doom of Allan Kelly. He didn't know it, of course, but with it he tossed off the only real chance he ever had to get home.

"Some of us were waiting for him at the dock, and as time went along we began to get nervous; then we began to get cynical, and after a while we just cursed and gave him up. And just then there was a most outlandish racket over in the market, beyond the docks. There were cheers and shouts and whistles, and the sound of horses galloping and wheels turning. It sounded like a fire engine followed by a mob; but in a minute the uproar turned the corner on one wheel, and we saw Kelly coming. He came tearing down to the dock in an old victoria, hired for the purpose, the driver standing up and lashing his (Continued on page 52)

SCOUTS GOOD AND BAD

By Henry W. Daly



Dr. Leonard Wood soon after his arrival at the frontier in 1886 as a contract surgeon. Packmaster Daly probably saved his life when Wood was trying to placate a drunken Indian

WHEN I knew Kit Carson he had quit making American history and had just about quit using the English language. He had settled down on his little ranch near Taos, New Mexico, with his native New Mexican wife, and was so poor that that fact alone should stand as proof that he had been an honest public servant. Gentlemen who know what is in the books and write our histories for us, and who consequently are better qualified to pass on such matters than I am, have called Christopher Carson our greatest frontiersman, without whose help Frémont should never have added California to the Union.

I have met in my time a few men white and red who followed the trails with Kit Carson, and when I saw him there in his adobe house at Taos in the seventies I could not help but reflect that times had changed. I suppose if I were to go back to Taos today I should think that times keep right on changing. I read what an art center Taos has come to be. The only artists I saw about Taos performed with a six-shooter or a deck of fifty-two playing cards.

Jim Bridger, the first white man to look upon Salt Lake, and founder of Bridger's Fort, a great way station on the Overland

Trail during the California gold rush, was quietly tending a farm near Kansas City when I first saw him in the latter sixties. His history-making was over, too. As I remember it, Jim's farm was close into town. It is probably covered by asphalt streets and kitchenette apartments with electric refrigerators by now. Then there was Ben Williams in Arizona. Travelers who have been through Flagstaff on the Sante Fé may remember a mountain that looms up back of the town. That is Mount Ben Williams, named for this same Ben of long ago acquaintance.

Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, Ben Williams. They were trail makers, who went where white men had never gone before. They established the profession of scouting in the West. They led the soldiers who took the country from the Indians and gave it to the homesteaders.

A great deal of romance has grown up around that era and in the popular mind the scout has become one of the most romantic figures of them all. The scout's day lasted throughout the military phase of our westward expansion which may be said to have ended with the battle of Wounded Knee in 1890. There were little brushes after that, but nothing to speak of as a military operation. In fact the whole Pine Ridge Campaign which closed with the fight on the Wounded Knee was a parlor affair as compared with some of the earlier expeditions.

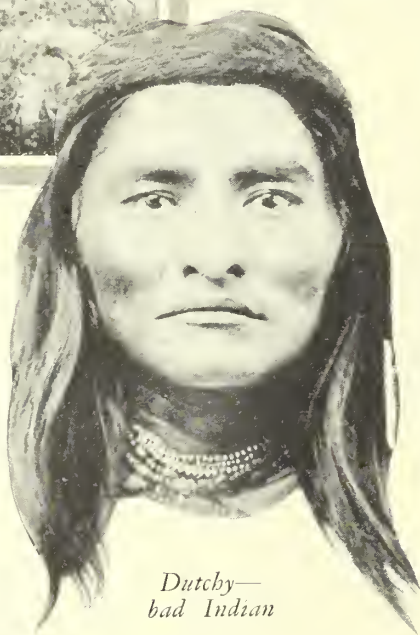
It was during the Pine Ridge Campaign that I saw Buffalo Bill, I believe, for the last time, and there I also saw Ben Clark. The name Buffalo Bill means something to every American and the name of Ben Clark, I am afraid, means very little. Many of you have seen Buffalo Bill since I have seen him. With his flowing hair, his handsome figure, his fastidiously ornamented

buckskin garments he has won a place as the national beau ideal of frontier scout and plainsman. Old Ben Clark has been dead now for twenty years, but were you to see him as I have seen him a great many times with a pair of worn jeans tucked in his boots, a greasy hat and a week's growth of beard, you might mistake him for a second-rate cowboy who couldn't make enough to keep up appearances. Yet Ben Clark was one of the famous scouts of the West, whose activities joined up directly with those of Carson and Bridger, and Buffalo Bill was really no scout at all in my time.

I would not for the world have you think less of Bill Cody on that account. I knew him for twenty-five years. He was full of fun and as generous and good-hearted as they come and he had nerve. During the Civil War he had done his part in Kansas and in Nebraska, but there was no Indian campaigning there in my day, and the country to the westward was country Bill never knew in the scouting sense until it had been tamed down. Bill was driving a scraper on the old Kansas & Texas railroad right-of-way the first time I saw him. After that he got a contract

to kill buffalo for the laborers' mess, hence his nickname. He also drove stage and rode pony express before he got in the show business, which proved to be his forte.

I have been using the word scout in its popular and familiar sense, but to be quite correct I should have said chief of scouts. After the Civil War all scouts, so far as my observation has gone, were Indians, and the white men who superintended their operations were called chiefs of scouts. Very seldom indeed, and I personally never remember a case in the twelve Indian campaigns and expeditions I have served in, of a chief of scouts, or white man acting as scout, operating alone as you so often find them in fiction and in the movies.



*Dutchy—
bad Indian*



Company A, Apache Scouts, Old Fort Cummings, New Mexico, May, 1881. The white men are Albert Sterling, Chief of Scouts (at left, in group of Indians), Lieutenant C. W. Taylor, Ninth Cavalry commanding Scouts,



Dr. Coffey of Coffeyville, Kansas, and Henry W. Daly. Sterling was killed not long after this picture was made. In oval, Chihuabua, sub-chief of the Chiracabua Apaches, and first sergeant of Company A, Apache Scouts

Not so long ago in New York City I was relating an incident in connection with one of General Crook's campaigns when I mentioned the troop of scouts that was moving in front of the column, feeling the way and keeping us on the trail of the hostile Sioux and Cheyennes.

"What!" exclaimed my friend. "You were going to fight Indians and were using Indians as your guides to find the Indians you meant to attack?"

I said he had understood me correctly.

"But wasn't General Crook taking an awful chance?"

He was, I suppose, taking a certain chance, if you get it down fine enough. I have known of isolated instances of personal treachery on the part of Indian scouts and of instances of professional bad faith, but I never heard of scouts deliberately leading a command astray. There were various reasons for this. In the first place Indians are generally loyal and as good as their word. Indians have long-standing differences among themselves. When pursuing a certain band of Indians our scouts would be picked largely from Indians unfriendly to those we were pursuing. Still, to make a scout organization most effective it was always advisable to have among these unfriendly Indians certain Indians of the identical tribe or clan we were after. Their intimate knowledge would detect signs on the trail and so on that even other Indians might miss or misinterpret by just enough to throw us off. These Indians were always a potential danger, or liability, more or less, and to be on the safe side they were watched.

This was the job of the chief of scouts, or one of the jobs. He had to watch his Indians and to know what to watch for. Consequently he had to know Indians. This greatly limited the field from which scout chiefs were picked, and guaranteed a good man fairly continuous employment. I have known them to be kept on the pay rolls between campaigns so as to have them when trouble started. A chief of scouts' pay was \$100 to \$150 a month, rations and ammunition. Like surgeons, teamsters, packers

and the scouts themselves they were contracted for, usually on a six-months' basis. Scouts received thirty dollars a month and in those days a soldier's pay was thirteen dollars. Thus both scouts and their white leaders had a pretty good thing of it financially, but it was a case of easy come easy go with most of them, and judged by the way some people make money nowadays it was not so easy come at that.

Those scouts (Indians) used to shift about. From the ranks of a band of captured warriors I have often heard my name called out in cordial fashion by some Indian who had scouted with us perhaps only a few months before.

I remember at the historic surrender of Geronimo at the Cañon de los Embudos in Sonora, Mexico, when his braves marched in and laid down their weapons. An Indian leaped from the file of prisoners and rushed at me clasping me Spanish fashion to his breast. It was Chihuabua, one of Geronimo's sub-chieftains, who had a long and honorable campaign record as an American scout. But when his own clan took the war path the tie of blood had called him back.

The only way to get to know Indians is to live their life with them. That had been the way of Kit Carson and of Jim Bridger. Jim had three Indian wives, one after another. These were official. Most scout leaders had Indian wives, either officially or unofficially. Taking a squaw, however, was not what some white men might regard as the worst feature of a scout leader's schooling. Living with Indians is apt to give a man a lot of ways that are difficult to reconcile with the amenities of polite society. Take Liver Eatin' Johnson, for instance. He ate it raw.

The French Canadians made good chiefs of scouts and a number of them were employed in our northern campaigns. My introduction to frontier life was sponsored, you might say, by the Canucks in 1865 when I went west following the government mail route from Montreal to Vancouver, a distance of three thousand miles. The journey took three months, which was slow time when compared with our pony (*Continued on page 66*)

EDITORIAL

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

The Navy's Share

IT HAS been remarked at least once in these pages that the task of determining exactly which of the elements involved "won the war" is as simple as the determination of which egg makes the dozen. The absence of any one of a host of factors would most certainly have lost the war. The A. E. F. won the war in the sense that without the A. E. F. the war could not have been won, but if the armies of France and England had not borne the brunt from 1914 to the late spring of 1918 it is difficult to see where the A. E. F. would have come in. It is just as difficult to see how the A. E. F. could have reached the scene of action without the aid of the United States Navy.

Of every nine Americans in uniform during 1917 and 1918, eight wore the Army's olive drab and one the Navy's blue. The Army swelled to the vast total of more than four million men, which total, on Armistice Day, was almost equally divided between France and America. The Navy on that day numbered some 538,000 officers and men.

Comparatively little has been said or written about the United States Navy's part in the war. The story of that participation is narrated succinctly and modestly in a twenty-two page pamphlet recently issued by the Government. Though published anonymously, this pamphlet was written by Captain D. W. Knox, U. S. N., a member of the Legion's National Defense Committee.

It was the Imperial German Navy that brought America into the war. So far as one can prophesy in reverse, it was a case of no submarines, no war. Captain Knox summarizes German strategy thus:

"Early in 1917 she [Germany] possessed sufficient submarines to undertake a campaign against the Allied line of sea communications on a large scale. If successful, such a campaign would place England, France, and Italy in the same situation of isolation with respect to overseas supplies as Russia and Germany herself. This was the underlying strategic motive behind the ruthless submarine warfare begun in February, 1917, as a consequence of which the United States went into the war . . . The German high command had discounted American participation. They believed that the effectiveness of the submarines themselves would prevent America bringing to bear in Europe any great strength. It was a clear case of our apparent weakness at sea being responsible for getting us into war, just as had been true in 1798 (quasi war with France), in 1812, and in several of our wars with the Barbary powers. Between 1914 and 1917, before the development of the submarine, our entry into the war on the Allied side would have been a quick knockout blow to Germany, and she was careful of American rights

on the sea and attentive to our diplomatic notes. When she felt strong enough at sea to ignore our rights, she did so."

When America entered the war the statistics of submarine sinkings were steadily growing more ominous. The U-boats were destroying some nine hundred thousand tons of shipping a month at a time when the total of Allied and neutral bottoms was about 34,000,000 tons with only 177,000 tons of new construction available every thirty days. At the forefront of Allied naval strategy, therefore, was the problem of protecting shipping, both offensively and defensively, particularly the latter. Thus was created the convoy system—with these results, so far as American participation was concerned:

"During the eighteen months of war when American vessels escorted convoys through the war zone, 183 attacks were made by them upon submarines, twenty-four submarines were damaged and two known to have been destroyed. A total of 18,653 ships were escorted carrying vast quantities of freight to the armies in France and the civilian population of the Allies, as well as more than two million troops."

As for the two million troops, the Navy did more than convoy them—it conveyed them as well. Slightly more than a million soldiers went to France on British ships. Slightly more than nine hundred thousand made the journey in United States Navy transports. The troops had to be fed. So the Navy carried six million tons of supplies, and the Navy kept open the longest and most perilous line of communications in the whole history of war.

Less spectacular than dropping depth bombs was the business of laying mines, with the shadow of violent death both lurking in the waters below and sprawled plentifully about the deck. Though it had long been considered, not until early in 1918 did the idea of a mine barrage around the British Isles crystallize into a definite program. American mine-layers had the principal share. Captain Knox records:

"They usually sailed from the two bases at Inverness and Invergordon on the east coast of Scotland on a dark and misty night, escorted by British destroyers from the grand fleet. Near the point of laying, they were met by a squadron of American or British battle-ships with cruisers and other destroyers to cover the whole operation against the possibility of raids from the German high seas fleet. The mine layers were formed into a line abreast at a standard interval of about five hundred yards and, while steaming in this formation at high speed, each ship dropped mines every few seconds until the whole cargo was disposed of. In this way more than five thousand mines were laid in a single expedition.

"Soon after the first two American excursions had been completed, two enemy submarines were damaged



“LACE IT OUT, SON!”

in crossing that portion of the barrage. The first, *U-86*, was damaged on July 9th while homeward bound. The second was the *UB-22* outward bound and apparently destroyed. Of course the enemy immediately routed his submarines through a different part of the North Sea but the continual mining operations constantly extended the area which was dangerous to submarine passage. On August 10th *U-113* was damaged in the barrage while outward bound and was forced to turn back. On September 8th, *U-92* was sunk in the barrage and another submarine was so severely damaged that it was forced to return to base. On September 25th *U-156* and on October 18th *UB-123* were probably lost in the barrage.

“It is probable that a total of six submarines were destroyed and the same number severely damaged as the result of this great North Sea barrage. Considering the fact that it was never quite completed and

that only in March, 1918, did it begin to be even partially effective, these results appear to more than justify the wisdom of the project.”

The Navy, it is clear, did rather more than “bring ‘em over and bring ‘em back.” Its activities were far more diversified (and more technically diversified) than any army’s; its theater of operations was of vaster scope—let it be remembered that three-fourths of the earth’s surface is water, and the World War was quite literally a world war. But its supreme function was the guardianship of the narrow gray path of water from Hoboken to Brest down which, in the desperate months of 1918, rode the hope of the world. The Navy did more than escort that crusade; it was in it and of it. Had it been otherwise, four million Americans in olive drab could have grounded futile arms on the Atlantic seaboard and stood idle while civilization died.

SHOPPING *for a* CURE

LATE in 1917 or early in 1918 a young man went overseas in the A. E. F. Just when he went across, what State he came from, even his proper name—these details do not matter for our purpose.

By STANLEY M. RINEHART, M.D.

And further to conceal his identity suppose we call him John Wyte not only because that was not his name but because there is only one Wyte in that ponderous but rather disconnected serial, the New York City directory, and his name isn't John.

John Wyte went overseas and evidently his outfit was sent to the front, for early in October of '18 he was thrown twenty feet by an exploding shell and suffered certain injuries as one result of which he was unconscious three days. He received first aid and later, after treatment at a base hospital, he was returned to this country. His chief complaint was abdominal pain, although there is no record of a wound having been found in that locality when he was examined at Chaumont.

His visible and obvious injuries were an open wound in the left leg and a broken shoulder. After his return to the United States he still complained of the pain in the abdomen, not at all of much distress at the perfectly evident sites of his other injuries. After his discharge he entered one of the government hospitals and so began his long shopping tour—shopping for a cure, or at least for relief from his troublesome symptoms.

Everywhere he went, from Pennsylvania to Florida, a good and sufficient cause for his complaining not having been discovered, he was labeled a neurasthenic. The record of his examination in Pittsburgh, in 1910, states that he had a wound, probably only a scar by this time, in his left shoulder, also muscular rheumatism; and beyond these rather minor conditions, nothing. Except hysteria.

In 1920 a private physician whom he consulted diagnosed his case as neurosis. In 1921, at the Marine Hospital in Pittsburgh, as he was persistent in referring to his abdomen, they opened it to find out what if anything was wrong within that was not evident on the outside. It was a vain quest, however; even his appendix was normal. So they closed the incision and his wound finally almost healed. Then they modified his diagnosis by adding psycho to neurosis. He was a psychoneurotic, which means that his chief trouble was in his mind.

His abdominal wound partially healed; afterward he had a fistula through which urine flowed, pretty clear evidence that it connected with the bladder. But a psychoneurotic he had been and a psychoneurotic he remained, through several succeeding years and through various succeeding hospital experiences.

In the government hospital in Pittsburgh in 1923, the diagnosis was post-traumatic neurosis, which is only another way of saying that his nerves and mental disturbances had been caused by injury.

At Lake City, Florida, they were more cautious in expressing an opinion. The net result of his examination there was: "Neurosis, cause undetermined." That was in 1927, nine years after his battlefield experience.

But by this time the Veterans Bureau had already established two Diagnostic Centers, one in Cincinnati and another in Washington, to which obscure and doubtful cases could be sent to be examined by experts. And so he was sent to Mount Alto in the national capital in the fall of last year. There they found out what really was the matter with him. An exploration of the abdominal cavity disclosed a shrunken bladder, adhesions between it and the intestines, drainage of urine through the latter—in fact a pretty mess of things.

This being a narrative of fact and not fiction, it cannot be made to have a happy ending, for the poor fellow has since died. Probably he would have died anyhow, in spite of a proper recognition of his condition in the beginning, but at least he would not have carried the label of a neurotic for eight years. Of

course he was disorganized mentally and emotionally. Who would not have been?

Every one, whether he has studied medicine or not, knows that shock, fear, long continued worry and anxiety, will cause mental depression, and even worse; and also that low mental states will react upon the body. So, in a particular case it is often almost impossible for one to say, no matter how great his experience, which was the first cause, the mind disturbance or the long continued bodily illness.

To the average person without medical training the treatment of disease may seem to be a rather simple matter. When you are sick you go to a physician, who examines you more or less thoroughly, decides what is wrong with you, and prescribes a certain treatment—and you either get well or you don't. Perhaps the physician sends you to a specialist who practices along the line of the particular ailment that may affect you. This answers very well in the vast majority of instances.

But it may not answer at all. You may have a condition much less obvious. You may have to be examined by several doctors, specializing in different branches of medicine and surgery, before an accurate diagnosis is made and proper treatment begun. Or your condition may be so obscure and complex that it baffles the skill of your physician and his consultants, and before they have reached a conclusion you have given up in disgust and gone out on your own hook to find someone who will tell you what is wrong with you and what is to be done for it. If you adopt this procedure you will have begun what may prove to be an interesting, complicated and expensive shopping tour among the doctors.

Multiply this individual instance of your own by several hundred thousand and you will have some idea of the problems that have confronted not only those who were disabled in service, but also the Government which has tried to serve them, and, incidentally, has so far expended billions in doing it.

Many thousands of men have been cured, rehabilitated; salvaged, if you please, saved from becoming total wrecks, reconstructed, made over into useful members of society. But also, just as among the sick in private life, many have passed over the Great Divide and others are still fighting what seems to be almost hopeless battles, after so many years of struggle.

It was a tremendous task that confronted the Government upon the return of so great a number of disabled men, and it was a complicated and cumbersome machinery that was at first set up to give them aid.

At first, in coping with this problem actually three machines were set up, the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, the Public Health Service, and the Federal Board of Vocational Education. Later, to avoid overlapping of functions, duplication of duties and general inco-ordination, all three bodies and their various duties were taken over by the Veterans Bureau.

A very large proportion of the physicians in the new Bureau came from the Public Health Service, most of them not from the regular service but from those who had entered the reserve branch of the service after the war.

By May 1, 1922, for its use in the various government hospitals and district and sub-district offices, the Veterans Bureau had bolted, swallowed in a lump but not entirely digested or assimilated, 2533 physicians, of whom 1503 were on full time duty. Of these 105 were detailed or transferred as surgeons, 206 as N. P.'s or specialists in nervous and mental diseases, and 235 as T. B. specialists. The remainder were chiefly used in executive capacities, and as ward surgeons, and so forth.



Dr. Stanley M. Rinehart, specialist in chronic diseases of the chest, and for two years Clinical Director of Tuberculosis in the United States Veterans Bureau, was one of the organizers of The American Legion in Pennsylvania and a founder of the Forty and Eight

Although some of these doctors had had a certain amount of training in the special branches of medicine, there were comparatively few who by the widest stretch of imagination could be called specialists; the others did not claim to be. They knew their defects in this regard better than anyone else, and they were most eager to perfect their knowledge so that they could qualify as experts.

To give them the special training they desired and most needed, courses of instruction were given, especially in tuberculosis, and two post graduate schools were started in 1923. Also a very wonderful course in nervous and mental diseases was held at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington that year. This policy was discontinued the following year, however, because it involved the expenditure of a great deal of money, and the Comptroller General ruled against it.

Realizing the difficulties already encountered and to be met in the future, and to obtain the very best advice available in helping to solve them, the Director of the Veterans Bureau in 1922 appointed an advisory board of well-known specialists in the various branches of medicine. This board, with some changes in

individual membership, has since, by order of the present Director, become the Medical Council.

The Medical Council meets in Washington at least twice a year and advises the Director of the Bureau on all general questions of policy that have to do with improving the medical service.

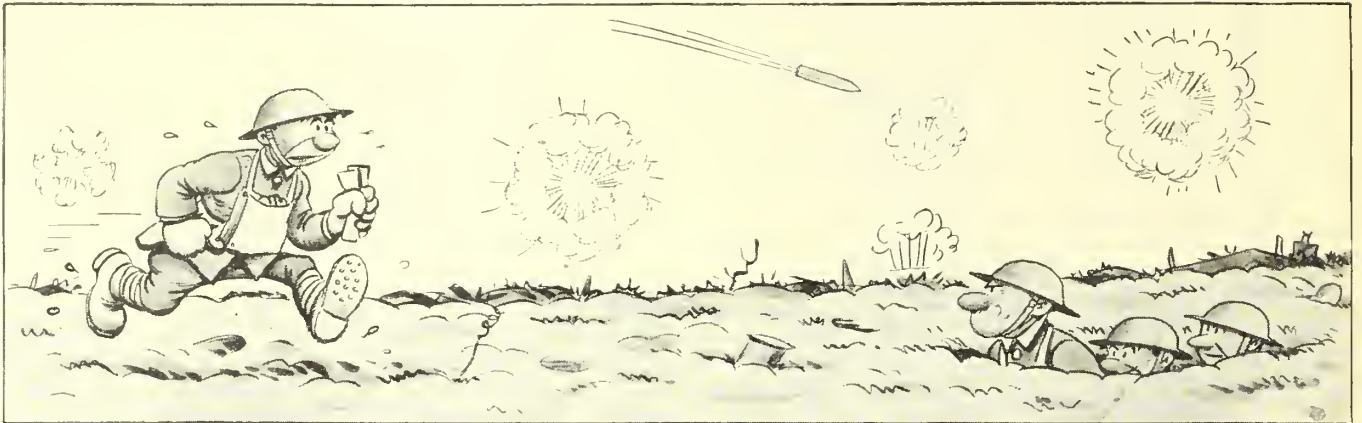
Since the first government hospitals were established after the war, up to the beginning of this year, admissions for examination, observation and treatment have reached the enormous total of 634,114.

With this vast turnover it would be utterly impossible to make no mistakes. That a certain small percentage of mistakes have occurred is not to be considered as a reflection on the physicians of the Bureau. From a long acquaintance with many of them in civil life, in the Army and, later, in the Bureau service, I can bear personal witness that in intelligence and medical experience they are above the average. Emphasis is put on these mistakes here and instances are mentioned to illustrate them merely to indicate some of the Bureau's medical problems and its attempts to solve them. Unfortunately nothing can be said of the thousands that have been properly (Continued on page 60)

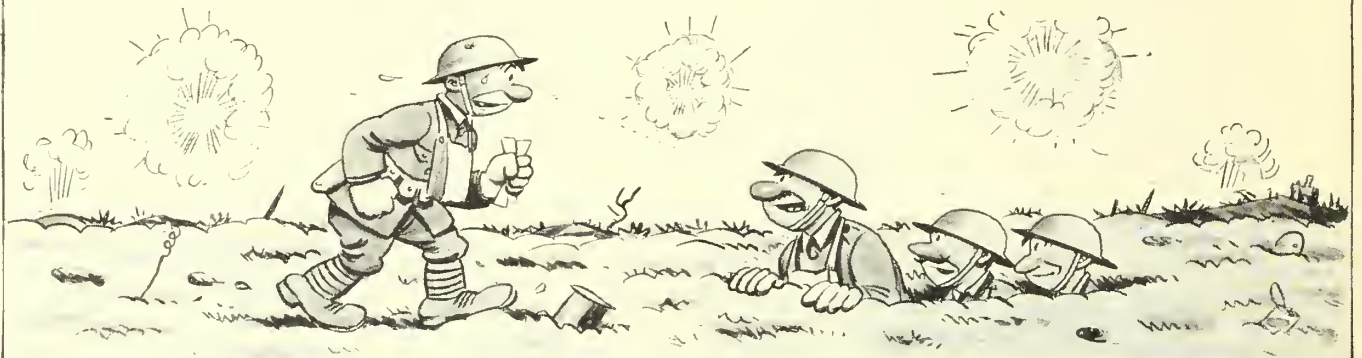
APPEARANCES DO DECEIVE

At Least They Sometimes Did on the Front in 1918

By Wallgren



Runner: "This is a fine job! Guess I'll have to do a all-day marathon trying to find this general."



Ordinary looking soldier in shell-hole: "Hey! Where you going, soldier?" Runner: "Dispatches for General Hogan!"



Ordinary looking soldier: "All right, hand 'em over, lad. I'm General Hogan!" Runner: "Haw haw! Yes you are! And I'm General Pershing! Let's see your stars!"



General's Aide: "You poor sap! You saw bis stars all right, didn't you? Don't you know Hard-Boiled Hogan when you see him?" Runner: "How could I tell he was a general?—so far up in front, too!"

❧ A PERSONAL VIEW ❧

by
Frederick Palmer

NOT IF NO larger vote is cast than in 1924. The next President should not be the choice of only 55 per cent of all the voters—not a 28 per cent majority President. Both candidates might unite in saying, "Vote for me, but, anyway, vote. Then I'll know how many of the whole are for me, and not have to wait until after I am in office and they begin grouching to know how many are against me."

Will Either Really Win?

SOME COMPLAIN THAT there is no real issue in this campaign. Well, if we lack originality enough to make one, William Zebulon Foster obliges by bringing in one from Russia. He is the candidate of the Worker's Party, Communist. Its first plank is to "overthrow the whole social order." Then all the workers would have no work and no pay; and "Red" Foster would be boss of the chaos. It is a safe bet he will not be elected.

WHEN HE HEARD us all kicking about our politicians and the way they run things this was the question that Editor J. A. Spender of England put after a visit to America. Some people think politician is almost a word of shame. I know politicians who, though practical vote-getters, are honestly doing their best. Being in politics is being in public life. Keep the good politicians on top.

Why Don't You Alter It?

HOWEVER, IT IS NO season to get "het up" over politics or anything. Leave that to the weather. The business is to keep cool on the day's work; to make the most of the holiday. Blessed are the old swimming hole, the shady bends of rivers, breakers rolling in from the sea and even the water carts under whose spray the city children duck. Water enough in the United States, if impounded, to give every youngster a chance to swim.

No Time to Get "Het Up"

ELIHU ROOT, Charles E. Hughes and John Bassett Moore there were. President Coolidge has just named the fourth in Newton D. Baker, as American member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration of the Hague. The court does not sit regularly, but is subject to call in international emergency. Who better equipped than this modest kindly man, great lawyer, who knows and understands world humanity and problems through experience as Secretary of War in 1917-'18?

Tribute to Newton D. Baker

SCIENTISTS ESTIMATE that labor-saving devices give the average American service equal to that of 175 slaves before the age of machinery. Every family with a washing machine, an auto, electric light, radio and running water has a share if not its full quota. Our modern slave system will be organized right when no child lacks fresh air in summer and no tired human being but has a summer vacation.

All of Us Slaveholders

TEN YEARS AGO our divisions were in movement to form our own army at St. Mihiel. August the season of movement at home—and not "forty and eighting it" to be shot at by Heinie and the cooties, but your own top kick in your own car. All for a good time. Lock up your troubles in the closet with mothballs. They will not look so big to you when you return.

Smile and Forget It

SAN ANTONIO IS in your State, Texas, the biggest State, bigger in area than France, Germany or the British Isles. I saw you at St. Mihiel; I saw you in the Meuse-Argonne. So I know how you fought overseas in the tradition of the Alamo. Ten years afterward you are hosts to men of all the divisions. I hope every veteran of the 90th will be on hand, tall "Hal" Allen marching in front.

The 90th at San Antonio

CHEERY DAN SOWERS, ever ready volunteer, chief of the Legion's Americanization Service, is permanently drafted as organizer and coach of the Junior Baseball League. As a fan I envy him his job for which he has a genius. The boys' world series will last as long as the Legion—Americanization in the zest of sport and contest. There will always be baseball and boys to play it.

As Long as We Last

FROM WILBUR WRIGHT, father of human flight, all the daring and labors of the pioneers through to Lindbergh and the latest are ripening in harvest. An American was the first to fly. Then Europe took the honors away from us. Lindbergh brought them back. His trans-Atlantic flight came at the right moment to stir our imagination. That fair haired boy certainly started something in his United States. Facts tell the story of our progress which is making up for a backwardness which was not in individual exploits but in becoming a nation of flyers. (Continued on page 78)

We Get Air-Minded



DOWN BY THE RIO GRANDE

A LONG one side of the long ta-
By Arthur Van Vlissingen, Jr.

ble sat the guests. Before them were plates laden with broiled quail on toast, alligator pear salad and similar dainties which are at the same time not too dainty for outdoor men with outdoor appetites. Besides their plates—except at such frequent moments as more active service required—stood tall, hollow-stemmed glasses filled with a pale yellow fluid through which crisp-looking bubbles sparkled and fizzed. Every few minutes a waiter appeared with a tall, obese bottle, gold-foiled at the neck, intent on replenishing the glasses.

Alas, good friends, for the hosts at this banquet. They sat at the self-same table as their guests. From afar—just far enough to be extremely tantalizing—they gazed upon the quail on toast, the avocado salad, the sparkling champagne (for we might as well come right out and call it by its real name). The while they gazed, they took occasional sips of plain water and nibbled with scant gusto at platefuls of baked beans.

And migawsh, how they suffered! Despite their comments on how good the beans were and on how broiled quail never had agreed with them, they felt just about as you and I would feel under the circumstances. Speaking for myself, that wouldn't be too good.

Do you ask, how come this strange affair? And how come the champagne? Natural questions, and fair enough.

As a starter, it was a dinner which the hosts, losers in an annual Legion membership contest, tendered the winners. The posts involved in the three-cornered scrap were those at Harlingen, San Benito and Mercedes, all three in the Lower Rio Grande country of Texas. The champagne how-come because, for purposes of settling

Brownsville, in a city named Matamoros, which happens to be just across the Rio Grande in the sovereign nation of Mexico, where one may look upon the wine when it is red, white or fizzy without injuring the law.

Anyhow, the banquet was a great success—for the guests.

For that matter, the hosts might have felt worse. As it was, the three posts enrolled respectively 542 members, 531 members and 267 members. Not one of the three towns has over ten thousand population.

Which figures might be said to give many self-satisfied posts in other parts of the United States a new mark to shoot at.

It's a great country, this lowermost tip of Texas which folks throughout the Southwest refer to as "The Valley." Little known in other sections of our nation, the Valley is as interesting a territory as any within the continental limits of the United States. Moreover, despite its comparative youth as a member of the family over which floats the Stars and Stripes, it is as rich in history as are Lexington and Concord and Valley Forge. Certainly no part of this country has been more fought over, more raided, more distinguished by colorful episodes of banditry and civil war and border justice.

Nor may one find, however he may search, a place where there has occurred so steady and uninterrupted a growth in wealth and land values. Only twenty-five years ago Hidalgo and Cameron Counties which comprise the lower end of the Valley, had valuations of two million dollars. Today their value is between ninety and one hundred millions. And while it is not the purpose of this article to indulge in the thankless task of prophesying real estate



National Commander Spafford breaks ground for the clubhouse of Meuse-Argonne Post of Raymondsville, Tex.



More ground breakers—San Benito Legionnaires return to pick and shovel tactics on behalf of their \$35,000 clubhouse. The finished product is shown in the circle. The miniature locomotive pictured on the opposite page toured a good part of Texas in



the membership drive that made the Lone Star State the first department to exceed its 1927 membership this year. John Woodward is sitting on the tender, W. E. Easterwood is getting aboard, and Roy E. Hale is in the cab

values, be it said that as yet there is visible little indication that the rise in land prices has reached its peak. For the price that the Valley farms bring is based not on hopes or promises or land-boom excitement, but rather upon the returns that they yield in crops which sell for cash in the city markets.

Until 1904 there was no railroad into the Valley. Today it is a comfortable overnight haul by sleeper from San Antonio or Houston into any of the major towns there. About fifteen years ago, irrigation with Rio Grande water had become general from Mission down to Brownsville, a distance of eighty miles. Some two hundred thousand acres of what had been practically a cactus desert had by that time been brought under intensive cultivation. Land which had been fit only for grazing cattle and goats began to produce grapefruit, oranges, lemons, limes, figs, summer squash and strawberries in March.

By now, approximately four hundred and fifty thousand acres are under irrigation. And if, when you attend the convention at San Antonio next October, you decide to take a side-trip excursion down to the Valley, you will see for yourself exactly the difference that water can make in the worth of land. At a great many points, as you drive along the roads, on one side you will see great citrus orchards with their trees beginning to hang low under the load of grapefruit or oranges which will soon be ready for market. On the other side of the road, just outside the water limits supplied by the network of canals and the gigantic river pumps, is a thicket of mesquite and ebony and sage brush, punctured with plenty of cactus.

A dark and bloody ground, these cactus thickets, despite the peaceful look of the goats placidly grazing there. The clumps of chaparral have sheltered, in their time, bad men from both sides of the river, hiding out from posses and law officers. Within their well-nigh impenetrable fastnesses, no more than twenty-five years back, lurked bands of cattle rustlers waiting the moment when cowboys might turn their backs so that the raiders could drive a hundred fat cattle across the river and literally thumb their noses at tardy rescuers across three hundred feet of yellow water which divides two nations.

Into many a clump of ebony, such as you will see, pitched a rider of whichever side, shot from his horse by thief or owner. And from more of these mesquite trees than you or I or any living man can guess have dangled the limp bodies of rustlers overtaken by outraged cowmen and hanged at the end of the lariat which all along the border typified, with the six-gun, the rough but forthright justice of a land where the man who did not fight for his own soon had nothing left worth fighting for.

Here, still in good working order, is the oldest highway of the Valley. The Old Military Road, they call it, because it was built and used eighty-odd years ago by Zachary Taylor and his fighting men in the Mexican War which settled once and for all the title to what had been the Republic of Texas since the Battle of San Jacinto. And along this road you will see, if you look closely, Mexican children, whose Nordic heritage of blue eyes may be traced back to those self-same soldiers who marched with Old Zach from Corpus Christi in 1846 to take possession of the disputed territory between the Nueces and the Rio Grande.

Fare a few miles off the road, to some little Mexican settlements; you will find Mexican families named Esmith, pronounced Es-smet, the nearest that Mexican tongues can come to pronouncing the Hispanicized version of that grand old name of Smith. And these Esmiths, an old inhabitant can tell you because he heard the story from his grandfather or his father, are descended from some Smiths of Taylor's army who loved and married dusky senioritas of the country and never returned to their homes in the North. In eighty years—five or at the least four generations in a Mexican settlement, where a girl marries at fifteen and is a grandmother at thirty-two—all vestige of the fair-skinned ancestor has disappeared, except only in the name and in the occasional blue-eyed descendant.

At meetings of the Legion posts in the Valley you will find Esmiths who pulled a deadly lanyard against the Germans sitting alongside Merriams and Browns and Hilliards who carried rifles in National Guard units from Maine and Maryland and Montana. Grandsons of the very men (Continued on page 63)

The LEAST of THESE

A WOMAN was raising money in New York for schools in a mountain district and

By Sherman Child

was describing the poverty and ignorance in that district. A man in the audience was skeptical. "It's incredible," he said, "that there can possibly be in this great wealthy United States conditions so appalling as you report." "Yes, it is," she replied, "but after all it is not so astounding as the fact that in the great metropolis of this country there are intelligent men who do not understand the conditions that exist in nearby sections of the country." The ultimate goal of The American Legion and Auxiliary Child Welfare work is like the problem of this woman—to make people understand the true conditions and the remedy.

When most people think for the first time of child welfare they think of orphans, but the healthy infant who is a complete orphan presents no serious problem in this work. There is more demand for children to adopt than can be supplied. This demand comes from good homes. It is estimated that if all the graduates of one of the oldest and largest Eastern universities were to send all of the sons and grandsons back to Alma Mater, but no others attended, the enrollment would not be sufficient to equal the present attendance. The economic, business and social aspirations of some of the most ambitious young men and women lead them to put off "settling down" until good-sized families, and sometimes any families, are impossible to them. They often adopt children.

When the Goths overran and occupied Europe a few centuries before the discovery of America the entire nation numbered not more than 250,000. The white population of the world has been multiplied a hundredfold since that time. During that tremendous multiplication of people physical and mental standards were being improved by the elimination of the unfit. Famine, disease, feudal combat, all lent their forces to weed out those who were not quick-witted and strong. If the father of children died or deserted because he could not stand the strain, the children also succumbed from undernourishment or lack of protection. If the world knew how many perished it lacked scientific knowledge either to figure the cost or to take steps in prevention. Only the strong had many descendants.

But today, particularly in the United States, our civilization and Christian charity are studying and saving not only the unfortunate but many of the weak in mind and body and we know in some measure the cost of undernourishment, the cost of disease, the cost of crime, and while we may do our child welfare work among ex-service men because of our comradeship, our fraternity and our sympathetic emotionalism, we can also show the world at large, on a cost basis, that the protection and equal opportunity of all children under our program is economy on a financial basis as well as conservation on a spiritual basis. It will cost less to bring children to maturity with health and fair inspiration under proper home influence than to cure the disease, suffer the crime and endure the industrial inefficiency which pauperism spreads. The greatest work of patriotism that can be done in the country is to bring citizens with health, education and inspiration to do a full life's work.

Among handicapped children the crippled and the blind are most noticeable. Yet the international society for crippled children in seven years of work has not completed its survey of such children and the care desirable for different groups. On a survey in one country it was found that twenty-four percent of the blindness could have been prevented by timely drops of medication in the eyes of infants at birth. Yet the societies for the prevention of blindness have been unable to persuade all communities in the United States to require this simple ministration.



Sherman Child, Chairman of the National Child Welfare Committee of The American Legion

Although the intense national concentration on tuberculosis has diminished its inroads upon the informed and well-to-do, there are

still many States which make no adequate provision for the early detection and prevention of this scourge among school children. This is in spite of the fact that, at least since the 1909 White House conference under the vigorous President Roosevelt, an intensive social work among children has been carried on by fast multiplying private agencies and governmental departments.

And what can we say of the less noticeable causes of handicapped childhood? It has so far been impossible to provide enough institutions for the feeble-minded or enough hospitals for the insane; and the forces that deter college graduates from starting families do not deter these groups. It is the sub-normal youths without supervision who have a tendency to marry the feeble-minded girls with infected teeth and tonsils. There are still places where the public and its officials, who have not kept abreast of the information which both science and common sense have amassed, let this go on. "We are not our brothers' keepers to such an extent that we must prevent this," they say. So in a surprisingly short time, the mother breaks down or the father deserts under the strain of four or five children and when some social worker investigates she finds unemployment, undernourishment, tuberculosis, and multiplied cases of feeble-mindedness and infection.

The Legion and its Auxiliary are in a position of peculiar advantage to accomplish what other organizations have attempted. In the first place, there has been a tremendous development of public interest in the last twenty years in the economic rights and protection of the individual. In the next place, service men and women four million strong received a wonderful education in military service upon the value of social work and those men are now scattered through every community where their inspiration must spread.

The leaders of The American Legion in 1923 were sound in appreciating this advantage and were sound in realizing that the greatest patriotic work that the Legion could do was among children, and they were courageous in attempting a nation-wide effort which almost every professional or experienced social worker at that time would have warned such an organization against. They set out to raise an Endowment Fund, part of the income from which should be used on child welfare work. The sum was set at \$5,000,000.

The whole Legion and Auxiliary were quick to see the need of this work. They readily adopted an advanced ideal. Without listening to the experienced persons in this field the Legion and Auxiliary saw immediately ahead a United States in which no service man's child should suffer from pauperism. They did not stop to figure how inadequate the income from two and a half million dollars would be to attain that ideal immediately. They became self-convinced that the raising of the money would furnish relief for all cases. Active assistants in the subscription campaign suffered the same self-imposed fallacy.

This was expectation that arose through failure to make an analytical computation. It is an idea rising from hope. It never had any foundation in convention resolutions or other determinations of policy. Undoubtedly where persons of limited information enthusiastically helped to spread information about the program they used loose and unqualified language and spoke too exclusively in slogans like "A home for every homeless child of a veteran." This always has been and is still our slogan. The goal of the slogan can only be attained, however, by insisting that the various States, whose duty it is to furnish every child a square



The Florida Department of the Legion has inaugurated a survey of all crippled children in the State. Above is a scene on the grounds of the hospital initiated by St. Petersburg Post for the care of crippled children. In circle, just before the start of the annual Easter egg hunt put on for local children by Paul O. Mayer Post of Hartford City, Indiana



deal, discharge that duty in a forward-looking manner according to their reasonable abilities. It naturally follows that localities with the least conception of the problems of the field are now most disappointed to be unable to solve the problem with direct relief. Understanding States and communities have always understood that the Legion and Auxiliary work must be largely educational and have only asked Headquarters for educational and organization assistance and not for direct relief.

Half the income from the Endowment Fund, and before 1926 more than half, has been spent to organize and maintain an administrative committee, the National Rehabilitation Committee, to handle the claims of veterans themselves. None of that half is paid in direct relief to any veteran.

The other half must be used under the terms of the Endowment Fund Trust "to carry on the administrative and relief work for the care, education and training of orphaned children of all ex-service persons." If every cent of this half, amounting in 1928 to \$102,500, were spent equally in fifty States to maintain children at less than \$30 a month for each child, it would care for just three hundred in the United States—six children in each State. A far cry from the ideal fixed by the Legion. How many children who have lost their veteran fathers are needy? Nobody can say

with certainty. It would be safe to guess ten thousand. A post that raised \$1,000 if allowed to spend all its half of the income each year would have less than \$2.50 per month to spend. Plainly this was not what the Legion had in mind.

The resolutions of every convention show still more clearly that this was not what anyone who deliberated had in mind. Those resolutions direct the Child Welfare Division to develop a constructive, forward-looking policy (1924); to maintain the integrity of the home and secure the enactment of adequate mothers' pension laws (1923, 1924, 1927); to fulfil the express pledge of The American Legion to secure State and Federal legislation for the protection of all children (1924, 1925) and



Legion posts throughout the country sponsor Christmas parties for the younger generation of their communities. The celebration here shown was conducted by R. J. Dennis Post of Edgewood and Pawtuxet, Rhode Island, with the capable assistance of its Auxiliary unit

to develop a state legislative program to be formulated by each department with the assistance of the National Division for the purpose of fulfilling the Legion's pledge (1926, 1927); to develop a program of co-operation with all approved public and private agencies (1924, 1927) avoiding duplication of efforts or setting up new machinery; to adopt into foster homes (where necessary) where local posts can effectively follow up and safeguard welfare of children (1923, 1924); to maintain a director trained in social service and such trained regional field service secretaries as are necessary to guide, instruct, encourage and assist state departments in fulfilling the Legion's pledge (1926); to care for dependent, needy and orphan children of veterans (1924, 1927).

All such resolutions show that the deliberating bodies appreciated that the great work of the Legion and the Auxiliary must be done by visiting upon communities through legislation and local agencies the responsibility for caring for their own inhabitants and to do an educational work to that end and only to care for such dependent needy and orphaned children of veterans who could not be cared for by local communities or agencies or who were such recent comers that they could not be charged upon the locality.

But the average member of the Legion and Auxiliary did not have the advantage of deliberate discussion and frequently made the mistake of thinking in the incomprehensible terms of \$5,000,000 instead of in the terms of six children in each State. So whenever a needy case arose money was expected by return mail upon application to the National Division.

Frankly, the Legion made a mistake in undertaking with its limited resources any billets whatever. It fortunately discovered this mistake before it became too costly. Institutional care and education temporary or permanent is necessary for handicapped children, like the deaf mute, the crippled, the seriously feeble-minded and the poor tuberculous children for reasons that need no discussion. But institutional care in this country is not the proper care for normal children, in whom we are keenly interested. Some home which shall become their own is the only proper place for the youngsters. Resolutions of the deliberative Legion bodies show that they never intended billets to be permanent homes and also show that their experience was that normal children were soon taken out of billets and subnormal children tended to remain in billets so that the billet had a tendency to become a billet for subnormal children.

So from year to year resolutions provided that the Legion should maintain billets as clearing houses only (1923, 1924) and limit the use of billets to that of clearing houses temporarily to care for children until permanent homes might be provided (1926) and from October, 1926, arrest the further extension of billets or the increase of the then cost of billets and prepare plans for the

ultimate disposition of billets at the time when their further maintenance should be deemed inadvisable and discontinue the support and maintenance of children in billets on January 1, 1928, subject to all existing contracts (1927).

One proposed Tennessee billet has therefore been rejected. One at Clarksboro, New Jersey, has been closed. One at Otter Lake, Michigan, is only leased from the Michigan Department by a lease which expires in 1930. And only one, that at Legionville, Kansas, under the contract with the Kansas Department, is to be maintained "as long as the need for homes for dependent children of World War veterans exists." The demand for billets was a demand from the whole body of the Legion. Trial of billets by a body like the Legion was probably inevitable. No few persons were responsible for it. The leaders in responding to the Legion demand suffered the burden of the whole Legion's change of policy in this matter. The billets might have been made wonderful institutions for handicapped children if our entire income could be devoted to each one. They were beyond our financial ability. The willingness of States and communities which helped provide these billets at great sacrifice to divert them to other uses at the Legion's need is an example of the co-operative spirit actuating the whole Legion and Auxiliary in this work.

It only took a little over a year in experience with child welfare work at National Headquarters to make the leaders realize that it was something which could not be carried on successfully on the scale required by convention resolutions without that background of professional training, reference work and contact with other agencies which only a professionally trained person would have. In spite of the valiant efforts that had been made before 1925, the real beginning of a sound, correctly directed program which had a real chance for success and the respect of other agencies was initiated in the spring of that year when a trained social worker, Miss Emma C. Puschner, was employed by the Division. Under a trained directorship costly and retarding mistakes will be prevented.

Even though we never can attain by relief work alone our objective set by the conventions and could only care for a small fraction of the needy children of service persons in this way, there are some classes of need which we must immediately relieve with direct aid. These are cases where the children have not lived long enough in a community to be entitled to local public allowances. Many such have gone with their parents to veterans' hospitals. The father is ill, the mother destitute. The locality does not regard them as natives. Their want may or may not be the result of their father's service. Or the children may live in one of the communities which are too poor or too backward to give the aid which they owe. When our state organizations are all developed, our funds for direct relief can all be given to such



The Boy Scout work of the Legion is the logical outgrowth of its interest in child welfare. This picture shows the mess hall for which members of Medford (Oregon) Post raised the funds and then erected with their own hands. Some seventy-five scouts are regular summer visitors

cases and predicated upon some such explanation. The community owes and should be the source of proper protection to its child inhabitants. It is with this understanding that the 1923 convention directed recommendation of the enactment of adequate mothers' allowances laws as the proper safeguard of normal children whenever conditions permit.

It is innate in every man and woman to believe that he understands all the hardships of life and can decide upon the relative merits of different claimants for relief. It does little good to argue with any person about his inability to get to the bottom of a particular case, but experience in The American Legion itself and in every other social service agency makes persons who subscribe the money to be spent realize that only the life-work of professionally trained persons and contact with others of life-long practice can possibly make for efficient use of money in welfare purposes. A large and burdensome part of the work of the National Division is tactfully to point out to volunteer workers the mistakes which they make and the facts which they overlook in determining the merits of a case. For the greater part, such supervision is surprisingly well received. It goes without saying that in a certain percentage of cases the reversal of a local decision is humanly irksome.

In our relief work the discovery, investigation and report of particular cases must in the end be done by the local post or unit, although during our organization period the regional field workers are helping. Experience is necessary to make the exhaustive report that avoids mistakes. One frantic appeal through a local post and unit lacked convincing details, so the divisional director and state chairman turned it back for further investigation. The local reporters were much incensed and some warmth of opinion was spread over the pages of correspondence that followed. When the report was finally completed, however, it showed that the soldier's widow with her three children owned a small home, had \$1500 in the bank and received \$50 a month in mother's allowance and insurance. The thrifty soul, however, thought she ought to get as much as she could for her children from every source without disclosing her own means. It took a trained person to recognize the scarcity of information. It also developed in this case that the mother was injuring her health and her children's by remaining cooped up all day away from sunshine and air, so that in the end the local unit was able to do a great deal of good by advice and supervision.

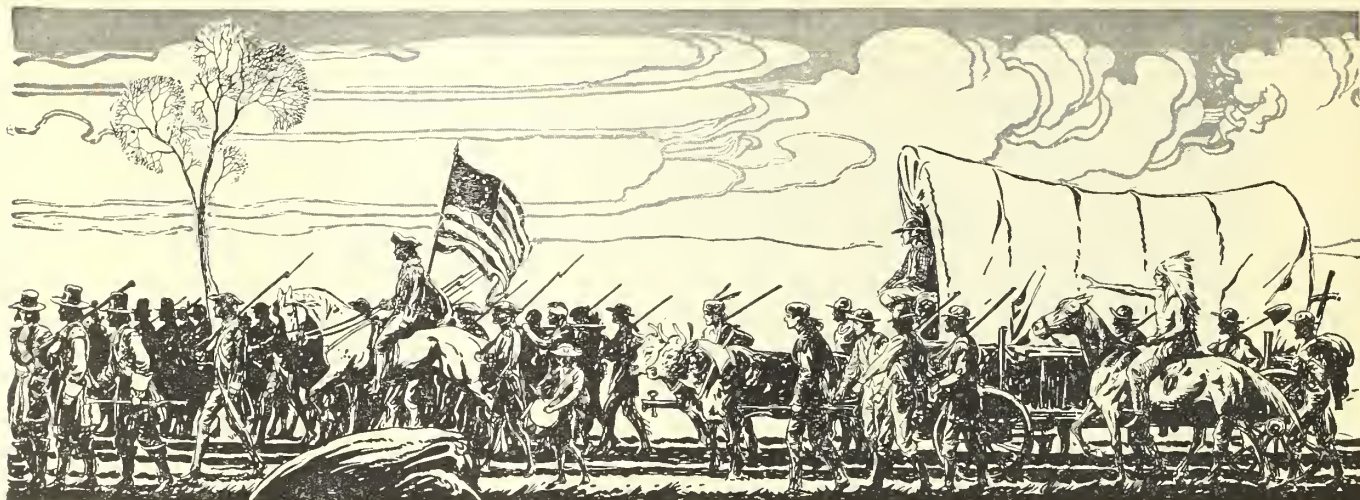
The duty to advise and assist state departments in contacting local agencies and preparing legislative programs and to enlighten inexperienced persons in the relation of prevention and rehabilitation to relief work which has been imposed upon the division by different conventions make it necessary to have regional service workers. These were directed by the 1926 National

Convention. There is one each for the five area chairmen who will send them into each State for organization and advisory work as fast as available and desired by the State. A regional service worker receiving \$2400 a year with necessary traveling expenses can show state departments not already informed how to secure improved administration of local laws and aid for veterans' children, as well as others, to the extent of many thousands of dollars a year. In one State where it was said that there was "no child welfare problem" a regional worker was able to show the state department that there was a larger problem than in many other States because no local societies or state legislation had theretofore uncovered it or made an effective attempt to diminish it.

The Legion has accomplished much in this work already which is not all subject to demonstration in statistics. It has overcome the skepticism of many social service agencies and has won the confidence of many national leaders. This would have been impossible if we had not adhered to professionally trained workers. In Mississippi a much improved widowed mothers' allowance law can be credited to the Legion working with another national organization. In Georgia a valiant attempt at a comprehensive program which necessarily had great educational effect makes the Legion one of the leaders in this work in that State. In Florida a necessary survey of the existence and requirements of crippled children has been undertaken as a Legion project. And in both New England and the South outstanding work of the Legion and Auxiliary in flood relief work includes largely the relief of children. In some States Legion and Auxiliary recommendations already assure passage of any reasonable legislation.

The immediate need in the work of the National Division to co-ordinate the efforts of all state departments and furnish a common conception of the work is to carry home to every post and unit and every Legionnaire the following ideas: (1) The income allocated to Child Welfare is wholly inadequate for any considerable direct relief; (2) the Endowment Fund Trusts, as well as every convention of The American Legion, from 1923 on, instruct the National Division to secure a "square deal for all children" through an educational legislative program, local agency contact and other administrative work and particularly by adequate widowed mothers' allowance laws. It was never contemplated by those who studied the matter that any considerable Legion accomplishment could be attained in any other way.

The sum of \$102,500 for child welfare available in 1928, if used solely for direct support, could care for only three hundred children—that is, six children in each State, as has been said. But Massachusetts alone has over five thousand children of veterans who have needed and received temporary government aid at some time. The Legion work must go deeper (Continued on page 79)



KEEPING

Looking Forward

MEDFORD, Oregon, for years had been just like many other American towns and cities. And Medford Post of The American Legion wasn't much different from some thousands of other Legion posts. Medford and its Legion post didn't realize that modern life has imposed handicaps upon the normal development of boys and girls. The town and post were thinking in terms of old fashioned backyards and grass-grown residential streets, at a time when backyards were fighting for survival and town streets were all of brick and asphalt and teeming with swift automobiles. And children were playing in the streets.

This was true in Medford until Medford Post suddenly conceived that child welfare was only a football in the town—a football kicked about from one year to another, to this organization and that one, while the children kept dodging automobiles in the streets in playtime and stirred to wrath householders who saw their lawns beaten bare and grassless by romping heels.

"The football landed in the lap of Medford Post and we decided to keep it," relates R. E. McElhose, Past Commander of Medford Post, as chairman of his post's playground committee. "We spent several months acquiring the information we needed and in making our plans. For the benefit of other posts I mention the Playground and Recreation Association of America and The American City Magazine as useful sources of data. Manufacturers of play material also supplied helpful literature.

"We selected as a site for a playground three beautiful acres in the center of the city, on a creek. The tract was shaded by beautiful trees. It had been used for years as a city auto camp ground. We dedicated this to children's recreation and the Boy Scouts held an impressive flag-raising ceremony on the day it was first taken over. The Scouts were given headquarters in a large building on the grounds which contained a reception room, reading room, shower baths and an auditorium with a huge fireplace.

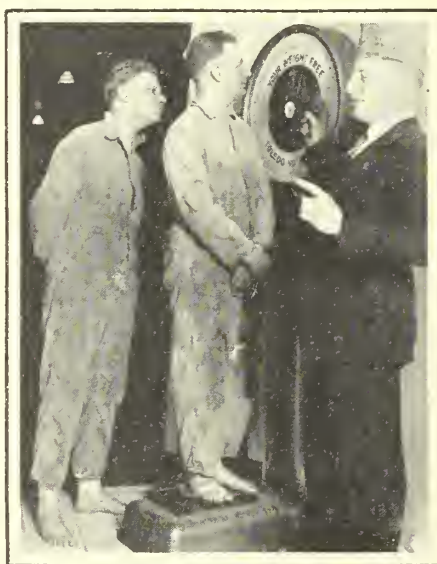
"Legionnaires mobilized on a Sunday and wrecked smaller buildings that had been used by auto tourists. They used a tractor in pulling out old trees and stumps. They hooked a road scraper to the tractor and ironed out the rough places.

"We have installed so far one six-swing outfit, one four-board teeter-totter, one horizontal bar set, one giant stride, one slide

twelve feet high, one slide eight feet high, one circular sandbox around a huge tree, one combination of sandbox, wading pool, and boat sailing canal and one cement-slab volley-ball, handball and basketball court. We have laid 12,000 square feet of lawn and installed a sprinkling system for it. We planted sixty native Oregon trees and \$200 worth of shrubs and vines. We prepared a drive and a parking space for automobiles. Our latest work was a large cement and brick drinking fountain which stands at the canal end of our combination wading pool. Water is forced through this canal, making a current for the toy boats. The manual training department of the high school built two bridges over the canal.

"All this we accomplished without asking the city council for money. In beginning our work, we sent a letter to sixty-five other organizations, asking assistance, and we got a hearty response. The newspapers published stories which encouraged individuals to send us money. The Lions Club gave a concert. Kiwanis Club voted to assess its members. Rotary voted funds from its treasury. So did the Parent-Teacher Council and other bodies. Labor unions gave labor. Jackson County prisoners were put to work. Legionnaire Harry Shoultz, a contractor, laid the cement without charge. An architect prepared free blueprints. A lumber company gave lumber. Then Radio Station KMED went on the air for us and our financial problem was solved.

"The whole enterprise stirred the town deeply. Seventeen Japanese children pooled their contributions and mailed to us \$56.50. One morning we got a letter from the mother of three children living three miles in the country. It contained \$3—the children had saved pennies."



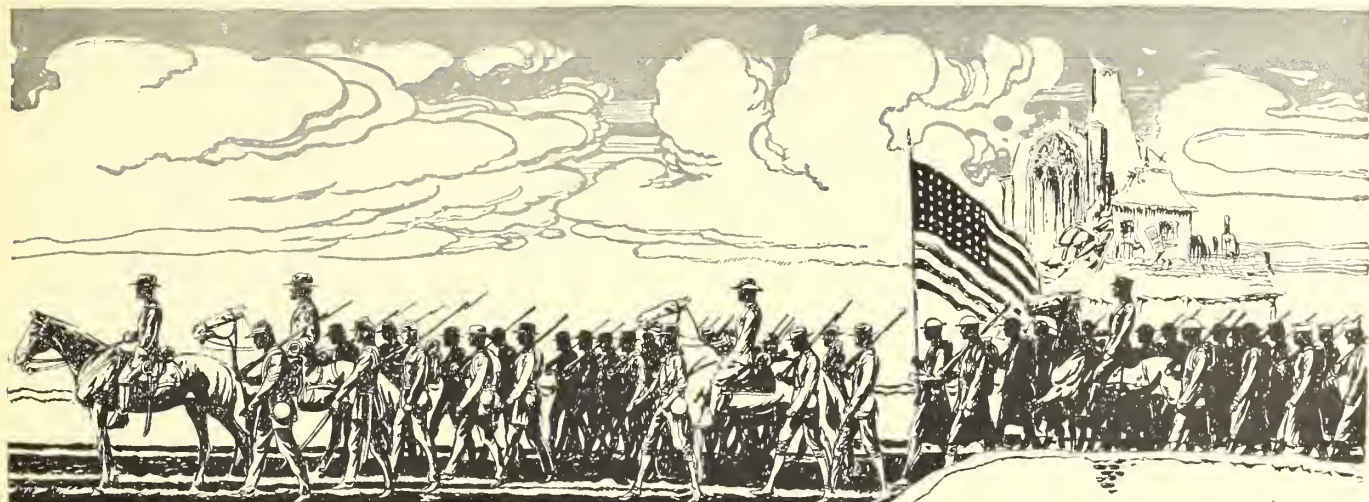
Lieutenants Maitland and Hegenberger, Pacific airmen, hopping off on a boxcar flight. They became 40 and 8-ers in Milwaukee

Sacra Cochon!

PIGS, except in the form of well-cured ham or juicy pork chops, have been banished from South Portland, Maine,

for more than half a century. Imagine then the dismay which gripped the good citizenry of the city when the word flashed around that Stewart P. Morrill Post's unit of The American Legion Auxiliary had voted to add to its treasury by raising pigs.

If the Auxiliary unit had voted to raise pigs, pigs it would raise—this the city knew full well. But where? Well might the neighbors keep nervous watch on the backyards of Auxiliary members, ready to spring to arms at the first appearance of a



STEP



porker. It was not without reason if the sleep of peace-loving householders was tormented by visions of fat shotes munching their choice geraniums, rooting their smooth lawns into mud wallows and destroying the quiet of the residence section with strident squeals from beneath garden gates.

But as always when civilization is threatened, there appeared a savior. A Legionnaire from Aroostook County agreed to act as swineherd extraordinary for the Auxiliary unit, permitting the unit to do its pig-raising by proxy. So when the unit's treasury surplus was invested in pigs, the animals were kept on this Legionnaire's farm at the safe distance of 300 miles.

But let us go on with the story to the bitter end. The little pigs partook of corn and thrived mightily thereon. Came spring and a crisis in the Auxiliary unit's treasury. The little pigs, no longer little, went to market, the unit and the farmer dividing the proceeds.

Now let no tears be shed over the fate of the pigs, for it was better thus to die in a good cause. The following week all the rest of the hogs on the farm were wiped out in an outbreak of cholera.

The Air

SHENANDOAH (Iowa) Post challenges all other posts in the United States to compete with it in a heavy-mail contest. Every day in every week the mail carriers of Shenandoah lug to the post's clubhouse a sack of letters bearing postmarks of towns and cities in all parts of the United States. Shenandoah Post, being ultra-modern, is regularly using the high-powered facilities of radio to let the rest of the world know about itself and The American Legion in general.

Shenandoah happens to be the home of two radio stations which are on the air a good part of the time. One of them is KMA, a station maintained by the Earl E. May Seed and Nursery Company. The other is KFNF, operated by the Henry Field Seed Company. Shenandoah Post conducts a half-hour program from each station on one night a week. Programs from both stations are designed to render real service to World War veterans and their families and incidentally to obtain new members for the Legion and the Auxiliary. Radio listeners are told what the Legion and the Auxiliary are doing and are urged to join the posts and units in their own communities, or, if no

post or unit is readily available, to enroll in Shenandoah Post or its unit of the Auxiliary. The large volume of mail the post receives is from listeners-in. Every letter is carefully answered and most of them are referred to posts in the communities in which the inquirers live with the suggestion that the work of enrolling them be followed up.

"The programs from Station KMA are quite unique," reports Legionnaire B. L. Williams. "Each program is opened and closed with bugle calls, and popular songs of the day are interspersed with the well-remembered songs of war days, including

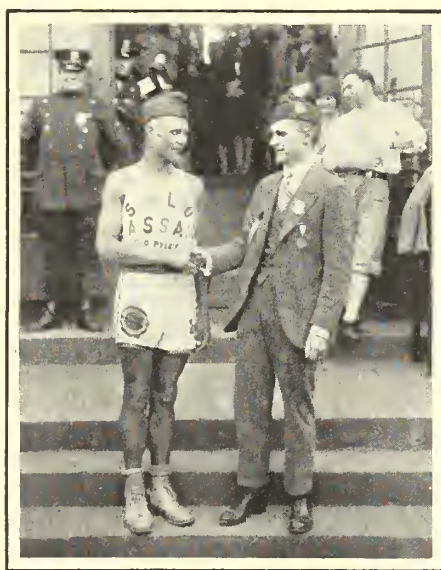
new versions of Hinky Dinky Parlez Vous. One program featured a complete guard mount, with band pieces, bugle calls, commands, troop movements and inspection going out over the air as clearly as the most service-striped veteran remembered it. A goodly share of each program, of course, is devoted to talks on the Legion, its aims, ideals and accomplishments. Auxiliary programs go out from Station KFNF under the direction of a special Auxiliary committee."

Everybody Studied

NOT many citizens of Ogden, Utah, were experts on the history of the United States flag and the etiquette of its use. One day all the children of the city's thirteen schools dashed home fired with a desire to know forthwith the answer to fifty questions about the flag. Mothers and fathers began looking through encyclopedias and dictionaries. Neighbors walked across back lots to find out the answer to Question 39 and boast they had succeeded in digging up luckily the answer to Question 14. City luncheon clubs began asking for Legionnaire speakers who could give the an-

swers to the flag questions. The newspapers were full of stories about the flag and differences of opinion on some of the more involved questions facing the children.

It all happened after Herman Baker Post's unit of The American Legion Auxiliary began its campaign in the schools to promote greater interest in the history, ethics and use of the American flag, announcing that a large flag would be given to each school building, to be awarded to the room making the



Legionnaire John Salo, second in the Los Angeles to New York marathon, greeted by Post Commander Donahue in his home town, Passaic, N. J.

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best records in answering the list of fifty questions. The Elks joined with the Legion and Auxiliary in providing the prize flags. Ceremonies were held when the flags were presented.

California to Nevada

RENO, Nevada, might paraphrase the old slogan of Roman go-getters by advertising that all roads lead through Reno. At least the garden city of northwestern Nevada is proud of the fact that tourists now traveling toward California usually choose a road that will lead through Reno. It is proud also because the completion of a new road through Nevada last year marked the fulfillment of hopes of many years, enabling motorists to drive all the way from cities up and down the Atlantic Coast to the Pacific over improved highways. Celebrating the completion of the new road, Reno conducted the Transcontinental Highways Exposition with the co-operation of California and other adjoining States.

The State of California erected in Reno for the exposition a building that cost \$100,000. Today that building is the clubhouse of Darrel Dunkle Post of The American Legion and in it the Reno Legionnaires hold open house always for the many Legionnaire tourists who come to their city on the east and west routes. The building was presented to the post by the California legislature. The post entertained the California legislators, officials of both States, and delegations from many Nevada and California posts on the day the building was dedicated. The clubhouse is 150 feet long and fifty feet wide and is well adapted for dancing and receptions.

Tulip City

WHEN an embargo prevented shipment of tulips from Holland to the United States, Bellingham, Washington, laid the foundations to its claim of being the tulip capital of the

United States. In May this year when Albert J. Hamilton Post of Bellingham joined with all other organizations of the town and all citizens in celebrating the town's annual tulip festival, the claim apparently had been firmly established. Post Commander Leonard Anstett was marshal of the tulip festival parade in which appeared scores of bands and flower-decorated floats. Sixty thousand persons witnessed the procession. Hamilton Post's own float was one of the most striking exhibits in the parade.



Hamilton Post interprets the Legion's spirit in the tulip festival at Bellingham, Washington

"Bellingham has a single tulip field of sixty acres, the largest in the United States," reports Legionnaire S. E. Rugg. "Hundreds of other acres are devoted to tulip growing and every home has a bed of tulips. The festival is held yearly in May when the tulips are in full bloom. Our post always takes a leading part in conducting it."

Father Time's Roll Call

YOUNG members of Greencastle (Indiana) Post of The American Legion gathered beside an open grave in a cemetery at Reelsville, Indiana, this spring to render final honors for a former American soldier who died at the age of 101, a veteran of a war fought eighty years ago. He was Uriah Gasaway, who fought in the Mexican War as a youngster of 22 and helped capture Mexico City.

Not long before the funeral in Indiana, another veteran of the Mexican War was buried with American Legion honors at Livingston, Tennessee. Bohanan Post of Livingston conducted the funeral of Captain Calvin E. Myres, who died at the age of 98. Almost up until the time of his death, Captain Myres was able to discuss clearly with the Legionnaires of his town the events of President Polk's administration.

The deaths of Mr. Gasaway and Mr. Myres left upon the roll of surviving veterans of the Mexican War but four names, Samuel Leffler of St. Paul, Indiana; William F. Buckner of Paris, Missouri; Owen Thomas Edgar of Washington, D. C.,



When the Transcontinental Highways Exposition ended at Reno, Nevada, Darrel Dunkle Post of Reno fell heir to a clubhouse, the \$100,000 exposition building which had been erected by the State of California. The photograph shows Legionnaires of California and Nevada at the dedication ceremonies

and Richard A. Howard of Sterling City, Texas. All are near the century milestone.

Had Father Time called the roll of Civil War veterans on Memorial Day this year it is estimated that fewer than 75,000 could have answered. The Bureau of Pensions reported 81,974 names of Civil War soldiers on its rolls in January. Approximately 17,000 Civil War veterans died in the year ended June 30, 1927, and 20,000 in the year which ended June 30, 1926.

Hot Springs' Hope

PREPARING to entertain thousands of Legion visitors who are en route to or returning from the Legion's national convention at San Antonio, Warren Townsend Post of Hot Springs, Arkansas, hopes that its program of hospitality will help win for Hot Springs the Legion's national convention in 1932. Legionnaire Murray G. Thompson writes that all Arkansas will join with the Hot Springs post to help make this year's visitors active missionaries on behalf of Uncle Sam's famous resort city. Hot Springs was the first national park established by the Government. In 1932 the city will hold a centennial celebration recalling the action of Congress in designating Hot Springs as a park for the whole nation one hundred years ago. A new convention hall will be erected, large enough to house a Legion national convention, Mr. Thompson reports.

Among the delegations which Warren Townsend Post is preparing to entertain is the Pennsylvania Department's delegation, traveling on special trains and spending from ten to fourteen days on the San Antonio round trip. Eight hundred Pennsylvanians are expected to be aboard the special trains. The Massachusetts Department has sent word that it expects to have its delegation of three hundred visit Hot Springs. Other department delegations are looked for.

Everybody's Going

SAN ANTONIO travel arrangements, already perfected at the time this was being written, show that many departments will carry out tours in keeping with the plans made by Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. New York's huge delegation is planning to stop off at Indianapolis, the Legion's national headquarters city, to honor National Commander Edward E. Spafford, himself a New Yorker. From Indianapolis the New York delegation will go to Mammoth Cave, Kentucky. Its next stop will be in New Orleans where an extended sight-seeing tour has been arranged. The New Yorkers will make many stops on the trip home from San Antonio.

The North Carolina Department will conduct a special tour to San Antonio and on to Laredo, Mexico. The Illinois Department has a big itinerary. Stopovers will be made at New Orleans and Memphis on the return trip. Three hundred Legionnaires from Chicago will take part in a tour that will include Cuba.

Wisconsin, Indiana, West Virginia, Minnesota, Georgia, Michigan, Oklahoma and Kansas are among the departments which made earliest transportation arrangements, each planning to use from one to four special trains.

Early indications were that the special tour to Mexico City being arranged by the San Antonio convention committee would enroll sizeable delegations from every State.

He Remembers Lincoln

FEBRUARY 12th means more to David H. Lane Post of Philadelphia than it does to most posts. While other posts are honoring Lincoln's memory on his birthday by programs featuring his addresses, Lane Post each year may hear the reminiscences of a man who knew Lincoln and remembers many incidents of Lincoln's life in Springfield, Illinois, before the Civil War. He is Charles H. Vorhees, the post's 76-year-old Vice Commander.

"I used to go to Lincoln's home several times a week and Mr. Lincoln always called me son," Mr. Vorhees relates. "I went to school with Willie Lincoln and I knew Robert Lincoln also. The last I saw of Mr. Lincoln was the day when I looked on from a balcony and saw Stephen A. Douglas congratulate him on his election—this was in the State House in Springfield."

Loans

WATSON B. MILLER, Chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee of The American Legion, inspired by the fact that an increasingly large number of service men have been obtaining loans on their adjusted compensation policies, sends the Step Keeper a bit of information to help men who have already applied for loans and those who may be thinking about getting them.

"Everybody should remember," writes Mr. Miller, "that the adjusted compensation certificate is primarily a 20-year-endowment insurance policy, and loans, therefore, ought to be obtained only in case of real emergency. It is easy to obtain a loan, but each loan materially reduces the value of the certificate to the service man himself when he redeems it twenty years after he obtained it or to his beneficiaries if he should happen to die before the end of the twenty-year period.

"Each loan is a direct incumbrance against the policy and the man obtaining it will be charged interest on it until it is paid off by remittance of the amount due or by deduction from the face of the policy when it matures.

"If a loan is procured from a bank on an adjusted service certificate, the certificate may be redeemed at any time after maturity of the note upon the payment of the principal of the loan and the accrued interest to the bank; or, if the bank has collected the note from the Veterans Bureau, the veteran may redeem his certificate at any time in the same manner as if the loan were initially secured from the Bureau, that is, by the payment to the Bureau of the amount of the note together with the interest which has accrued on it.

"The loan value of a certificate increases from year to year on its anniversary date, and it is possible for veterans to secure additional loans when the amount of the certificate permits, even though the certificate has already been pledged. If the unpaid loan was secured from a bank, it is probable that the additional loan can also be obtained from the bank provided the bank has not had the certificate redeemed by the Bureau. In the event the bank has had the certificate redeemed by the



When the firebell rings in Woodsfield, Ohio, it's a signal for Monroe Post to hold a meeting, for the Post is the town's fire department. Proof, by the way, that the poster's slogan isn't an idle boast

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If somebody can figure out a way to discount the 3,095 miles which separate Seattle, Washington, from Brooklyn, New York, The American Legion may see its first polo tournament. University Post's team of Seattle, shown above, challenged the rest of the Legion, and the first provisional acceptance came from Reville Post's team in Brooklyn. The tournament may be played at the San Antonio convention

Bureau, the service man desiring an additional loan may make application direct to the Central Office of the Veterans Bureau at Washington. To obtain this new loan a new note must be executed to cover the original principal and accrued interest plus the amount desired as an additional loan. If the outstanding loan was originally procured from the Bureau, however, the application for the additional loan should be directed to the particular office of the Bureau from which the original loan was obtained."

More Radium

THE Illinois Department of The American Legion has opened a possible road to recovery to many World War service men suffering from cancer and other malignant growths. The department purchased fifty milligrams of radium at a cost of \$2,500 and presented it to the Veterans Bureau for use in the Maywood Hospital in Chicago in the treatment of patients having disabilities not connected with service. Before this gift was made, the Bureau had arranged for radium treatments of men suffering with malignant growths deemed service connected. It provided such treatments in private institutions, the Bureau paying the regular fees. But under regulations as they were the Bureau hospitals could not authorize radium treatments in outside institutions for those patients whose disabilities were considered as not acquired in the World War.

Following the gift of the Illinois Department, however, the Bureau purchased an additional fifty milligrams of radium to supplement the Maywood hospital supply given by the department. This action was interpreted by the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee as the adoption of a policy advocated by the committee for three years, the establishment of a group of Bureau radium treatment centers. It is expected that, in addition to the center now opened in Chicago, others will be started at the Bureau's diagnostic centers in Washington, D. C., and Palo Alto, California. The Bureau's reluctance to establish the radium centers has been due to the lack of specially

trained medical officers to administer the treatments as well as to the expense of acquiring radium and providing equipment.

Or Omaha?

OUR post so far as we know is the only post in the United States having a polo team, but won't you please announce that we challenge any other post to any series of games it may wish to play at any place, provided arrangements can be made." This from Fred M. Fuecker, Junior Vice Commander of University Post of Seattle, Washington, captain of the post's polo team.

And this in a letter, received several days later than Mr. Fuecker's, from Adjutant L. F. Maged of Reville Post of Brooklyn, New York:

"Reville Post's polo team challenges any team in The American Legion. Please hang that up in Keeping Step."

The Step Keeper is wondering whether the first American Legion polo tournament will be played in Seattle, Washington, Brooklyn, New York, or in one of those halfway cities whose chambers of commerce proclaim them as the place where East meets West. He hastily suggested to Adjutant Maged that he air mail Polo Team Captain Fuecker a challenge to play a series at San Antonio in October during The American Legion's National Convention.

Foe to Poachers

IN THE good old days of Robin Hood and his merry men it was the job of the king's foresters to keep poachers out of the royal game preserves. The guardians of his majesty's hunting domains are recorded as having had poor luck in protecting the restricted areas from the encroachments of Robin Hood's slippery followers. But barring their lack of success against the most renowned of outlaws, the king's men appear to have carried out their functions pretty efficiently, aided by their privilege of lining captured intruders up against a tree and shooting them without waiting for sunrise.

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Nowadays, lacking authority for such drastic measures, it is not so easy for game wardens to keep over-enthusiastic sportsmen within the bounds of the law. At any rate this used to be true around the little town of Cokeville, on the western edge of Wyoming, close to the point where the Utah-Idaho boundary touches the Wyoming line. Up to a couple of years ago the authorities found it hard to prevent not only Wyoming hunters and fishermen but also many non-residents from the two neighboring States from taking heavy toll of the Wyoming game and fish. The condition became so serious that finally Cokeville Post of The American Legion took a hand. It is a small post in a small town. But every one of its eighteen members, led off by Post Commander W. F. Man and Post Adjutant A. M. Nelson, got himself appointed a deputy fish and game commissioner, without pay.

The effect of the Legion's activity was immediately apparent. The amount of poaching was tremendously reduced during both 1926 and 1927. Especially good results were attained in stopping the unlawful use of fish wheels in canals and ditches, while vigilant deputies threw the fear of the law into the illegal hunters by the frequent searching of cars for contraband game.

Couldn't Be Done

DELPHI, New York, in the Catskills, has 1,800 inhabitants. When Donald W. Gleason Post announced it expected 20,000 persons to attend its Fourth of July celebration, there was a lot of chuckling and some scornful laughter. "It couldn't be done," the doubtful said. But the post hired a publicity man, got together the right kind of attractions and went right on repairing the fences at the fairground and laying out half the fields of the whole countryside as parking places.

The publicity man had plenty to ballyhoo about. He did his job well and let all the Catskills know about the big day in Delphi. Of course most of the Legion posts thereabouts, and some from a distance, gladly offered to come.

When Fourth of July came to Delphi, the doubtful sought dugouts. The town was overwhelmed by automobiles. Every road leading to it looked like a road in the Argonne when the big advance was on. All the parking spaces were taken and cars began invading lawns, and barnyards of farms far from town. The counters reported twenty-three thousand persons had come to town. It seemed there were almost that many in the parade. And the fairground was jammed. Admission charges were nominal, but the post took in more than \$6,000.

The next day the voices of the doubtful, stilled during the celebration, were clamorous again, this time in complaint.

"There is nothing left to eat in town," they lamented.

When in Washington

GEORGE Washington Post of Washington, D. C., whose clubhouse for nine years has been a providential haven for service men who happened to find themselves in Washington without funds, has moved into a new \$30,000 memorial home at 1441 Rhode Island Avenue, and Post Commander C. J. Painter announces that the doors of the new home will always be open to the man needing a place to stay while he is working out a claim with the Government. The new clubhouse is located

on one of the most beautiful of Washington's avenues and it is particularly suited for caring for visitors.

Commander Painter reports George Washington Post, "the first post of The American Legion to receive a permanent charter," is proud of the fact that its colors have been carried to every national convention of The American Legion and the St. Louis caucus in May of 1919.

"The colors have traveled 28,000 miles to the Legion's national gatherings," says Commander Painter. "One man, Past Commander Howard Fisk, personally took them to every convention held in this country. Of course the colors will be in the parade at San Antonio, and they will be in every convention parade until the Legion falls out at the end of its march through history."

Eighty-six

THE annual convention of the Wisconsin Department at Wausau, August 13th to 15th, will witness a whole State's demonstration of its affection for an eighty-six-year-old man, who is still in uniform, a man who by example and precept has inspired tens of thousands of Wisconsin service men with the nation's best traditions of the citizen soldier. He is General Charles S. King, Commander of The American Legion post at Delafield, Wisconsin, and active in the service of St. John's Military Academy and the Wisconsin National Guard. General King will give the principal address at the department convention.

"We challenge any other State to show us a man, a veteran of five wars, 86 years old, now a Commander of an American Legion Post," writes Department Commander Frank J. Schneller, adding: "Our annual convention will have a half-dozen men of national fame as its guests but General King is our guest of honor."

When the Wisconsin Legionnaires parade at Wausau, General King will be among them, mounted on his favorite horse, as erect almost as in his battle days, and

when he addresses the convention his hearers will marvel that time has treated him so kindly and that his viewpoint and philosophy are still those of youth. His address will recall the inspiration given to several generations of youngsters by his thirty novels of Army life, books that were in every home almost during the eighties and nineties.

After his temporary retirement in 1879 following wounds received in the Indian wars, General King began writing his notable series of books. He put into his works the knowledge and spirit he had gained in his military service which began in the state militia of Wisconsin in 1850, carried him into the Army of the Potomac in the first years of the Civil War, through the United States Military Academy at West Point, through a series of commands in Southern States after the Civil War and through a long series of campaigns against warring Indians.

General King's influence upon the youth of his native State became powerful when he was detailed as instructor in military science at the University of Wisconsin in 1880. From that date up to the present time—including the period of his notable service in the Spanish-American War—his work in educational institutions and in the National Guard has been one of the principal influences contributing to Wisconsin's important part in national defense. Thousands of the Legionnaires who will



Senorita San Antonio smiles an anticipatory welcome to the Legionnaires who will attend the tenth national convention. The monument was presented by Japan in honor of the heroes of the Alamo

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greet him at Wausau cherish the memories of their earliest military inspiration gained from his personality. To them General King seems unchanged by the passage of years.

Everybody's Burden

THE legislation benefiting World War service men enacted at the last session of Congress proves that The American Legion's National Legislative Committee and National Rehabilitation Committee are working as effectively in 1928, the tenth year after the war, as they did in the earliest years of the Legion. Their efforts protect the rights and interests of all service men of the World War and afford convincing proof that the service man who stays outside the Legion is not only letting others carry his own pack for him but also is deliberately declining to help carry the burden of work for the disabled. The new laws and amendments to existing laws were passed at the last session of Congress because the Legion by hard and systematic work ascertained the need for them and by equally hard work convinced Congress of the justice and necessity of the measures.

The Tyson-Fitzgerald Act, giving disabled emergency Army officers retirement pay, was passed after Legion legislative efforts covering nine years. The new hospitalization law is the result of the Legion's constant watchfulness. The hospitalization measure assures hospital expansion to care for the increasing number of mental and nervous cases. It makes \$15,000,000 available to provide four thousand additional beds in Veterans Bureau hospitals and to enlarge outpatient dispensaries and other Bureau facilities. It enables the Bureau to give beds to many men with disabilities not connected with service. Congress has decreed that the Bureau must find beds for all hereafter instead of denying admission to some on the ground that facilities are inadequate.

Adjusted Compensation Extended

MANY thousands of service men and their dependents will benefit by the action of Congress in extending to January 2, 1930, the time for filing applications for adjusted compensation. Congress also authorized holders of adjusted service certificates to name more than one beneficiary. This privilege emphasizes the real tangible value of the adjusted service certificate, which, as is generally known, is equivalent to a paid-up 20-year endowment insurance policy.

Liberalized Insurance

CONGRESS also liberalized the law on Government insurance. Under the changes made in the law, restrictions on the designation of beneficiaries are abolished. Formerly beneficiaries had to be close relatives of the policyholder. Provision is also made for the exchange of one policy for another having a lower premium rate, provided the insured is in good health.

Important also is the authority given the Veterans Bureau to include in the converted insurance policies a provision by which an insured service man who is totally disabled for twelve consecutive months shall be paid disability benefits as though he were permanently and totally disabled. It is expected that

the Bureau will announce later the steps necessary to have this provision embodied in existing policies. A slight additional premium will be charged for the added benefit.

Other provisions of the insurance amendments permit application of uncollected compensation to revive insurance and authorize applications for policies by persons who served in the World War but never applied for insurance during the war.

Under regulations adopted this spring, policy holders may remit premiums to regional offices of the Veterans Bureau instead of the central office in Washington.

Help for Many

CONGRESS authorized the Director of the Veterans Bureau, in his discretion, to extend to April 6, 1930, the time for filing claims for benefits under the World War Veterans Act.

Among other provisions of the newly-enacted legislation are several defining more closely than heretofore the status of guardians of mentally incompetent veterans. Another important provision permits the Bureau to make the most advantageous contract possible for the burial of veterans instead of accepting lowest bids as heretofore. An amendment also permits the Bureau to authorize expenditure of \$107 for burial not only of service men deemed indigent at death but of others when circumstances indicate the advisability of payment of burial expenses.

The amendments authorize payment of compensation to children of deceased veterans after the age of eighteen—in most cases, up to 21—when children are still acquiring an education. The Bureau is also authorized to use discretion in apportionment of compensation to wives and children of veterans in case of separation of husband and

wife. This provision was made to overcome difficulties under the previous law which made mandatory payments to certain relatives even where it could be proved they were by ordinary rules of justice not entitled to them.

The Roll Call

EIGHT States and the District of Columbia are represented in the roll call of Legionnaire contributors to this issue.

Leonard H. Nason was one of the founders of Moses Taylor Post of Northfield, Vermont. . . . Karl W. Detzer attends meetings of Bowen-Holliday Post of Traverse City, Michigan. . . . Henry W. Daly, at 78, is one of the oldest Legionnaires, and belongs to Jasper Post of Washington, D. C. . . . Dr. Stanley M. Rinehart is a pioneer of the Pennsylvania Department and one of the founders of the Forty and Eight. His two sons are also Legionnaires, and his wife, Mary Roberts Rinehart, is a member of the Auxiliary. . . . Arthur Van Vliissingen, Jr., belongs to George Alexander McKinlock, Jr., Post of Lake Forest, Illinois. . . . Sherman Child, Chairman of the National Child Welfare Committee of The American Legion, is a member of Minneapolis (Minnesota) Post. . . . Major General George S. Gibbs is a member of George Washington Post of Washington, D. C. . . . Samuel Taylor Moore is on the rolls of Winthrop (Massachusetts) Post. . . . V. E. Pyles belongs to 107th Infantry Post of New York City and Lowell S. Balcom is a member of Fitzsimmons Post of Kansas City, Missouri.

RIGHT GUIDE

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly



Roger Peckinpaugh and Grover Hartley of the Cleveland Indians discuss fine points at the Yankee Stadium with four players of the New York American's team belonging to one of the Legion junior baseball leagues of New York City

THEN AND NOW

A Clew in the Bathhouse Case—Shouldn't We Call Gobs "Gobs"?—Second A. E. F. Films Lost and Found—Lew Finch Still Seeks His Friend—Duckboard City—First Aid on Fields of Action

WHEN we publish an account in these columns of some incident that occurred nine or ten years ago, there is, of course, always a gamble as to whether or not the man or men individually involved in the incident will see it. Many things can happen to a fellow in ten years time. But all in all we have had mighty good responses.

Consider, for instance, the story Henry E. Siebenmark of New Buffalo, Michigan, told in *Then and Now* in the May issue, about the shower bath he took in the village of Julvecourt, France, in October, 1918. You may remember that another American was already under a shower, that Siebenmark, all of a corporal, had a nice chat with him and later discovered that the other man's blouse bore the silver eagles of a colonel. After the colonel had gone, Siebenmark found a field message on the floor, signed by a Lieutenant Colonel Means, and Lieutenant R. L. Stegler, Fourth Infantry, Adjutant.

Siebenmark now steps forward to report that that account of his brought him letters from various fellows in different parts of the country and he sent with his report a letter he received from Rice W. Means, President of the *National Tribune*, of Washington, D. C. We'll let you read what Legionnaire Means had to say to Siebenmark:

"There has been called to my attention a recital by you in *The American Legion Monthly* for May of incidents surrounding the issuing of a field order by my headquarters on the 28th of October, 1918.

"I, at that time, was in command of the Fourth United States Infantry, Third Division. Lieutenant, afterwards Captain, Stegler was regimental adjutant. The regiment was relieved on the morning of the 27th of October, having just completed the cleaning out of the Bois de Foret and the territory as far north as the Andon River.

"Remorse One, which appeared in the message, was the code word for the regimental commander of the Fourth Infantry, while Repent One was the code designation for the commanding officer of the Seventh Infantry. The field message quoted is genuine and evidently was dropped by the commanding officer of the Seventh Infantry, who at that time was Colonel William M. Morrow.

"A bath on that day would have been a delightful luxury but it was not my privilege to know of the little bathhouse you speak about. Evidently the officer you met was Colonel Morrow. I was much pleased to read the account and want you to know the true facts in regard thereto."

And now to carry this tale to a logical conclusion, we would like to hear from Colonel Morrow and to learn whether or not he remembers the bathhouse incident and the field message which he no doubt dropped. The message, which appeared in the May issue, read: "Inasmuch as Bois de Tuilerie has been designated as assembling place on D day H plus 2 H per F. O. No. 66—instructions have been issued to 4th Inf. to occupy

west end of Bois de Tuilerie. This is on account of our present position. Kindly advise by return runner if you intend occupying east half of same woods."

MOST A. E. F.-ers will remember the pounding and pummeling administered to that part of Equipment C which, when the occasion offered, was turned over to the tender mercies of some French woman for laundering. It was always a mystery to us how even the stout army shirts and underwear bore up under that system of cleansing. Some villages, as will be recalled, boasted of public lavoirs or washhouses, but most of the labors of this kind were performed along the banks of streams or in convenient pools.

C. K. Jones of M. Wilbur Jones Post of Lake City, South Carolina, can be thanked for the unofficial picture which we show on this page. With the picture, Jones, ex-electrician 1cl, U. S. Navy, sent also an interesting account of his experience in that branch of the service. Here is his report:

"The picture of the outdoor laundry which I am enclosing was taken with my kodak which was packed through France, Belgium, Ireland and Germany when kodaks were taboo. It was snapped on or about May 5, 1918, just outside of Brest, France. The heavy short chief shown in the snapshot is Schultz, the other chief is Studley, while I am shown in a gob's uniform. I forget the name of the fourth man.

"As for my service, I was attached as electrician 1cl to the U. S. S. *Long Beach*, a former German tramp ship named *Hohenfelds* interned at Savannah, Georgia, and later fitted out and revamped at the Navy Yard in Charleston, South Carolina. She left that port December 26, 1917, for Jacksonville, Florida, picked up a load of lumber and cross ties, discharged this cargo at Philadelphia, where a miscellaneous cargo was taken aboard. Then to Newport News for repairs in drydock and on February 4, 1918, left in a convoy of thirteen ships.

"About five days out, running into a storm the convoy dispersed but gathered again and proceeded ensemble until about 1,500 miles out when another severe storm struck us. For five days we wallowed out in mid-ocean expecting any time to founder but at last after 22 days out and proceeding through the war zone alone, the extreme northern coast of Ireland was sighted. Two British destroyers came out to us and we limped into Lough Swilly. From there the *Long Beach* proceeded to Dublin and after discharging cargo went across to Swansea, Wales, where a load of coal brick was taken on. Thence to Falmouth, England, and across to Brest. While going down the coast from Brest to Bordeaux in a heavy fog, we piled upon or rather across a sunken reef, crushing the keel and bottom. After taking in about fifteen feet of water, our ship was beached at Audierne, France, a small fishing village.

"All of the crew was transferred to 'John D. Pennington's Navy' at the chateau in Brest and it was while attached there



An unofficial Naval detail watches an al fresco French laundress do her stuff just out of Brest. C. K. Jones, ex-electrician 1cl, U. S. S. LONG BEACH, furnished the picture

that the enclosed picture was made. Later, in June, I was made chief electrician and was transferred to Marseilles where we held the sector of Cannibriere, Rue de Rome and Rue St. Ferreot. After arriving at Marseilles, I would not have swapped jobs with Sims or Pershing."

ARE the gobs beginning to produce for Then and Now? Aye, aye, sir! We knew well that once we got them started they'd come across. And they're coming through with good stuff, too. Cast your eye on the bunch of Yeomanette pulchritude displayed on this page. An ex-gob, Adjutant Harold E. Fosdick of Alfred J. Foster Post of Willows, California, sent us the picture and he pipes up with the following remarks:

"I am enclosing a picture taken at the Naval Training Station at San Francisco just before the signing of the Armistice and here's the how of it:

"The Yeomanette's Doll Show, the cast of which is pictured, was a feature of a carnival which was staged on the training station to help break the monotony of the training period. Our Senior Medical Officer, Commander Ross, had seen fit to quarantine the station long before the first case of influenza had arrived in San Francisco during the epidemic of 1918. That he was wise in doing so is attested by the fact that of the 3,000 men and women stationed on Yerba Buena Island (usually called Goat Island) in San Francisco Bay, we had no cases during the two months of the epidemic. Our only death was an old civilian laborer who died of heart failure.

"However, preventive toxins were injected in the station personnel at frequent intervals, and if you intended eating, you subjected yourself to nose and throat sprays before each meal. After receiving the spray the corpsmen would issue a meal ticket admitting the holder to the mess hall. No spray, no ticket; no ticket, no eats.

"Movies every night, fights every week and inter-company and inter-camp ball games helped during the quarantine, but it was felt something new in the entertainment line was needed as the quarantine was absolute. No one from the Commandant down was allowed ashore. Commodore Lopez did break quarantine, however, and to show that he meant business the medical officer isolated the commodore in a tent on the far side of the island for seven days, setting an example for us lesser lights.

"The carnival commenced right after church services one Sunday morning. A monster parade around the island with all the participants was put on in regular circus style, followed by the opening of all concessions. Over \$2,000 was realized by nightfall and the entire sum was turned over to the Naval Relief Widows and Orphans Fund. No concession charged over ten cents, but there were many exhibits and everyone spent freely.

"The best event of the day was without doubt the Doll Show as staged by the Yeomanettes. There were about fifty of the girls on the island and many of them had real talent. Drilled by a professional, their stunt was far from amateurish and they were compelled to put on their play several times.

"Other concessions, almost too numerous to list, included a Shooting Gallery, Dump the Nigger, Hit the Kaiser, Snake Charmers, a real sure-fire hypnotist, a wild man. Three 'For Men Only' exhibits fooled the boys badly—some stunt involving a pair of suspenders, a pair of garters and some other thing I've forgotten. Hula hula, seive seiva and hooch dancers (some of the fellows properly costumed) were everywhere. And, of course, hot dogs, soda pop, popcorn and all other accessories.

"One event caused much laughter. We had a Yeomanette

(name forgotten) who had the world beat for looks. Kisses were sold by her at four bits each, but when you got it you found that you had kissed one of the homely buglers. Later a real kiss was auctioned off for \$9.75 and the fellow who got it said it was sure worth the money.

"Both the idea and the carrying-out of the carnival were the result of spontaneous co-operation—ten days work put it over. The biggest hustler, however, was Lieutenant Jimmie Hicks—the Jimmie whom everyone talks about in a crap game, the original Jimmy whom every boy who ever hit Goat Island during the war will remember. Jimmie is laying up in first reserve now—but I don't know where."

AS WITH all tourists, cameras and the more recently developed movie cameras were much in evidence in the Second A. E. F. Pictorial records of the Legion's overseas national convention are prized reminders of that great occasion. Some of the travelers, however, weren't lucky enough to return with their photographic spoils. From John M. Danko of Free-land (Pennsylvania) Post of the Legion comes this request for assistance in recovering some prize film that he lost:

"While attending the Legion convention in Paris, France, I left a small carton in a Paris taxicab at the Legion Barracks in the Cour le Reine. This carton contained three reels of finished kodak movie film, 16 mm. size.

"I will be glad to pay a reward for the return of these films. A Legionnaire surely found them because the cabs were taking on Legionnaires only from this point. Two of the reels show the Legion convention parade and the other the departure from New York of the S. S. *Leviathan* on September 10th, scenes on board ship and out at sea."

On the other hand, we have a message to broadcast which should bring joy to some member of the Second A. E.

F. Those Paris taxicabs seemed to have been the tourists' undoing! Legionnaire R. W. Strong of Coldwater, Michigan, reports:

"On the morning of September 20th last, the morning after the Legion parade in Paris, I hailed a taxicab up on the Avenue de Friedland about two blocks from the Arc de Triomphe and had the good fortune to find a nice folding autographic camera in the cab. There was a roll of film, partly exposed, in the camera, and also an extra roll of film on the seat.

"I knew I would stand a better chance of finding the owner if I brought the camera back to this country than to turn it over to the cab driver who didn't know what it was to begin with. I am sure the owner will be happy to regain his property."

LONG ago—in fact, in the August, 1927, Monthly—we published a letter from Legionnaire Lewis T. Finch of Meriden, Connecticut, in which he told of an incident which occurred on the Coulommieres-Epernay road in France on May 31, 1918. While driving the lead car in a string of six French camions, he passed the motorized Seventh Machine Gun Battalion of the Third Division which was rushing up to the lines for its now historic defense of the Chateau-Thierry bridgehead.

Among the passing machine-gunners was some man who called out, "Hey, Finch—Lew Finch!" but before Finch could see who he was, the columns had passed. He wanted to find out who this friend was. In the October issue, we included in Then and Now a response from James P. Mooers of Roxbury, Massachusetts, who told that he had been with the Seventh Machine Gun Battalion at that time and suggested that probably the



We might call the above picture the crew of the good ship PINAFORE. According to ex-gob Harold E. Fosdick of Willows, California, however, it shows the cast of the Doll Show, staged by Yeomanettes at Goat Island, California, during the war

man who called to Finch was Sergeant John Hines of Company A, who hailed also from around Meriden, Connecticut, Finch's present home town. But Finch tells us in the following letter that the mystery is still unsolved and gives us a few additional clues:

"You will, I am sure, pardon my apparent neglect of your letter enclosing two letters from Mooers when I tell you that I was with the Second A. E. F. when your letter came.

"The letters from Mooers are interesting although they cast no light on the subject. I carelessly, it would seem, neglected to state in my first letter that I enlisted from Chicago and that the chap who called to me from the truck of the Seventh Machine Gun Battalion was undoubtedly a Mid-Westerner, as my acquaintanceship among Easterners at that time was almost nil. Perhaps this added fact will help to recall the incident to others of the Seventh.

"Shortly before sailing for France I received a letter from Dr. W. G. Hogan of Neck City, Missouri, ex-first lieutenant, Medical Corps, Seventh U. S. Infantry, Third Division, which I quote:

"I just read your letter in the Monthly about the incident of May 31, 1918. I remember the incident you mention but cannot tell you the fellow's name. He was known as Connie. He joined us at Camp Greene, North Carolina. I sent him back with what was probably a fatal wound, from the bridgehead. He told me that there was an old friend of his.

"I don't know that this will be of much help to you but sometimes a letter like this, though rather indefinite, might help to clear things up a bit."

"Dr. Hogan's letter," continues Finch, "may act as a jogger to the minds' eyes of the rest of the Seventh Machine Gun Battalion men who may read it. I sincerely hope so, for in addition to my own curiosity there is that of almost everyone I met on the trip with the Second A. E. F. to Paris. The almost invariable comment of a stranger upon hearing my name was, 'Finch? Say, did you ever find out who it was? You know, in your letter in Then and Now in the Monthly.'

"Again I want to thank the Then and Nowers for their interest, to express a hope that this mystery may be cleared up and that I may find this old friend."

WERE up against it, fellows! Just as we were sailing along on fair seas, thinking that no real gob or ex-gob would object to that nickname being applied to them, we find that we're all wrong. One high in authority in the Navy has recently issued a ban against the use of the nickname "gob,"

to designate a sailor, stating that the term is "undignified and ugly" and that it be discontinued in ships' newspapers.

Being a doughboy ourselves, we thought the nickname as good as leatherneck, yellowleg, redleg or sky pilot, and that it was accepted in the best service circles. And many a letter from a sailorman which we have received included that nickname and one Yeoman (F) even referred to herself as a "gobbers." Of course there are the alternatives of "bluejacket," "tar," "jack-tar," or "Jackie." But we'll leave the choice to those men who served in the Navy. Let's take a straw vote. If "gob" is undignified and ugly, don't hesitate to tell us so.

REGARDLESS of what we call them, we're glad that the ex-sailors are becoming quite numerous in the Gang. Harold M. (Shorty) Powell of Waukesha, Wisconsin, voices his Navy sentiments in the following letter:

"It is tradition aboard the U. S. S. *Mercy* that members of the ship's company stick together, so I'm putting my oar in to pull with Bob Wilson. He said in Then and Now in the June Monthly that the *Mercy* was the best ship in the Navy and I'll back him on that.

"With Commander Webb as C. O. and Commander Dorsey as Exec., it was a home and one of the few ships on which a hospital corpsman rated ace high. We weren't the bunch of girls either that many credited us with being, as many S. P.'s at Brest found out to their sorrow.

"I wonder how many of the gang remember the 'Last of the Bolsheviks' and when we left the ship at Charleston, South Carolina. We were all broke. I had made enough playing blackjack to buy a suitcase, but it left the rest of the gang clean. So we lined up in bare feet, dirty whites and undershirts at the Exec.'s office and got O. K.'d for special money. Try that on any other ship!"

The *Mercy*, presumably, wasn't the only ship that rated high with its crew. So that we won't be accused of violating the order with reference to the use of the term "gob," we want to go on record as saying that the following letter from ex-Navy man James W. Moma in Macon, Illinois, is reproduced just as he wrote it, with certain deletions:

"I am an ex-gob and a Legionnaire since 1919 and at present I hold the office of Finance Officer of Elton Lancaster Post of Mason, Illinois. Beg leave to say at this time that our post was named for a gob who gave his all to the cause. I am wondering how many posts have been named for gobs who did likewise.

"I noticed in June Then and Now, Legionnaire Bob Wilson's remarks as an ex-gob of the U. S. S. *Mercy* and glory in his



Convalescent German prisoners lined up at American Camp Hospital No. 1, in Gondrecourt, France, in March, 1919, for the above snapshot taken by Harry J. Drenttel of Sisseton, South Dakota. Discharged from the hospital and slated for return to a prison camp, they don't seem to be downcast

spunk for holding up for his old tub, for nobody else will. Therefore I must do likewise and hold up for the 'Good Old Madhouse,' U. S. S. *Orizaba*. Made four round trips on her from Hoboken to various ports in France. Also did foreign service with her from December 12, 1918, to January 10, 1919, gathering Frog prisoners of war whom the Germans had delivered to Rotterdam and Copenhagen, and bringing them to Cherbourg.

"Although we were pretty well acquainted with submarines I believe we had a better game of hide-and-seek while in the North Sea dodging the German mines that were floating in schools. Every effort was put forth to destroy them and I do not remember how many our guns got. Plainly speaking it was a case of being in mighty dangerous water, but we went through there four times and came out all right, thanks to the keenest vigilance of all hands.

"I would like to hear from any of the old shipmates, especially my old buddy, J. C. Cottellessa, who was living in Paterson, New Jersey, the last time I heard from him. Would also like to hear from our Y. M. C. A. secretary, Switzer, regarding pictures he took during those trips."

CALIFORNIA is represented among the contributors of art to Then and Now in this issue by C. J. McDonell, Jefferson L. Winn Post of Princeton, who served with Company C, 310th Engineers, Eighth Division, during the big fracas. In transmitting the view in Camp Pontanezen reproduced here, McDonell says, "I was stationed in that mud-hole from October, 1918, to September, 1919," and continues:

"The picture I am enclosing is of the main road that leads through Camp Pontanezen at Brest. The boys who came through Brest either on the way over or returning home will remember this place, because many of them carried duck boards past this corner for many days. They will probably remember also that the road led to the camps of the 20th, 106th and 319th Engineers who worked them so hard building that camp.

"Near the corner shown was the saw mill where we sawed up the lumber. The street leading to the right of this spot was paved with railroad ties—a double row laid end to end. Every truck driver will also remember the two M. P. traffic officers stationed here. It was the busiest corner in the camp. All the working details received their implements of torture a little farther on to the left of the road."

LOST, Strayed or Stolen is the heading on an appeal from L. R. Barlow for assistance in recovering quite a hefty service souvenir. He gives as his address the County Building (specifying that it is not the jail) in Bridgeport, Connecticut. Hearken to his plea:

"On or about December 15, 1918, a graphophone was crated at Sarrey, Department of the Meuse, France, and started off for Bridgeport via the American Express Company at Paris.

"The graphophone was a gift to the members of the 102d Ambulance Company, 26th Division, who had enlisted at Bridgeport, Connecticut, presented by the Graphophone Company of that city.

"This music box was highly prized and three service stripes and two wound stripes had been pasted upon it. In the crate with the graphophone were about twenty-five German records which had been found at St. Mihiel. This entire outfit went a. w. o. l.—not the 102d, but the music box.

"If the bird or birds who connived at, swiped or borrowed this graphophone will come clean, no questions will be asked."

AND then to offset the foregoing case of lost property, we have an offer from L. Word Drake of Los Angeles, California, former Y man connected with Headquarters Company, 143d Infantry, 36th Division, to return some interesting service souvenirs provided we can find their owners:

"There are two former soldiers I would like to locate: Captain Douglas W. Stokes, A. E. F., whose outfit I do not know, and Frank M. Price, Headquarters Company, 143d Infantry, 36th Division. Both of these men seemingly hailed from the State of Texas.

"While in the Argonne, I picked up a battered Army issue coffee cup and just recently discovered on its handle Captain Stokes' name. Probably the captain would like to recover it.

"During a recent general housecleaning a small translating English-French dictionary came to the surface. Price's name appears in this book and I'd like to return it to him."

QUITE often it fell to the lot of some doughboy to render first aid unofficially to some wounded comrade on a field of action. Samaritan acts of this nature often saved a soldier's life. By unofficially is meant that the man giving this aid

was a member of some line company and not a medic or stretcher bearer. The help being rendered, the man would have to leave his patient and continue in the advance with his company. It is natural therefore that these first-aiders should retain an interest in the wounded comrades whom they helped on the field of battle.

A case of this kind has just come to our attention, Earl D. Seaton of Peru (Illinois) Post of the Legion, who served with the First Division overseas, makes this report and request:

"On October 4, 1918, as the First Division advanced I was with the support battalion

of the 16th Infantry and stopped in the enemy barrage long enough to place a temporary tourniquet on a fellow who had both legs blown off below the knees. Another soldier just in back of him had been mortally wounded by the same shell.

"After applying first aid, the wounded soldier was placed in a fox hole and his gun stuck up as a marker. The man may have been of the 18th Infantry, as our outfit soon found that it was too far to the right. The spot where I found the man was not far from Charpentry, toward Chaudron Farme.

"Who was this wounded soldier? Did he survive his wounds? Perhaps someone who knows will give me the information."

FROM Dr. L. L. Curtis of Alden M. Gayton Post in Auburn, Maine, comes a request similar to the foregoing. In a letter to the Company Clerk, he says:

"I have been wondering the last few years what ever became of four Military Police who passed my outfit on the Romagne-Bantheville road on November 1, 1918. I was a member of the 602d Engineers and we were going up to Landres-et-St. Georges to put in a road for the artillery. These four men passed us on the road which was being heavily shelled at that time. We rounded a bend and found that an H. E. shell had landed among them, killing two and very severely wounding the others.

"We rendered first aid and put them in a passing ambulance. I would be very happy to hear from the wounded men if they survived their wounds."

THE COMPANY CLERK

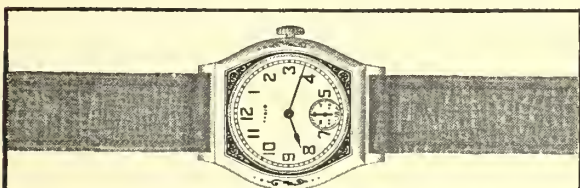
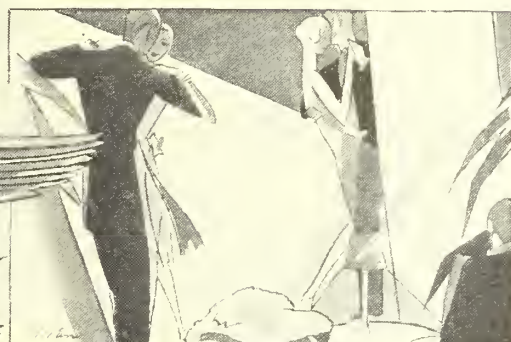
The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly



"Main Street" of a camp in France known to thousands of A. E. F.-ers. Camp Pontanezen, outside of Brest, was all it shouldn't have been when the Americans reached France, but was well duckboarded at the time of the return trip. C. J. McDonell of Princeton, California, snapped this scene

THE NEW ELGIN *Legionnaire*

\$19⁰⁰
to
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Model 303. Cased by Elgin in chromium plated nickel. Will not tarnish or discolor. Handsomely engraved. With raised figured dial, \$19.00. Luminous hands and dot dial . . . \$20.00. With luminous dial and hands . . . \$21.50



Model 302. Cased by Elgin in chromium plated nickel. Handsomely engraved. Extra heavy crystal. With luminous dial and hands, \$21.50. With luminous hands and dot dial . . . \$20.00. With raised figured dial . . . \$19.00



Model 301. White or green gold-filled case that carries full guarantee of the Elgin National Watch Company. With raised figured dial, \$25.00. With luminous hands and dot dial, \$26.00. With luminous dial and hands . . . \$27.50



Model 300. White or green gold-filled case that carries full guarantee of the Elgin National Watch Company. With luminous dial and hands, \$27.50. With luminous hands and dot dial, \$26.00. With raised figured dial . . . \$25.00

THE LEGIONNAIRE volunteers . . . for active service.

Ready to do 36 holes of golf with you and never miss a tick. Ready to take the shock of a muskie's strike . . . and like it. But so smart and modern in design it correctly companions your white starched cuff when you're in dinner clothes.

Hardly larger than a quarter, this new ELGIN. All the bulk stripped away. Slender, compact, sinewy as a fast roadster or a fighting plane.

And like a four-piece golf suit, it doubles admirably in business and sports. In camp or conference, drawing room or trout stream, your LEGIONNAIRE blends with its background like the gentleman's watch that it is.

RAISED numerals flash the time cleanly and clearly . . . in darkness, too, if you wish the luminous dial. And if you do forget to wind it you'll still make your train . . . it runs 40 to 42 hours. Four models to choose from at \$19 to \$27.50. ELGIN efficiency and great volume of business have brought these remarkable prices.

Bursts and Duds

PRACTICAL EDUCATION

"But don't you remember any of the things you learned at your mother's knee?" inquired the well-meaning individual.

"Oh, of course," answered the flapper. "I learned that you can't get a fifty-nine-cent stocking that doesn't look like the very devil."

WE ALL HAVE

"I have seen better days, sir," whined a beggar, as he approached a prosperous looking man.



"Well," replied the gentleman-who-didn't-fall-for-the-old-gaif, "I don't think so much of this weather myself," and continued on his way.

YOU KNOW

"If there's another war," flatly stated an A. E. F. vet, "they'll never get me into their damned Army!"

"No," agreed his buddy mildly, "I haven't heard a brass band lately, either."

THE SUPERSUPERSUPER

It's always fair weather when two movie producers get together. Said No. 1:

"Your new picture is the most wonderful film I have ever seen. Where did you get your theme?"

Replied No. 2 sadly: "It was supposed to be a satire on the movies."

IT SEEMS THERE WERE A COUPLE OF COOTIES

And the first said: "Do you like this red underwear?"

And the second, who was naturally a lady cootie, replied: "I should say not; it doesn't match my complexion."

SPIRIT OF ST. JOB

The flying-field was crowded at the finish of the great New York-to-Pekin air race, and great was the astonishment when the winning plane descended and out of it stepped a comparatively unknown amateur. The representatives of the press surged forward.

"Wonderful achievement!" shouted the spokesman. "You've broken all records for a non-stop flight. How did you do it?"

"Well, to tell you the truth," the rank outsider answered modestly, "I guess luck had something to do with it. I didn't find out until about five minutes ago how to stop the damned thing."

MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

Bob the gob had returned home and was confiding to his father his intention of settling down with one of the girls of his dreams.

"And now that I've told you I'm going to marry Isobel," he said, "there's one more thing I want to get off my chest."

"What's that?" asked dad.

"That tattooed heart with Marguerite's name on it."

THIS DOES END IT

"Hey, there!" shouted the editor of a humorous magazine to his assistant. "Don't step on that slip of paper! It might turn out to be a Lon Chaney joke."

WORTHY CAUSE

"So Tooter is trying to evolve a plan that will make him rich and immortal?"

"Yes. He's trying to find a way to confine all unemployment to saxophone players."

PARTICULAR

Mrs. Carlton-Ritz stepped haughtily into the employment agency.

"And what can I do for you, madame?" asked the lady in charge.

"I desire a nurse maid whom you can thoroughly recommend," replied Mrs. C. R. "One who has had experience with Chows."

INVISIBLE

It was two a. in the m. Mother met daughter coming up the stairs.

"And what did the young man who brought you home from the party look like?" she asked.

"I really haven't any idea," daughter replied. "He wore a raccoon coat."

RUBBING IT IN

"Poor fellow!" ejaculated the usual well-intentioned but inquisitive prison visitor. "Why have they put two balls and chains on you?"



"I'm in for bigamy," said the convict who was fed up on answering such queries.

KEEP SMILING

"Dear," said the wife, "the collectors have come for the piano."

"Oh, well," the easy-going husband responded, "I guess I can install them off for a while."

PROOF

Midnight had sounded, but still he stuck.

"My boss told me today that I had a lot of get-up-and-go to me," he boasted.

"Yes?" asked the girl. "Let's see some of it."

ASK MA—SHE KNOWS

Mrs. Houstick was one of these chronic mental invalids.

"My doctor can't find out what's wrong with me," she complained.

"Why don't you tell him?" helpfully suggested her very best friend.

SUSPENSE

Up and down the hospital corridor paced an expectant father. Finally the door opened and a nurse stepped out. Unfortunately, she stuttered.

"Your w-w-wife, s-s-sir," she said. "has presented you with t-t-twins."

"Thank heavens!" ejaculated the husband. "I was afraid you were going to say triplets."

JUSTIFIABLE REASON

"But why did your father spank you for joining the Book of the Month Club?" asked a visiting lady. "Is he opposed to better literature?"



"No, that's not it," said the precocious child. "You see, pa's a mail carrier."

BITTER BIT

A professional humorist wandered into a bank, laid a check on the paying teller's shelf, and then started to wander out again.

"Hey!" called the paying teller. "Don't you want your money?"

"Er—ah—oh, I beg pardon," apologized the funniman. "I was thinking up a swell joke about an absent-minded professor."

LOVE OR HABIT?

The young wife was heart-broken.

"What's the matter?" asked a friend.

"Oh, my husband is so absent-minded. After breakfast he left a tip on the table, and when I handed him his hat and coat he gave me another dime."

"Well, that's nothing to worry about. Just force of habit."

"That's what worries me. He kissed me, too, when I gave him his coat and hat."



**"We Cannot Abandon Our Education at
the Schoolhouse Door. We Have to
Keep it up Through Life"**

—CALVIN COOLIDGE

CRISPLY and concisely, the nation's Chief Executive thus summarizes one of the greatest needs of our country. With the weight of his authority, this tremendous truth is declared, — *education is not simply a matter of a few years—to be limited to classroom walls and ended with a diploma—but a continuous process that lasts through life.*

How, then, can the average man maintain this lifelong desired mental alertness? How can he achieve the sort of education to which Mr. Coolidge refers?

The answer lies in the new field, which we term, for want of a better name, "adult education." This means home study. It has come as a boon to thousands of restless men and women who have realized their needs but know not how to fill them.

Home Study has given a second opportunity to those who lost their first one in youth. It has helped college graduates to acquire the specific knowledge which their general training failed to supply, but which this age of intense specialization demands. It has kept pace with the development of new vocations, and equipped men to meet the rapidly changing

requirements within every field of human activity. Broader horizons, better positions and higher living standards have been born of it. It is an inspiring and tremendous force.

Some idea of its scope is suggested by the fact that there are enrolled in various home-study projects today at least three times as many students as there are in all our resident colleges, universities and professional schools combined! Two-thirds of this group [which totals 3,000,000] are included in correspondence schools. The balance are cared for by university extension courses, Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. classes and by public evening schools.

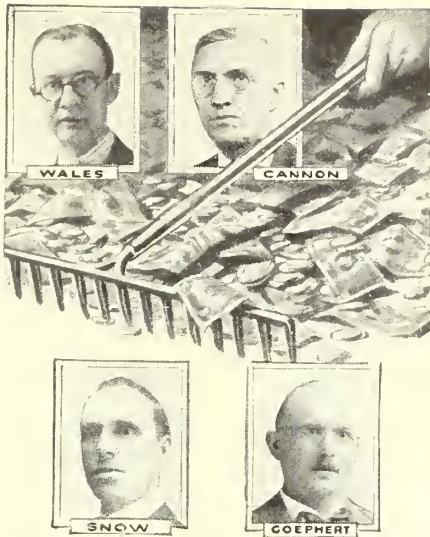
With such a variety of schools and with courses offered in almost every conceivable subject, it is obvious that any man may educate himself today at a reasonable cost—if he will.

Perhaps you are anxious to widen your range of interests or to train yourself in some special field. You may be puzzled to know what course to pursue or which school to choose. Why not avail yourself of the free advisory service that is yours for the asking? Send a stamped, self addressed envelope with the request—

"Where can I secure a home study course in (NAME OF SUBJECT) to—

THE NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL

839 Seventeenth St. N. W., Washington, D. C.



How Four Salesmen Invested \$378 Apiece And Raked In \$29,500

It took four salesmen over a year to sift out these surprising facts! Read here how these four men—and hundreds more like them—are cleaning up the steadiest, easiest money of their lives! A 2c stamp brings you all the big money facts, also a FREE SAMPLE of amazing new invention that makes possible these profits.

THIS remarkable profit story written by four ambitious salesmen is a direct challenge to every man whose present line pays him less than \$5,000 clear cash profit every year.

SIMPLE BUT AMAZING

These men are in a permanent business that actually grows by itself. It pays them immediate cash profits as high as \$100 and more on a single order. There is no competition. Over 20,000,000 motorists must spend money for the type of service they offer. They simply agree to save motorists from \$50.00 to \$5,000.00 of the money they are spending—and show them where thousands of others are saving that much and more.

\$5,000 A YEAR IS EASY!

I am not exaggerating one bit when I tell you that salesmen everywhere are cleaning up fortunes with this unique invention. Think what it means that men who used to be satisfied with \$40 or \$50 a week are stepping into the \$5,000 a-year-and-up class!

Or look at the four men whose records prompted me to address this message to you! On an average investment of \$3.78 in sales outfits they sold over \$29,500 worth of Coffield Tire Protectors in just twelve months!

FREE SAMPLE—MAIL COUPON

This proposition is so unusual and the proved profit opportunities are so big that it is impossible to disclose all the sensational facts in this short message. So let me send you a FREE SAMPLE of this amazing invention that has startled the entire automobile world. Send no money. Pay no C. O. D. All you risk is a 2c stamp. Just mail the coupon today—RIGHT NOW!

THE COFFIELD TIRE PROTECTOR CO.

438 N. E. Harshman St., Dayton, Ohio

The Coffield Tire Protector Co.,
438 N. E. Harshman St., Dayton, Ohio

I want to make \$5,000 a year. Send me details of your proposition, also FREE SAMPLE of the Coffield Tire Protector.

NOTE:—All Illinois territories are taken.

Name _____
Street and Number _____
Town _____ State _____

Kelly

(Continued from page 23)

horses, and Kelly leaning half out of the carriage with one foot hanging—ready to leap.

"And the boat was just pulling out! The gang plank was in, and Kelly with a strangled shout jumped from the carriage, fell, recovered himself, and raced down the dock like a champion sprinter, the driver charging after him on foot, for he hadn't stopped to pay his fare. I don't know how far out the ship was when he reached the end of the dock—too far to jump, anyway. But Kelly didn't jump. He brought up short at the end, with a funny little cry, and his arms fell at his sides. His breath was coming hard and his face was red as fire. He was completely blown. And suddenly, while we wondered what he would do, he just curled up on the dock and cried like a baby!"

Cameron tells a story well, and I found myself immensely interested by the romantic figure, at once pathetic and ridiculous, that he described.

Over the next three or four years, it seemed, Kelly had made a dozen similar attempts at escape, each time becoming more desperate. When Cameron became skipper of the *Atlantis*, the derelict's opportunities must have been numerous; but somehow fate always kept him out of the way at a time when Cameron was sailing. Often on the eve of departure, the captain instituted a search for him, but he was never to be found. Numerous as were his attempts to get away, at no time, save one—I am coming to that—did he get beyond the port of Vera Cruz, where on each occasion the fiery liquids served to sailors, derelicts, and Indians brought about a new collapse, each collapse worse than the one before. His friends began to fall away, and with each catastrophe Kelly went deeper and deeper into the pit.

"I'm not blaming him, mind!" said Cameron. "I know better than that. His gaming habits were as uncontrolled as his appetite for booze, and it was one or the other that always tripped him before he could cross the doorstep of a steamship office or place a foot on a gangplank. Usually it was both. And all this time, Kelly was really trying. Don't forget that for a minute. He wanted to get home more than he wanted anything else in the world."

As the captain talked, my picture of the derelict took form and color, and after a time a fantastic figure filled me with horror and pity. I saw this nightmarish shape in a score of incredible situations, pleading to be taken home—the victim of mirages that vanished at the moment of his triumph. My favorite picture of him was that of a white-faced, desperate man, racing down a long, white dock in pursuit of a departing vessel whose sides were lined with passengers laughing at his anguish.

After his first vain attempt, in point of fact, Kelly had gone back to his job in Orizaba, reasonably sober and con-

siderably chastened; and his later efforts were less spectacular even while they were often more desperate. Sometimes he would miss a boat by a full week, as a result of some abominable spree in a house not ten minutes from the waterfront; and he never again actually ran down the dock to miss a vessel by inches. But his less sensational endeavors were no less pitiful than the first. The agony of the man's remorse was frequently ghastly.

During this period, it appears that the only new friend acquired by the vagrant was a disreputable colonel of artillery, whose worthless life Kelly had managed to save, in a barroom brawl, by the simple expedient of shooting down the colonel's attacker before the colonel's attacker could shoot down the colonel. That illustrates the pass to which Kelly had come. It wasn't his quarrel; he was courting fresh disaster by mixing in it. But he shot a man in the back, without compunction.

The colonel—one Talvez—was properly grateful, and managed to keep Kelly from the punishment he had invited by the murder. Kelly and the colonel thereupon became inseparable, and it was through the good offices of Talvez that the derelict was extricated from another scrape, possibly the most picturesque adventure of his remarkable career.

Despairing ever again of saving enough money to purchase even passage to the coast, for he was little better than a peon by this time, Kelly joined a band of mountain pirates and made one expedition with these cutthroats. The details of the raid are sanguinary but unimportant, for it was an unsuccessful venture. Returning, however, the six ringleaders, including Kelly, tired and tough and bearded, and armed with revolvers and rifles, swung into a village called San Sebastian and paraded down the main street. They offered no active hostility, but their alarming appearance terrified the townspeople, and in short order they were the center of a circle of chocolate soldiers. With a ring of bayonets around them, they sullenly surrendered and spent the night in a stinking jail.

In the morning, with cleared wits, Kelly bethought himself of his friend Talvez, and tried the experiment of mentioning the colonel's name. Immediately silence fell upon the prison authorities.

"You are a friend of General Talvez?" they asked.

Kelly had not heard of his friend's promotion, but he was quick to seize the opportunity offered. He roundly swore that Talvez was little less than his brother, which certainly once had been true. He demanded that he, with his companions, instantly be released.

The prison authorities wired Talvez, then in a position of some importance. The reply was disconcerting to Kelly's

captors, for Talvez—apparently in high good humor—verified Kelly's most extravagant claims.

"Señor Kelly is my dearest friend," was the burden of the general's telegram.

After that, nothing was too good for the six renegades, who were fêted and toasted beyond all reason. Their arms were restored with apologies; the lieutenant in command of the local soldiery abased himself.

Kelly, of course, strutted; and in an unfortunate moment he remembered that the date was July 4. All his dreams of home returned, and with them a burning and unsuspected patriotism. fired no doubt by liberal potations. He clamored for a celebration.

Excitement followed the demand. The town was turned inside out for the materials of carnival and ceremony. A band was improvised, and the amazing company, followed by the rag-tag and bob-tail of street and gutter, paraded about the central square until the village reeled. The restored firearms were discharged into the heavens, and toward noon the soldiery joined the riot. An ancient cannon was resurrected and thereafter punctuated the uproar with asthmatic salutes to Uncle Sam and the Virgin Mary. The remarkable band essayed "The Star-Spangled Banner."

On the steps of the bandstand had been set a hogshead of raw liquor, and to this the marchers repaired, at irregular intervals, for refreshment. The great barrel was replenished as soon as ever its tide began to ebb. By four o'clock, when the parading ceased, the entire village was drunk, and Kelly could have been elected to any office in the republic.

Laden with presents, the vagabond departed the next day, firmly resolved to cash in on his gifts and go home. At last the way was open!

He separated from his associates with maudlin tears, and they watched him ride away toward the nearest railroad town.

Thus once more Kelly reached Vera Cruz. It is possible that if a boat had been upon the point of leaving, he would have rushed on board. But there was no boat for two weeks, and while he waited he frequented the *cantinas* and gambling halls. In two days he was cleaned out, and in jail for assaulting a gendarme.

In utter despair he returned again to the Orizaba country, and made a final effort to fight his way back to a position of trust; but his old friends would have none of him. Wherever he tried to procure employment with an English or American company, he found that his extraordinary reputation had preceded him.

Sober, there is no doubt that Kelly hated himself and wept bitter tears over his conduct. But his heart-breaking cry of "Home!" had become a joke. No one trusted him. He did not trust himself. Yet Kelly really wished to go home. It was still his dream, the only one he had left. He hated the country that was holding him; he hated every minute of his days and (Continued on page 54)



What is due the public

*An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company*

THE Bell System recognizes the public requirement for a constantly extending and improving telephone service.

Last year 4 million telephones were either put in or moved. The number of local calls not completed on the first attempt was reduced by 5 per cent. The average time for handling toll and long distance calls was reduced from 2 minutes to 1½ minutes.

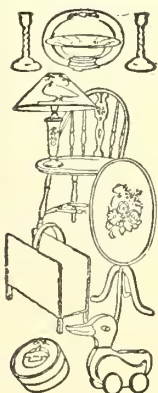
During the last 5 years the Bell System spent \$1,800,000,000 on additions, and improvements of its plant.

There is equally a public requirement for safety of principal and earnings of the stock of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company



— the parent company of the Bell System. Since its incorporation in 1885 it has never missed paying a regular dividend to its stockholders, who now number more than 420,000.

The very nature of the telephone business necessitates a single interconnected system. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company accepts its responsibility for a nationwide telephone service as a public trust. It is fundamental in the policy of the company that all earnings after regular dividends and a surplus for financial security be used to give more and better service to the public.

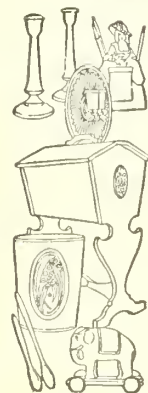


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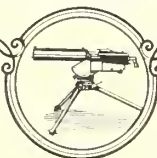
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Ten of these sen-
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will pay you \$150
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sary—we show
you how.

Kelly

(Continued from page 53)

nights that was not spent in oblivion. Living was an agony. I suppose it was his obsession about home that kept him from shooting himself.

OLD as was his story to others, and lacking power further to stir their hearts, to me it was new and poignant on the occasion of our first meeting, although only the barest outline had been vouchsafed me. He had been in Mexico for fifteen years when I met him, and for fifteen years more or less constantly had been trying to escape. He cried like a child when I gave him full passage to New Orleans, and I was nearly in tears myself. Foolishly, I gave him the cash instead of buying his ticket; but I had not then heard the details of his story. Of course, he got no farther than the *cantina* nearest the docks. Had I given him a ticket, I have no doubt that he would have sold it.

It was Cameron who told me of fate's final jest at Kelly's expense. It happened only a few years before my second and final meeting with the vagabond on the waterfront. The story is simple enough, but I have always thought it possessed of a kick in its tail that would have delighted De Maupasant.

In a moment of singular control, Kelly had negotiated passage on a small steamer for New Orleans. Perhaps he thought he was dying. Anyway, he had agreed to serve in some menial capacity in return for his passage and a trifle in money. In New Orleans, he figured, he

would be able to add to his trifle, and in time earn enough to pay fare to Iowa.

The boat actually sailed with Kelly on board, and Cameron—who was sailing for New Orleans, himself, that evening, unknown to Kelly—waved a surprised hand at the derelict as his little steamer slipped past the *Atlantis* on its way out to sea. Kelly was on deck, looking back at the inferno he was leaving after nearly twenty years of longing and vain endeavor.

It looked like a sure thing.

The vagabond did his work well enough, it would seem, and in due time the boat reached New Orleans and Kelly received his money and went ashore. Whether he fell on his knees and kissed the soil, nobody will ever know. Kelly himself had no idea what happened, except that he began to spend his money in a barroom not far from the docks.

After that, a long blank.

Then a slapping of waves against the sides of a ship, and a familiar rolling motion as consciousness returned. Later, an astonished and familiar face, as Cameron, one day out, looked down at an involuntary passenger—wandered aboard in what drunken stupor God only knows—and recognized the features behind the tangle of blood and hair.

The situation was beyond speech or description.

Kelly seemed to take it in at a glance. With horror in his eyes, he asked: "Where are you bound, Captain?"

Still staring, Cameron answered him. "Vera Cruz!"

The Man in the White Slicker

(Continued from page 9)

hot meal had been supper the night before the drive started. No food the next day. After that, what they could find in the haversacks of their own and enemy dead. After that, nothing.

"Cat-Pie, yuh hear? Food! Go get it with that mule o' yours!"

"And see what'll stick to your hand when you're round the ration dump, too. You know your old friends!"

The mule carts rattled away through the woods, and the lieutenant and Gordon began to hunt about for another location for the gun.

"I think I know just the place I can put you," began the lieutenant. "You'll have to fire direct fire, though. I'd never dare line up a gun and a flock of aiming stakes by compass. There's a good place up here. The range will be about eight hundred yards; I'll have to measure it on the map. Careful, now, because we're in the open. Give us your hand."

They went carefully, bent double, up a slight hill. Once more Gordon felt

the night wind blowing strongly in his face. It was driving rain before it, a light mist. He had not noticed it before, but then he had been wet to the skin so often that he no longer felt whether it rained or not.

To the east machine-guns clattered intermittently. Now long bursts, then a few short staccato reports, then a prolonged clamor of several guns. The enemy was covering the paths and the narrow wood roads that led from the main highways to where Gordon's division lay in the thickets. No food or water could come up those paths, and if the machine-gun carts tried to get out that way, they would be disagreeably surprised.

"The quicker we get going and dig those krauts out of that wood, the happier we'll be," muttered Gordon. "You know this dam' business is beginning to get monotonous!"

"That's right," agreed the officer. "The old colonel told us this morning that if we don't want to spend the

winter in this woods, we'd better snap out of it! Wait now, I think this is the place. There's the end of a trench that doesn't go anywhere—yup, here it is! Shshsh! I don't think they can hear us, the wind is blowing our way! I think they had a big gun, or an anti-aircraft outfit here once, and they dug this trench to jump in, in case they were shelled. It'll be a nice place to lie in. Maybe a little wet, but still—"

The two slid down into the trench and found themselves knee-deep in mud and water. The officer had a stake, and a shovel, and after consultation with a firing table that he had under his coat, and a cautious feeling about with his hands, he drove the stake on the parapet of the trench.

"You'll have to use direct fire, Corporal," he went on. "I'm going down hill and drive a couple of stakes so that you'll know your firing direction. When it gets light, you can see the ravine, and the edge of the woods. Well, I'll drive my stakes, then you bring up the gun. Go get it up here now. We'll set her up, and leave the tripod in position, then I'll give you the time to start the barrage, and make out a little fire table for you. You can start firing most any time, but it's got to stop on the dot! Otherwise you'll fire into our troops. No, don't get the gun! Wait till I come back. I don't want to be left in this wolf's stomach alone!"

He went over the parapet, and crawling downhill through the wet bushes, drove another stake. He had moved the gun east almost in a direct line and the azimuth reading for the line of aim would be the same on his compass here as it would be at the other gun position. And the stake was not an aiming stake, but only to guide the gunner in the proper direction in which to fire.

Whack! whack! and the stake was driven.

Po-po-pop! Three flares burst in front of him.

The Boche had heard. Followed five minutes of delirious excitement on the part of the enemy machine-gunners, while the officer lay with his head down. He dared not move for half an hour, and when he finally mustered courage slowly and carefully to regain the trench, he was a very nervous breathless, officer, with his face so white it shone in the darkness.

"That you, Corporal?" he whispered. "Man, I thought they had me that time!"

"They didn't come within a mile of you," said the corporal. "They were all shooting into the gulley. There must be a railroad track down there, because you could hear the bullets ringing on it."

"Get the gun," panted the officer, "and let's get it up. It's getting time to start things. The major will be back to inspect all the guns and see that everything is O. K. And if it isn't, he'll get all wrought up! Jesus, who wouldn't be a social worker! If I could get three meals a day and a dry flop, I wouldn't care how much abuse people handed me!" (Continued on page 56)

DUNLOP'S 40 YEARS

"WHAT OF IT? . . . Even if Dunlop has had the longest experience in tire-building, does that affect my car?"

No. Not the mere fact of 40 years' experience. That might mean nothing. But, there is big meaning to you in the *success* of Dunlop's 40 years.

Such sustained success shows that Dunlop *knows how* to build maximum value into tires. The 26 million Dunlop tires now running form a world-wide evidence of Dunlop's superiority.

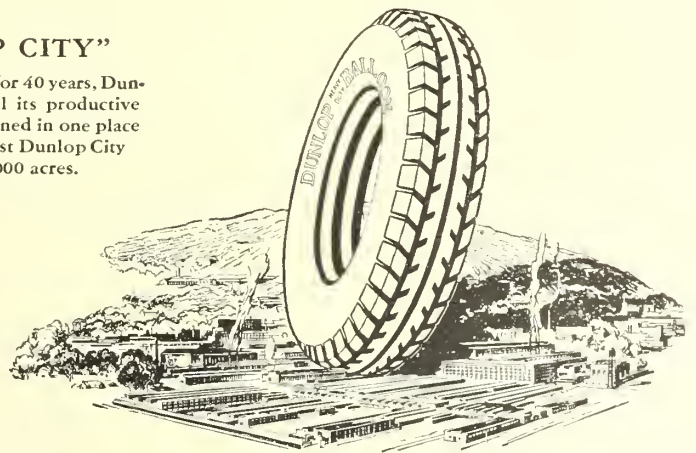
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For 40 years . . . year after year . . . old friends have been sticking to Dunlop and new friends have been turning to Dunlop. These millions of motorists must be right. They have had *experience* in using Dunlops. *They know.*

As soon as you try a set, you, too, will *know.* You will find that Dunlop's successful experience means extra value to you.

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Supreme in quality for 40 years, Dunlop has grown until its productive properties—if combined in one place—would form a vast Dunlop City of over 100,000 acres.



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and give you a steady income for the rest of your life, if you'll take care of my business in your locality. No experience needed. Full or spare time. You don't invest one cent, just be my local partner. Make \$15.00 a day easy. Ride in a Chrysler Sedan I furnish and distribute teas, coffee, spices, extracts, things people eat. I furnish everything including world's finest super sales outfit.

Lowest prices. Big permanent repeat business. Quality guaranteed by \$25,000.00 bond.

Get Food Products

I'll send big case of highest quality products, 32 full size packages of home necessities.

Write at Once

Write quick for full information. With person I select as my partner, I go 50-50. Get my amazing offer for your locality. Write or Wire

C. W. VAN DE MARK

Dept. 902-HH 117 Duane St., Cincinnati, O.
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The Man in the White Slicker

(Continued from page 55)

A Cry That Has Echoed Through the Ages

The cry of the leper—outcast, unclean! A soul-wracking, melancholy cry that has resounded in the halls of time since Egypt was young and the pyramids were but a dream.

"If Thou wilt Thou canst make us clean," pleaded the lepers when the Man of Galilee walked among them nearly 2,000 years ago. And in His great compassion He laid His hands upon them and gave them comfort.

But even in this advanced age the agonized cry of the leper is raised, unheard, lost on the winds of the sea and stifled by the loneliness of far-off islands where millions of lepers this very hour are living a walking, breathing death. Actually, millions there are—men, women and helpless little children who never should feel the hand of leprosy. Thousands of these are under the American flag in the world's greatest leper colony at Culion in the Philippines.

And yet, these exiled and forgotten millions are suffering and dying needlessly. It is astounding but true that leprosy is curable. In five years, more than 1,000 of the milder cases have been cured at Culion and the patients returned to their homes. Now, only money is needed to provide increased personnel and equipment at Culion so that a perfected cure may be given to the lepers of the world. This was Leonard Wood's dream and it was he who asked the American people for help, just before his death.

"If Thou wilt Thou canst make us clean." Yes, the same old prayer, but this time it is addressed not to the Man of Galilee but to You. You can help rid the world of leprosy—Stamp it Out for all time—by simply sending your check to aid the heroic men and women who have buried themselves among the lepers and are devoting their lives to this great task.

Interesting information on this subject may be obtained by writing the National Chairman, General James G. Harbord, or better still, send your check to the National Treasurer, General Samuel McRoberts.

Address all Communications to

LEONARD WOOD MEMORIAL
1 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

Corporal Gordon thereupon went back for his gun crew. He found them stretched out, every one asleep, oblivious to the rain, the cold, or the cursing and digging, where the other gun crews were making themselves fox-holes.

"Hey!" exclaimed Gordon, "git up! Here you, who's this? O'Nail! Whadyuh mean by flopping? Git up!"

He kicked one or two of the prostrate men. This was not as brutal as it sounds, for tired men sink into a dreamless slumber from which it is impossible to arouse them by ordinary means. Kicks had not the slightest effect on the machine-gunners.

"I'll get 'em up!" muttered the corporal, whereupon he felt with his hand for a sleeper's face and twisted his nose violently. The sleeper was prevented from crying out by the corporal's hand over his mouth, but when his gurgling showed him to be fully awake, the corporal removed his hand and pulled the other to his feet.

"Get these other guys up!" he ordered, "and grab hold of the gun! We're going to change position. With all this ammunition to lug it's going to be a hell of a job. Move! Because we haven't got all night, either."

The major of the battalion, the divisional machine-gun officer, and several other mysterious slicker-clad officers appeared while the crew were bringing up the ammunition from the old position, groaning up the slippery slope with an ammunition-box in each hand. The gun was set up under their personal direction, a depression stop made of two pieces of narrow gauge track with holes bored in them and a rod shoved through was placed under the gun, so that under no circumstances could the gun be depressed sufficiently to endanger the attacking troops, and then the officers announced themselves satisfied.

"Corporal," said the major, "you fire the gun. At five-ten the barrage will start. You should be able to see the woods by then, and if you can catch a burst or two, you can adjust your aim. Otherwise don't touch anything. This is a kind of a left-handed arrangement, but it's better to have you doing some fire than none at all. There are Jerries in those woods and you'll hit some of them."

"You'll of course pay frequent visits to the gun, Lieutenant."

"Well, come on! It's three-forty-five and we've got to make the rounds yet!"

They went away, their slickers rustling and their boots squedging through the mud.

The enemy guns, at the approach of daylight, began to show more activity.

"Milo," said Gordon suddenly, "get away from that gun. I'm going to fire. The rest of you keep your numbers so we won't have any more confusion than we can help. But get down in the trench and stay there. Get away! There'll be

hot cartridges flying around in the dark and a guy that gets one down his neck will wish he'd kept out of the way!"

"That ain't all that'll fly either," said O'Nail, who, as Number Three, would have the pleasant duty of lying on top of the parapet and passing ammunition boxes from his more fortunate comrades therein to Number Two beside the gun.

O'Nail was of Irish extraction, but generations back, whereas Cat-Pie Droghan, the mule driver, had been in the United States just long enough to get a job on a police force and to lose it when the city administration changed hands. It had annoyed O'Nail to be hailed by Droghan as a fellow countryman, and to be addressed as O'Nail, whereas his name was O'Neil. This being all the more reason for continuing to call him O'Nail, he had never been able to live it down, and many thought it was really his name.

"Never mind," replied Gordon. "We've got another hour to wait. Can you figure that? Well, now, the thing to do is to go to sleep. I'll take the first watch for fifteen minutes, see? Then Slicker, you next, then O'Nail, then Milo. I want you, Milo, last, to wake me up. Wake me up at five o'clock, that's ten minutes ahead of time. All right, go to it."

The men wallowed a moment to find a soft place, then their laborious breathing and a few short snores from the trench, showed that they were asleep.

Gordon rested his head on the cold breech of the gun. How lucky it was that they had an hour, a whole hour to sleep. If they had had to stay awake, they would have been so jumpy that any accurate work out of them would have been impossible. If the gun jammed now, and the bolt had to be dismounted?

He suddenly thought he was standing in a waist-deep hole behind the gun. Why no, that was impossible! He had fallen asleep for just a second and dreamed it. His legs were numb under him, that was why he thought he was in a hole. He moved, and they hurt him. Thank God for that, because it would keep him awake. The rain had ceased, and stars were out. It seemed to him that he was in a room, warm and dark, like a Boche pill box, only much deeper, and with many little gold dots in the ceiling. He leaned his head again upon the cold gun. It was no longer cold, but warm, where he had had his forehead.

"Hey, Corporal! for Christ Almighty's sake, wake up! They're firing!"

Gordon jerked up his head. No longer night, but gray daylight. He leaped instinctively to his feet, nearly upsetting the gun, and straightway fell again from the weakness of his stiffened limbs. Waves of sound beat on his ears like storm-driven surf on cliffs. It was the roar of the barrage from the

left. The attack had begun. How long had it been going on? Five-fifteen! Only five minutes! Had anyone seen? It was O'Neil that had awakened him. "Get 'em up!" said Gordon thickly. "Rouse 'em out 'n' let's go!"

O'Neil was already working on Number Two, and Gordon flung himself down behind the gun. Into the breech went the copper tongue of the belt—clang! He pulled back and released the bolt—clang! it came back again. The gun was loaded. He took a firm grip of the handle, leaned far back against Number Two's supporting knee, and looked through the sights. Fair on the edge of the woods, and with a tap or two, the line of sight would go over the stake below.

"Get up that bunch of goldbricks in the ditch!" yelled Gordon over his shoulder; then he sat upright, and straining his eyes to see if he could pick up the strike of the bullets, pressed the trigger.

Gordon ran the first belt through in slightly more than a minute. This rate of fire would heat up the water quickly, and make a nice pile of empty cartridge cases that would disguise the fact that the gun had fired five minutes late. Happily they had no barrage schedule to follow.

"See any of those bursts, Black?" asked the corporal, as the second belt was loaded.

"Nope, not a thing. If you're hittin' in the woods they'll be lost, and out in front there's too much brush."

Click-bang-click-bang! went the bolt.

"We're off again!" yelled Gordon above the roar of the gun. "I'm going to search down a little. There won't be anybody there this quick! Watch for a burst. There must be soft ground there that will jump! If I could only tell where I'm shooting I can do something."

He fired five short bursts, but neither he nor Black could see a thing. The ravine looked as though it were on fire, with the smoke of the artillery barrage mingled with the fog that clung to the low ground. Were the doughboys off or not? There was no sign. The woods on the western side of the ravine waved their brown tops in the wind, sending their leaves flying. Was it the wind, or high machine-gun fire that was scattering those leaves?

Chuck! said the gun, and became silent.

Gordon cursed. The gun had no business to jam this early in the firing. He jerked the belt backward and forward a few times, then pulled back the bolt. Silence. He threw up the cover, pulled back the bolt, and caught the ejected cartridge as it came out. There was no evidence to show that it was defective.

"Give us the clearing plug," he said to Number Two. He slipped this into the bolt, and allowed the bolt to insert it slowly in the chamber. A sharp blow on the bolt handle, then a jerk to the rear, and out tumbled the plug with a torn cartridge case around it.

"Pull that off (*Continued on page 58*)



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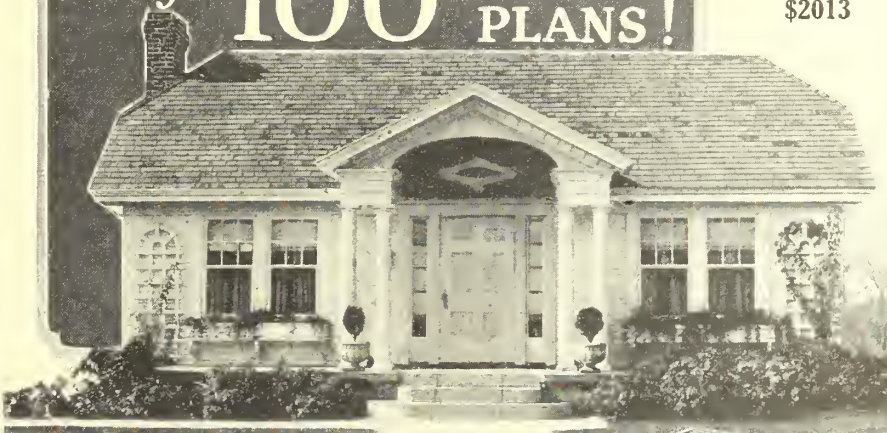
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The Man in the White Slicker

(Continued from page 57)

the plug," said Gordon, tossing it to Number Two. He pulled out the first round in the belt, then reloaded and re-laid the gun. "Good ammunition we've got, by God!" he remarked.

"Member when we was in training camp," called O'Neil from where he lay on his stomach, "that about every tenth bullet didn't have guts enough to work the gun? Sure. They just had about enough spit to 'em to get 'em out of the barrel."

Two more belts went through the gun without mishap, and as Gordon wriggled his stiffened fingers, the other members of the gun crew gave a simultaneous cry.

The smoke cloud had moved slightly up-hill on the eastern side of the ravine, as the artillery increased range, and in the very bottom of the gully had appeared a light tank. The machine-gunners could see specks moving about it, then suddenly a long wriggling line, like a brown worm moving sideways. It was visible for just a second, then gone into the smoke and from sight.

"It's them!" cried Gordon. "Twenty minutes gone already? Well, if it took 'em twenty minutes to get down that hill, it'll take longer to get up the other side."

"I can see more of 'em," said Black, "now that I know where to look."

"Yeh, and the smoke blowin' away that way helps, too," agreed O'Neil. "We ought to have a pair of field-glasses."

"Where would I get 'em?" demanded Gordon. "If you guys had had any savvy, we could have had Cubbertson's pair when he was bumped off!"

"Gwan!" protested O'Neil. "We was within ten feet of him when he dropped, and the first thing I made a grab for was those glasses, and the case was empty. He didn't have 'em on him. And by the time a man could get to his fox-hole, blankets and everything was gone."

"You want to work fast these days," remarked Black.

"Yes, sir," said a voice from the old trench, "there he is, sir. Corporal Gordon! Gentleman wants to speak to you."

All turned. There was a strange officer standing on the other side of the trench. Just one look they got at him, enough to see that he wore a very new white trench-coat that invited death anywhere within sight of the Germans, high-laced, perfectly fitting boots, and a most expensive map case. Then he leaped into the trench and out the other side.

"Who's in command of this gun?" he demanded angrily. "Where's the sergeant?"

"We haven't got any, sir," answered Gordon. "I'm in command, and I'm acting as gunner because we're firing direct fire!"

"Why aren't you firing then?" shouted the officer.

There was considerable noise, the guns on the left, the artillery, the battle in front, and the bitter reply of the Germans, but still it was not necessary to yell like that.

"Why, we just re-loaded, sir," answered Gordon. "We don't want to boil away all the water the first half hour. It's hard to get in these woods!"

"Where are you shooting?" demanded the officer.

Gordon silently pointed. "The edge of those woods—" he began.

"That's wrong!" shrieked the officer. "Those are our troops there! Fire down into the gully! Can't you see the enemy? They're counter-attacking!"

Every man's heart froze and they silently peered over the edge of the hill into the smoke-filled valley.

"Why, no," protested Gordon. "I can see their helmets! And the Boches wouldn't be counter-attacking from west to east! They don't counter-attack backward!"

"Will you do as I say," choked the officer, "or will I blow your skull off?"

Gordon turned and looked straight into the muzzle of a .45.

"Jesus!" gasped the corporal. "Look out for that thing! Don't point that at a man!"

"Traverse that gun and fire it!"

Gordon looked helplessly around. Black lay with open mouth; O'Neil looked like a chicken thief caught in the act, and a little way apart stood Milo and Mackintosh in horror-stricken silence. The muzzle of the pistol was deadly steady, and the eyes behind it cold and hard. Gordon had seen one or two men hit with a .45, and had an excellent idea of just what damage it causes even at a hundred yards, whereas at a foot and a half—he bent over, and releasing the traversing gear, swung the gun to the left. Then he pretended to be busy with the sights, but all the time he was thinking rapidly.

This officer was a German spy. Those laced boots, too shiny, and that white trench coat that no organization commander would allow north of the first Gas Alert sign, were all too artificial. A clever dodge! This Jerry must have sneaked through the woods and come up from behind. It was a common occurrence, too, and there were orders out as to just how to behave when strange officers appeared and gave stranger orders. But these dumb machine-gunners just stood around and looked sick, instead of out with a .45 and blowing the newcomer's conk off. Gordon's own pistol was under his slicker and overcoat to keep it dry and out of the mud. He had not expected to need it in a hurry.

"Well, fire!" barked the officer. "I can't see anything," protested Gordon. He wouldn't turn loose a gun down that ravine if he could help it.

"Get away from that gun!" ordered the officer.

Gordon stood up and the officer flung himself down on the sandbag.

"Hmmm! No wonder you can't see!"

He reached out and jerked the rod from the depression stop, then releasing the elevating gear, he depressed the muzzle, so that it pointed directly into the valley.

Gordon measured several distances with his eye; that from the lieutenant's right hand on the breech to his pistol on the right sandbag; the distance between himself and the officer; and the distance back to O'Neil, who still lay with his ammunition boxes on each side. There was a chance, but he must be quick—

He stretched out his hand toward O'Neil, who, whether he understood it or not, handed him an ammunition box. Gordon leaped forward, just as the officer, suspicious, or hearing the noise, reached for his pistol. Black snatched at him and in that second of lost time Gordon arrived, and swinging high the box of ammunition, brought it down with a crash on the officer's head. That was all there was to that.

The gunners stood for some time, looking soberly at the limp heap in the white trench-coat, at the nice new helmet, its surface that had never known the mar of mud nor the candle grease, now broken with a long dent, and at the shiny, laced boots that fitted so nicely.

"That guy is a spy!" said Gordon finally.

"That's just what I decided," agreed Black. "That's just it, Corporal!"

"Spouse he's croaked?" gasped O'Neil. Milo and Mackintosh likewise approached, and they dragged the officer clear of the gun and straightened his limbs.

"Let's see what he's got on him," suggested Milo.

"Hmmm!" agreed the others, and bent to their task, but there was a sound of someone coming through the brush.

"Posts!" cried Gordon. "But everyone have their gat out, in case this is another one!"

It was not, but a very ordinary looking American, a runner, evidently, for he was unknown to the men and carried no rifle.

"Hey!" he protested at sight of the pistols. "Kamerad! Put up them guns! Whaddyuh think this is, Fourth o' July?"

"S all right, buddy," replied Gordon, "but walk on your toes around here! We just had a visit from a German spy!"

"A spy!" gasped the newcomer. "Where is he?"

"There!" said Gordon, pointing, "and his folks can draw their ten thousand dollars or whatever those krauts have for insurance, you better believe."

The strange soldier stepped over to the officer's body and surveyed it with interest.

"Spy hell!" said he. "I know that guy! Boy, that's General Lehmann's pet private addykong!"

(To be continued)

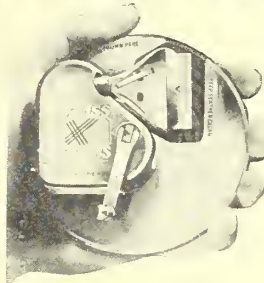


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8. The decision will be reached by the board of judges as soon as possible after May 1, 1929, and public announcement made. The sum of \$25,000 will then be paid outright upon the signing of the contracts, as outlined in Rule 1 above.
9. All manuscripts offered in the competition other than that winning the prize are to be considered as submitted to The American Legion Monthly for first serial publication, and to Houghton Mifflin Company for publication in book form on the author's customary terms or on terms to be arranged.
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Came the dawn

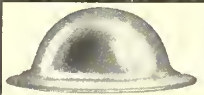
YES, it finally came. Touring last summer, driving late one night trying to make the next town. Loose wire, short circuit, no lights. Box of matches didn't last long. Well, the family finally walked four miles to a farmhouse and I spent the night in the car. Believe me, there's a flashlight in the side pocket of that car now. And one that's dependable—an Eveready. Ever ready to help me out in the dark because I keep it primed for action with the best there are—Eveready Batteries. Here's a straight tip to tourists and don't pass it up. Get the flashlight habit.

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SIXTY-FIFTH YEAR OF BUSINESS

Soldiers à la Carte

(Continued from page 21)

occasionally), the failure of a property crew to erect a set on time, the whim of a director causes a change of schedule. At nine o'clock in the evening Mr. Lopez is notified that the extras will not be needed. Before six o'clock the following morning as many of the two hundred as can be reached must be given the bad news. Few can afford to subscribe for telephone service. It is arduous work, and frequently heart-breaking to the extra, who may very well have gone to bed in the happy prospect of his first job in a month. Those who cannot be reached will be paid by the studio, or their carfare refunded at any rate, but should Mr. Lopez fail to make a serious effort to recall the men he would offend the casting office, with every likelihood of losing all chances for employment in the future.

But when the situation is reversed there is no such problem. It has happened that Mr. Lopez has been notified at eleven o'clock at night to have two hundred men on a set at eight o'clock the following morning. When he flashes on the lights in his office only two men may be loitering in the shadows outside. Before he has had time to tell the alert pair when and where to report the telephones begin ringing. Within two hours two hundred veterans have joyfully promised to be on hand, and at seven the following morning telephone calls are being received from towns fifty miles away, anxious voices demanding to know the chances of getting in on the call. The efficiency of this grapevine telegraph is a thing to marvel at. It functions day and night.

While many World War veterans have found steady employment in the movie industry as directors, actors, scenarists, cameramen and whatnot—a hundred are members of Hollywood Post of the Legion—Mr. Lopez is not optimistic as to the opportunities offered to former fighters for democracy particularly in the acting field—and he should know.

"In the first place the average World War veteran is now too old to succeed on the screen," he declares. "The demand is for youth—and I should not use such a word as demand when the supply so far exceeds it. Although battle pictures have enjoyed a phenomenal run in public favor the time is approach-

ing when only ten percent of our calls will be for extras in films of that character.

"Among three thousand live registrations in our bureau, not one veteran of that number is making a decent living as an extra. Yet such is the psychology of the business that a three-day job will convince the lucky man that at last he is on the way to film success. Likely as not, suffering from that delusion, he will write to his pal back East assuring him that the opportunities in the movie game are great. Within a week another deluded veteran is on our hands—if not a trio or a quartet—from the imaginative extra's home town.

"Not only among veterans but in the entire field of movie supernumeraries attempts have been made to discourage the influx. Apparently it can't be done. The odds are approximately five thousand to one against them, and that is a conservative estimate. Never mind, it's 'California, Here I Come,' confident they are the one in five thousand who will make good.

"Take our figures for a single recent month that gives a fair average. We supplied 1,868 extras to the studios. Try and divide that total by three thousand, our live registration. It is little better than half a job to a man. While some calls may have been for two or three days the great majority were for a single day's work. A few may have been paid overtime, but I venture to predict that the earnings of the 482 men we placed in the same period in clerical, mechanical or manual labor jobs, all permanent or semi-permanent, greatly exceeded the total earnings of the extra talent movie workers. My advice to all service veterans with movie ambitions can be summed up in the two words: 'Stay put.'"

It was well after seven o'clock in the evening when Mr. Lopez and I left his office. Across the street they are cutting through a new boulevard. Squatted on dirt piles, seated on the steps to the office, leaning against the building, were fifty or more veterans. If a late call came they would be on hand. Their faces looked up hopefully in the fitful light as the door opened. They fell as we walked away. Mr. Lopez assured me they would hold their posts until midnight.

Shopping for a Cure

(Continued from page 29)

diagnosed and properly treated, because that would not come within the purpose of this article.

And so, by natural evolution, came the Diagnostic Centers. The first of these clearing houses for doubtful cases was established by the Director in the Cincinnati General Hospital in 1925. Later in the same year another was cre-

ated in Mount Alto, in the District of Columbia.

The orders establishing them specify that regional officers and medical officers of hospitals within a radius of five hundred miles of each Center may send in their doubtful cases, and that the regular staff of each shall be "reinforced by a staff of prominent specialists."

Last December a third Diagnostic Center was authorized at Palo Alto, California, and soon it is hoped other centers will be added until eventually every government beneficiary, whether his ailment is service connected or not, about whose condition there is a doubt can get the very best medical advice to be had.

In a sense every Bureau hospital is a Diagnostic Center, for each has on its regular staff physicians representing practically all of the specialties. But it is obvious that every one of this great number in all the hospitals cannot be pre-eminent in his branch of medicine. In one particular, the consulting staff of outside physicians, the Diagnostic Center differs and is a big step forward.

Every case referred to a Center enters on its own merits—"without prejudice," to adopt the legal phrase. In other words, a previous diagnosis carries no weight. The patient is put through every known test, undergoes every known kind of physical examination by an expert in each of the medical specialties, and after all these results have been assembled and a diagnosis made, there is no longer, as far as is humanly possible, a doubt as to the real condition.

Patients are not, as a rule, kept for a long time in the hospitals where the Diagnostic Centers are located, especially if treatment is likely to be prolonged. After a correct diagnosis has been made they are sent to another Bureau hospital best equipped for each particular ailment.

During many visits to Mount Alto I have looked over records of patients sent there for final and conclusive diagnosis and have been struck by the number of well-known names attached to the examination sheets. Eye specialists; ear, nose and throat specialists, internists, heart men, lung men; laboratory men, for each case undergoes every known laboratory test; X-ray experts—one could go on enumerating almost indefinitely.

I have speculated often on what all these examinations would cost if one were not a Bureau patient but were on his own. Having personal knowledge of the usual and ordinary fees asked for this quality of medical service, I have estimated that the minimum would be five hundred dollars and the maximum from one thousand dollars to the almost any limit you please to conjecture. And this does not include board and nursing.

A Veterans Bureau circular dated March 5, 1926, makes the Diagnostic Centers courts of last resort with regard to diagnosis and treatment. It states that if there are any differences of professional opinion thereafter, no independent action must be taken, no change of either diagnosis or treatment recommended, except in cases of serious emergency, and that the patient "shall not be discharged by a hospital or by a regional board as not having such a condition or not being in need of such treatment."

During 1927 there were discharged

from the Diagnostic Centers at Mount Alto and the Cincinnati General Hospitals 1,717 patients with a total of more than nine thousand diagnoses, one-third of which were for major or grave conditions, and the remaining two-thirds for minor or incidental ailments. Which means that every patient, on an average, had eight things wrong with him! This shows perhaps better than anything else the thoroughness and completeness of the routine examinations.

Of those who were discharged last year with "no further treatment recommended," after a lapse of six months only eighteen percent had been rehospitalized, and yet before entering a Diagnostic Center they had been in hospitals from one to fifteen times.

Although Bureau orders explicitly provide that Diagnostic Centers have nothing to do with ratings for compensation, it is a fact that conclusions reached in the Centers have had a good deal of influence in this direction. Last year, of those patients whose cases came up for review by original rating boards, more than half had their ratings changed, and eighty-five percent of the changes were in the direction of increased compensation.

Occasionally, even in this later day, men have been connected with service for compensation as a result of their hospitalization at a Diagnostic Center. Take the case of Smyte, for instance. By the way, there never was a Smyte in the world that I ever heard of, so we'll call him that.

Smyte's home when he entered the service in 1917 was in North Carolina. There is nothing out of the ordinary in his service history. He went overseas in July, 1918, entered Germany with the Third Army, was never gassed or wounded, came back during the latter part of 1919 and was discharged from the Army, but not until 1920. No disability on discharge, or at least none recorded.

He didn't try to get a job until some time in 1921. Nothing much to complain of, "just no good" is the way he expresses it. Probably just tired all the time, and unequal to any but the mildest effort. And this "just no good" feeling has stuck with him ever since, preventing his sticking to any kind of work for many days at a time.

He finally did try to help his father on the North Carolina farm, and later he wandered from job to job, up into Pennsylvania and Maryland, working just enough to keep himself alive and without strength or ambition to get on. Back on his father's farm in 1923 and 1924, his condition continued as before, perhaps a little worse. In fact he began to complain of dizzy spells with occasional temporary loss of consciousness, of rapid heart action and more or less breathlessness at times.

Now—can you believe it?—during all these years, even up to 1927, although he has good ordinary intelligence, he had never heard of the Veterans Bureau, or of compensation or hospitalization.

(Continued on page 62)



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Shopping for a Cure

(Continued from page 61)

Once in a blue moon he consulted a doctor for his "no good" feeling or his dizziness, but that was all. One day while he was loafing in a home drug-store a local physician entered. Smyte had an inspiration; he asked him casually to tell him what was good for his throat. The doctor shot a few questions at him, then turned him sidewise, glanced at the profile of his neck and hit upon the right diagnosis, just like that. He really and actually did hit it. Smyte had goiter.

Then his local Legion post had him sent to Lake City, Florida, where he remained until last October, when he was transferred to Mount Alto for special examinations. Hyperthyroidism, or enlargement and over-activity of the thyroid gland, can cause all the symptoms of which Smyte has complained all these years. But, what is more important, it is often caused by focal infections, in tonsils, teeth and elsewhere.

Smyte has been undergoing X-ray treatment of his thyroid gland, and if that does not produce the desired results, further search will be made for local germ nests in tonsils and teeth. The chances are good for his return to normal and a life of usefulness.

I have a peculiar and personal interest in the case of Smyte. While on a visit to Mount Alto several months ago I saw him and got the details of his story at first hand. He spoke of a letter he had just received from his wife, and, rather hopelessly, said he would have to go back home at once and try to get a job. Of course this would have interrupted his treatment and spoiled his chances for recovery. But there seemed to be nothing else to do. His wife was ill and had been compelled to quit work, so no one was left to support her and their two children. I brought his case to the attention of the Legion in Washington. They got a certificate from the doctor at home who first recognized his condition, connected it up with the reports of his examination at Mount Alto, filed his claims at the regional office, and Smyte is now getting temporary total compensation.

The compensation element enters somewhat into the following case also. Richard Roe, we'll call this man, because that is as good a name as any, and because it isn't his.

Up to the time of his discharge Roe's history was much the same as that of thousands of others in the Army. He enlisted in 1917, served overseas and was in two engagements. He was gassed once, not severely, but never wounded. Once, either in France or in camp, he was told that he had a valvular heart disease, but as this is not recorded on his papers we have only his word for it.

Roe left the service in March, 1919, and his discharge papers mention no disability whatever. Later on he went to work as a taxi driver in Atlantic

City but was frequently unable to work.

As far as Roe's records disclose his first contact with a Veterans Bureau physician was in March, 1921. At that time his heart and lungs were pronounced normal. Not satisfied with this he returned in September of the same year and at this time he had an organic heart condition, with a disability of ten percent.

Having begun his shopping tour among the clinics of the Veterans Bureau he kept on trying. A chronological history of the results may not be uninteresting.

To go back to the beginning, then, at some time in 1917 or 1918 Roe had valvular heart disease. On discharge in 1919 and also in March, 1921, he had nothing wrong with him. In September of that same year he had a chronic heart condition with ten percent disability, and again in August, 1922, the same diagnosis was made.

In January, 1923, a Bureau examiner found "endocarditis, chronic," which is technical language for an organic, permanent change in the inner lining membrane of the heart caused by an old inflammatory condition. Although nothing was said of the heart-valve changes they were probably implied by the term endocarditis. It was specifically stated that his lungs were normal. In June of the same year he still had a heart condition. But this time the examiner found more serious trouble than the previous ones had discovered. And still his lungs were said to be normal.

Now, at some time during 1923, in one of the intervals between Bureau examinations he consulted a private physician who told him that he had tuberculosis affecting the upper lobe of his right lung. By the way, this physician treated him at intervals for several years thereafter and later his affidavit was most important in obtaining for Roe the necessary connection for purposes of compensation.

In fact, Roe's repeated returns to the Bureau were probably not so much for treatment as for proper compensation. He knew he could not work full time at any kind of a job and he believed his disability to be service connected. So he came back to be examined in March, 1924. And again they concentrated upon his heart. The same old story, more serious now, more involvement, and still his lungs were sound!

The story of Roe's shopping tour brings us up to July, 1926, when he evidently came into the hands of a Bureau physician who was not content with previous diagnoses, but, discarding them all, insisted upon drawing his own conclusions. Evidently he believed that Roe had tuberculosis, for he had him sent to the Diagnostic Center at Mount Alto. There the opinion was confirmed. By this time he had an active tuberculosis of the whole upper lobe of the

right lung. Such an extent of involvement indicates that the disease had existed for several years.

Moreover the heart symptoms were not due to the heart itself, but were purely incidental to the lung condition. Roe is still a bed patient, but he is on his way toward recovery. And he is getting compensation.

Some of the most difficult problems with which physicians have to deal are those that present a combination of a disordered nervous state and actual physical disabilities. Sometimes it is almost impossible to tell which is the cause and which the result.

There are many highly technical words to define mental and emotional disturbances. Psychosis, psychoneurosis, neurosis, neurasthenia, these and others are applied to various degrees and forms of such conditions, but I doubt whether one general medical practitioner in a hundred can discriminate accurately between them and label each according to its kind.

The cases of Lieutenant Jay and Private Kay are good examples in point.

Jay was discharged from the service in 1919 without any disability and did not come to the attention of Bureau physicians until 1922. At that time he had an inflammatory condition affecting both eyes, but it was rather mild. Now he was also nervous, jumpy, prone to worry a great deal about himself, and as his mental symptoms were the more prominent his chief diagnosis was given as neurasthenia. This followed him through several succeeding hospitalizations and his eyes received only desultory attention.

But the eyes grew slowly worse until in 1926 there were large ulcers on the front of each and total blindness threatened. Then began a search for the cause; swabbings from his nose and throat were repeatedly taken and examined in the laboratory, but the criminal germ was not found. So he was still said to have neurasthenia and the eye condition was noted as a minor complaint.

Then, last year, he was admitted to Mount Alto, and after long continued search, it was discovered that Jay had

an inflammation at the base of the brain. The same disease-organism was also responsible for the ulcers on both eyes. Proper treatment is now removing the brain and eye condition, not only restoring his sight, but clearing up his mental disturbance.

Private Kay, however, was said to be totally blind at the time of his discharge, and totally blind he has been on the hospital records for years. Although occasionally examiners suspected that his blindness was in his mind and not in his eyes this was not proved until he came to the Diagnostic Center. But it was determined at last that he can see as well as anyone. Some time later a hospital employe saw him driving an automobile!

In these two contrasting cases, then, we have a partially blind man, with brain disease, labelled a neurasthenic; and a mental case, with good vision, called blind. One without medical training would think that it would be easy enough to tell which of these two had an organic disease and which a purely nervous disorder. But actually it was most difficult. It took many examinations and much laboratory research to prove that one was caused by specific germs and that in the other the blindness was not actual but the result of self-deception.

Probably no better examples than these could be given to illustrate the value of the Diagnostic Centers. They are super-clinics where doubts may be cleared up, differences of opinion among physicians finally settled, and treatments outlined that will bring about recovery if such a thing is possible.

But they were not created as havens of refuge for patients with perfectly obvious conditions who have grown dissatisfied with other hospitals or for those who are restless and want a change. Nothing would be gained by sending such cases to Mount Alto or Cincinnati or Palo Alto. The result would be both a loss of money for transportation and a loss of space in the hospital that otherwise would be occupied by those who need the extraordinarily skilled attention that the Bureau provides.

Down by the Rio Grande

(Continued from page 33)

who swung from the mesquite trees escort to Auxiliary meetings wives whose fathers and grandfathers were the cattlemen of the district or wore the much feared uniform of the Texas Rangers. Gone are the harum-scarum, wild-eyed days of the old border. They have given place, as such days always must, to more sedate, orderly times of trade and agriculture and prosperity. Grazing land at fifty cents per acre can support wild doings. Irrigated farms worth five hundred dollars per acre are too valuable to permit such goings-on.

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abled service man and his wife, a former Navy nurse, who cleared well above ten thousand dollars net from a few acres of Bermuda onions. These two were badly in need of money. Their tiny farm barely peeked out from under the edges of the mortgage they gave when they bought it. The interest charges were back-breaking. They had to make a clean-up or else lose all they had.

So they put in onions, and nothing but. Probably this sounds to you like a prosaic, uninteresting thing to do. But in the Valley onions are a gambling crop. Along with watermelons and half a dozen other (Continued on page 64)

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Down by the Rio Grande

(Continued from page 63)

kinds of garden truck, onions have the distinction of being able to make or break a grower. If the Valley crop of onions or watermelons happens to ripen ahead of the winter crop of the same thing in other warm sections of the country, it has a value and brings a price far higher than if another crop beats it to market! Rushed in express cars to the northern cities which are still under snow, the first shipments enrich their lucky owners. It is much like the races that the clipper ships used to stage to Gloucester and Salem with the new tea crop from China.

The former doughboy and his Navy nurse wife decided to shoot the works on onions. Their flyer yielded big returns. That year the Texas onion crop got to market first of all and brought fancy prices. From the proceeds of their gamble—they admit it was much like fading Franc-Terror with a four-months' pay-check—they paid off the mortgage, paid off their other debts and banked enough money to carry them through the rest of the year. Last winter they played safe by growing the sure-fire crops that yield a good return with less risk.

Not until some time after 1900 can you say that this Valley country was pacified. Up to 1916 six-shooters were as much a part of a man's costume as were his pants, shoes and shirt. Everybody went heeled, for there was no telling when a gun would be needed.

A far cry, my friends, from that time to this. No more do you see side arms in evidence, except upon armed peace officers. Instead, we find a prosperous land, with everybody busily going about his business of making a living—and making a good one, too. Stretched along the railroad are thrifty towns with thriving posts of The American Legion, posts which carry on programs of civic work and which have standing in their communities such as might make envious most posts in older parts of the country.

Donna, for example, has troops of Boy Scouts under the protecting wing of the Legion post. Its Legion clubhouse is worth twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars. At Edinburg the post sponsors a Scout troop and recently carried on a clean-up campaign which the Legionnaires' fellow citizens say did their town a world of good.

At Mercedes—the town that lost out in the membership contest celebrated over beans and quail, water and champagne at Matamoros—the post has had one Scout troop for a long while and a few months ago organized its second. The Mercedes post owned a lot which cost \$1,600; last September the lot was sold for \$7,500 cash. Now the post is about ready to build a fifteen-thousand-dollar club house. The president of the Mercedes Kiwanis Club is a Legionnaire. So is the president of the Rotary

Club. Five of the eleven directors of the Chamber of Commerce are members of the post. It's the same way all up and down the Valley.

Only recently the San Benito post moved into a thirty-five-thousand-dollar clubhouse. The post at Mission owns and operates the Hidalgo County Fair. In McAllan the Legion took over and sponsored a park and playground. At Brownsville the post provides wholesome entertainment and swells its treasury by giving Thursday evening boxing matches at Fort Brown. The Valley district is always a leader in membership, in 1927 being the first district in Texas to reach its paid-up quota. No wonder, when drives like the bean-eating contest bring into the fold practically every eligible man and woman.

But enough of the present. Let's look back down the years to the historic times when armies marched and counter-marched along and through the Valley, when the towns that today are concerned chiefly with the price of citrus fruits in Eastern markets were held alternately by Mexico and the United States, by Union troops and Confederates, interspersed by bandit raids that held whole cities captive until the Federal troops drove off the raiders into the mesquite thickets.

Most of the excitement centered around Brownsville, still the metropolis of the Valley. Brownsville, by the way, is almost as far south as the tip of Florida. Key West is but one hundred miles nearer the equator.

The first authentic records of any white man in this section are in the chronicles of Father Olmos—you will find when you visit San Antonio next October, a great dam named after this intrepid missionary explorer. Father Olmos left Tampico, Mexico, in 1526 on a missionary expedition that carried him around the Gulf coast as far as Cape Sable, Florida. On his return he brought with him a number of converted Indians and established a colony of these new-made Christians on the south bank of the Rio Grande near the mouth.

Where Matamoros, Mexico, now stands there were Spanish settlements, known as Pueblo de Refugio, about 1790. From 1800 on, the whole section that is now the American side was known as Matamoros Commons, because here the citizens pastured their livestock on the common grazing ground.

The first settlement on the north side of the river was established about 1815 or 1820. It was only a small river hamlet when Taylor marched in on his expedition. In 1846 his men threw up an earthwork, still to be seen, opposite the brick fort at Matamoros. This earthwork later became Fort Brown.

Only twelve miles from Brownsville, at Palo Alto, Taylor's men defeated a sizeable Mexican army. And when they

had reformed after this defeat, the Mexicans made a stand and were finally routed back across the Rio Grande in the decisive battle of Resaca de la Palma, four miles northeast of Brownsville. An unknown first lieutenant of infantry named U. S. Grant participated in both these fights.

In the early '50s a Colonel Robert E. Lee was stationed at Brownsville and later commanded the post at Rio Grande City. During the Mexican War a captain of volunteers later to make his fame as President Jefferson Davis of the Confederate States of America was on the post.

In the Civil War, Brownsville was captured by Federal forces after three years. During the last two years of the war, when it had been recaptured by the Confederates, it was an extremely important outlet for Confederate cotton and was the port through which most of the medical supplies, ammunition and other foreign imports were received.

Matamoros in two years became a city of forty thousand. Other cities, since disappeared except for scattering heaps of bricks, prospered exceedingly through dealing thus legally in what otherwise would have been contraband. The situation was complicated because Mexico at the same time was in the throes of the conflict between the Maximilian imperialists and the anti-imperialists.

The last battle of the Civil War was fought at Palmito, twelve miles below Brownsville, thirty days after Lee's surrender at Appomattox. News traveled slowly to those parts, and news of the dissolution of the Confederacy was not received until the day after the battle.

Just before the Civil War the Mexican bandit Cortina, in 1859, had been carrying on an active guerilla campaign of ranch-raiding on the north side of the

Rio Grande. One day he descended upon Brownsville, at a time when there was no garrison at Fort Brown. He looted the city calmly, then established his camp about fifteen miles up river, with the Mexican flag triumphantly waving above it. It required several months more than a year for Federal and local forces to drive him back across the Rio Grande.

In November of 1863 came a day when Brownsville was again unoccupied by either Federal or Confederate troops. They were all out of town fighting. For three days Cobos, a fellow officer of Cortina's, occupied Brownsville once more until Federal troops drove him out. It was only upon the conclusion of a treaty by which troops of either government are permitted to pursue marauders into the territory of the other—under this treaty of 1870 Pershing led his troops into Mexico in 1916—that Cortina was thoroughly squelched.

So Brownsville owns the distinction of being the first and only American city of any importance ever to have fallen to a foreign bandit. And it was also from Brownsville, in the early '70s, that Porfirio Diaz launched the revolution which made him president of Mexico.

Historic ground, this Texas Valley. Bloody ground, more fought over than any other in our country. More recently raw pioneer land, with rustlers and six-guns and slip-noose justice. And today a rich country, with its grapefruit orchards heavy beneath the pale golden wealth, with its fields laden with vegetables for which St. Louis and Chicago, Detroit and New York and Boston pay famine prices while their own gardens are buried beneath six-inch blankets of snow. A stronghold of the Legion, where every town has a post and every post is active and vital to the town.

A Hot Time in the Old Town

(Continued from page 13)

positions on the line. Suddenly a violent tempest swept across the sea and peal after peal of loud thunder crashed through the air. The rain came down in streams. Our ponchos offered little protection against the driving storm, but the soldiers went about their business according to prearranged plans. We took up our position on the beach on the extreme left of General Greene's brigade and tested our communications. Every detail was prepared for the attack.

By eight o'clock the First Colorado Regiment, the advance wave of the brigade, and the artillerymen of the Utah batteries were in place and ready to go. The hours of the morning were moving very slowly, too slowly for us. Great masses of vapor and heavy showers of rain drifted across the water, and at times we could hardly see Cavite and the fleet nearby. Promptly at nine thirty the navy opened fire. This was followed

in a few minutes by the guns of the Utah battery. Our brigade on the left was directing its fire against Fort de San Antonio Abad and the trenches in front. At the same time the Astor battery, part of General MacArthur's brigade, commanded by Captain Peyton C. March, Chief of Staff during the World War, opened fire on Blockhouse 14 and the Spanish trenches nearby.

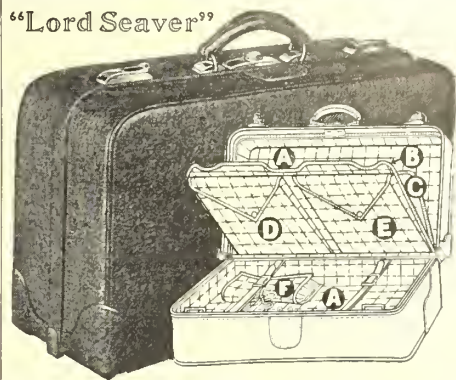
First one ship, then another, came into view at our signal station. One projectile after another burst through the air and hit the Spanish trenches before us. Right close to our shore—less than two miles away, in fact—the *Callao*, which less than three months ago hoisted the Spanish flag, was now fighting our cause. We could see the spray of its projectiles and hear the crackling as they struck the native bamboo huts.

The firing was deliberate and careful and nearly every shot took effect in San Antonio de (Continued on page 66)



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A Hot Time in the Old Town

(Continued from page 65)

Abad. The concentration lasted for about three quarters of an hour when I received word to signal the fleet to cease firing as we were ready for the assault.

At ten fifteen the First Battalion of the First Colorado stepped off. The Mausers crackled from the Spanish trenches, but the fighting Westerners were not to be stopped. Two of us, Sergeant Jurs and I, were directed by Major Thompson to accompany the Colorado wave and mark with our large signal flags the extreme left flank of the advancing American line so that the navy would know exactly where it was.

Escorted by Privates Frazier and Wadack, who covered us from Spanish fire by their own rifles, Jurs and I stepped off the beach and into the water ahead of us. We held our signal flags high and marched forward with the water up to our armpits. Close behind us came Sergeant "Big Mitt" Kelly, Sellers and the rest of the beach detail carrying their communication lines and instruments in the wake of the infantry.

We marched forward into the Spanish fort, and our red and white signal flag was the first American ensign to wave over the conquered ramparts. Hardly had we reached Fort San Antonio de Abad, however, when a tall, lanky young officer in the Colorado volunteers climbed the mast before us, tore down the Spanish flag and hoisted the Stars and Stripes in its place.

The tired, bedraggled and mud-spattered Colorado volunteers let out a wild yell of triumph. Their band, which was marching close behind, struck up the fa-

miliar tune "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" and we marched triumphantly forward. Close behind the Colorado troops came the Eighteenth United States Infantry, the Third Artillery, and the California, Nebraska and Pennsylvania volunteers. Not a single obstacle remained in our way as we marched triumphantly up the Calle Real through the villages of Malate and Ermita and into the walled city of the Spanish citadel of Manila.

In the meantime the brigade on the right, commanded by General MacArthur, was carrying out its assigned mission. Little difficulty was experienced in driving the Spaniards from Blockhouse 14 and from the trenches in their front. The men in his brigade told me later that they heard the cheering of our men as we moved forward and, encouraged by our success, they, too, began their move up the Pasay Road toward Manila. The enemy, however, had taken up a strong position outside of the little hamlet of Cingalon, and there occurred the most stubborn resistance and the fiercest fighting exhibited by the Spaniards that day. The brunt of the attack was borne by the 13th Minnesota, the 23d Infantry and the Astor battery.

Early in the afternoon Manila had surrendered. A white flag of truce was hung over the walled city. There was still some firing to be heard in General MacArthur's sector, in the region where the insurgents had also been fighting the Spaniards. Theirs was an unusual situation. Supposedly our allies, it was difficult to ascertain even at that time

whether they were working for our interests or for their own. The Spaniards feared a wave of insurgents in the streets of Manila fighting by guerilla methods and the probabilities of wholesale looting much more perhaps than our arms.

Our signal detachments in both brigades and along the beach moved right along with the fighting soldiers, and at no time during the fight and the capture of the city was communication interrupted. Fifteen minutes after the troops of Brigadier General Greene's brigade had gained the Spanish entrenchments we had established telegraph communication with our supporting troops. A few minutes later we had strung our wire a half a mile further, and opened an office in an English house in the outskirts of Malate. Communications were interrupted for a short time after the battle by troops passing over and breaking the wire, but by the middle of the afternoon everything was in first-class order.

Before sundown we had established a telegraph office at General Anderson's new headquarters near the walled city, and all the troop units of the Second Division, Eighth Corps, were in telegraphic communication.

The United States Army, suffering but five killed and forty-three wounded, with a force of but 8,500, most of them with no previous military training, matched against 13,000 veterans of the Spanish forces, had captured Manila in one day's fight. When we lined up for the retreat ceremony that day the Stars and Stripes were flying from the mast where Spain had been supreme for centuries.

Scouts—Good and Bad

(Continued from page 25)

express relay run from the Missouri River to San Francisco in ten and eleven days. The French take life easier as a race. Freight was carried over their route. The pony express carried only letter mail, written on tissue paper, and the postage, if I remember rightly, was five dollars an ounce.

The French always got along with the Indians better than we did, principally because the French were hunters and trappers, not settlers. They did not want the Indians' lands. They began to interbreed with the Indians early and in my time there were few if any pure-blood French in the West. Their personal habits and philosophy of life was more like an Indian's than a white man's. All of which made them first-rate masters of scouts. Laramie, Wyoming, was Fort Laramie in my day and before that it was a post of the Northwest Fur Company named for a Frenchman, one Jacques La Ramie. In

the seventies down on the flats near the river not so far from the fort there was a settlement of the descendants of some of Monsieur La Ramie's associates. They all lived with squaws. We got some of our best guides from there, such as Louis Richaud, Nick Jeunesse, Louis Changrau, Louis Stagnier, Baptiste Pourrier and Baptiste Garnier. We called the two Baptistes Big Batt and Little Batt.

No one really ever dreamed that chiefs of scouts one day should become such creatures of romance. I can fancy the blank look that would have overspread the countenances of Liver Eatin' Johnson or Nick Jeunesse if someone had told them that they were making places for themselves in history. The more particularly, perhaps, because I am pretty sure neither of them could read.

There were exceptions to the rule, of course. Jack Crawford, "the Poet Scout" as he came to be known, was a man of

gentle instincts. As a dresser he could outdo Buffalo Bill, or tie him at any rate. He was a great fellow to sit around a fire at night and recite his poetry and sing songs, and it didn't matter whether anyone was listening or not.

I saw Jack Crawford not long before he died four or five years ago. He had come to Washington and hearing that I lived there he looked me up. He was still in the scout business—the Boy Scouts. He had brought some of the lads to the capital and was showing them the sights and giving them lessons in patriotism.

A chief of scouts rode a mule. That was the only way they could keep up with their scouts, who traveled on foot. A horse could never do it. We used to figure that infantry could travel two and a half miles an hour, cavalry from four to six miles an hour and scouts eight to ten miles an hour. An Indian could cover on *(Continued on page 68)*

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Scouts—Good and Bad

(Continued from page 66)

foot from fifty to seventy miles a day over country you could not get anything on wheels through and keep it up as long as required, which would not be indefinitely, of course, for at that pace he would soon get clear out of the theatre of operations. A cotton shirt and a pair of pants with a sort of breech-clout arrangement of his own contriving and moccasins were all he wore. A white or sometimes a red band of cloth tied about his head was his scout insignia. He made his own leggings of deer, buffalo or cowhide. Southern Indians wore long leggings with three folds at the top. As soles wore out they cut new ones from folded leather at the top of the leggings. They carried a rifle and belt of ammunition which they often slung over their shoulder, along with a string of jerked meat of some kind to chew on the road. Thus equipped a scout could march a horse off of his legs.

Scouts were never much trouble on a march, being too busy for one thing, but in camp they were often a problem.

The big thing we always had to watch out for was the Indians getting drunk. Whisky has a worse effect on an Indian than on any other race of people I know of; and I have known few Indians who did not drink. There is just one thing to do when a drunken Indian acts as if he is looking for trouble and that is to lay him out first.

The late General Leonard Wood joined us as contract surgeon in Arizona in 1886, a young doctor just out of Harvard. He did not know a thing about the West, but he was enthusiastic over frontier army life, zealous in the discharge of his duties and well liked. He had not been with us so very long when we went into camp and the Indians got paid off and despite our vigilance some of them got liquor with the usual result. I just happened along in time to see a big buck reel up to Dr. Wood and start to curse him with every oath he could lay his tongue to. The doctor seemed surprised more than anything else and stood there facing the Indian apparently with the notion of trying to humor him as one will sometimes handle a friend who has taken a couple too many. This enraged the Indian all the more and with a movement so fast that Dr. Wood probably never saw it he whipped a knife from his belt. I had already clubbed my rifle. I brought it down on the buck's skull and then proceeded to tell Dr. Wood a few things about etiquette in the presence of a drunken Indian.

After that incident I did not see Dr. Wood again for fifteen years. In 1901 I had returned from the war in Cuba and was instructor in pack transportation at West Point when I received instructions to report to General Wood, then military governor of Cuba. In due time I arrived in Havana and reported

at the Palace where the governor had his headquarters. I was greeted by his aide, Colonel (now Major General, retired) Hugh L. Scott with whom I fell to talking of old Indian days. When the governor was free, Colonel Scott took me to see him. There we continued our reminiscences, Wood joining in. He said he remembered his years in the West as the most interesting of his life and asked me about many of the people he had met there. He said he had heard that Packmaster Willis Brown had been killed in Mexico, and asked if I had any details. Wood and Brown had become friends, it seemed. I related what I knew of his death.

After a campaign Brown had drawn his money and gone into northern Mexico to buy horses on private speculation. He took a Mexican with him as a guide. They had been out three or four days when the Mexican shot Brown in his sleep, and, I suppose, robbed him. Weeks later Jack Wilson, a chief of scouts I had known for years, heard of this. Wilson got on his horse and rode alone into Mexico. Two hundred miles below the border he found Brown's murderer, killed him, strapped the body behind the cantle of his saddle and brought it into Bowie, Arizona, where he threw it on the ground, as much as to say, "I've avenged the death of my friend."

The story impressed General Wood very much. His voice softened when he remarked that this was one of the finest examples of personal loyalty he had ever heard of. He said it was like the West.

I have spoken of the Indian's loyalty to the white people he served. As a rule it was genuine. In my dealings with him I have found the Indian as honorable a man, by and large, as his white brother. There were exceptions, naturally, as the following episode will illustrate.

In the fall of 1885 I arrived at Fort Bowie in charge of a party consisting of two Apache scouts, Jack Wilson and myself, that had been sent into the mountains to recover stolen mules and break up a gang of army stock rustlers. We found the mules and the thieves. We brought the mules back with us, and this procedure met with the pleasure of General Crook to whom I reported.

About this time Captain Emmet Crawford, Third Cavalry, rode into the post bound for Fort Apache to engage scouts for an expedition into Mexico against the celebrated Apache warrior Geronimo. Captain Crawford was one of the famous Indian fighters of his day. Returning from Fort Apache with one hundred and ninety-five scouts he organized his expedition along rather novel lines. Geronimo being able to cover one hundred miles to white troops' twenty-five, and to subsist on what troops would refuse to eat, Crawford resolved to take no troops. The peril of the pro-

cedure was pointed out, but Emmet Crawford was afraid of nothing on this earth. I frankly felt complimented when he asked me to command one of the two pack trains of the expedition.

With three officers, a surgeon, two chiefs of scouts, the pack trains and the one hundred and ninety-five scouts, we crossed the border on the first day of December, 1885, and entered the trackless mountains of northern Mexico. Inasmuch as everything, our lives included, depended upon the fidelity and success of the scouts, I fell to studying them, which was not difficult, as scouts and packers were always thrown a good deal together on the march. At night scouts usually gathered about the camp fires of the packers. The chief scout (not chief of scouts) was a Chiricahua Apache named Noche. The medicine man was a Coyotero Apache named Na-wha-ze-tah, or Nosey, as we called him because of his long nose. A band of scouts without a medicine man was inconceivable. He was their spiritual leader and was expected to foretell the future. I knew these Indians to be all right but there were others I was not so sure of, in particular one Bedaz-ishu, or Dutchy as we called him.

I had served with Dutchy on other campaigns and knew him to be a drunkard, a thief and a murderer. At Fort Cummings, New Mexico, one night he got his skin full of mescal and was running the other scouts around with a butcher knife. I was directed to arrest him. I motioned to Yuma Bill and Rowdy, two scouts I could rely on, and had Yuma Bill approach Dutchy in front and engage his attention while Rowdy and I slipped up from behind and disarmed the renegade. We took him to the guardhouse where an officer made him carry a load of wood on his back for two hours. It was a punishment very humiliating to an Indian and I knew Dutchy would wait his chance to get even with the United States Army. When Captain Crawford made Dutchy his body servant I thought it little better than hugging a rattlesnake and resolved to keep my eyes peeled.

After being out about a month we were two hundred miles below the border and from signs and actions of the scouts I became convinced that they knew more about the movements of Geronimo than they were reporting to Captain Crawford. I talked it over with Chief of Scouts Tom Horn (who, poor fellow, was eventually hanged for murder as a result of a killing I believe to have been accidental). Horn was of my opinion about the scouts. Diplomacy was necessary, however, for there we were, a handful of white men in hostile country, surrounded by one hundred and ninety-five Indians on whom we were entirely dependent to get back to civilization. I talked to Corporal Juan, one of the scouts, and being satisfied that my suspicions were correct, I called in Noche, the chief scout, and told him that he had better go to the captain and tell him all he knew. Next morning

Noche and the medicine man, Nosey, approached Captain Crawford, followed by a number of scouts. A long pow-wow followed, Nosey telling the scouts what was expected of them. He made them kiss the medicine bag—a small buckskin sack—and repeat a vow. The performance had the appearance of sincerity and I thought that we should presently encounter Geronimo.

And sure enough that afternoon word came that the hostiles were located in camp and sun-drying meat. Crawford decided on a reconnaissance. He told me I must stay behind with the trains but that he would send for me in time to get in on the attack. The captain and I were standing in front of a fire talking it over when someone came up from behind and placed one hand in friendly fashion on one of my shoulders and the other on the captain's shoulder. It was Dutchy.

"Mule Captain," he said in Spanish, meaning me, "you know much." Most southern Indians spoke Spanish but no English.

"Yes," said I, "and, Dutchy, you're going to stay here with me."

Crawford knew what I was driving at. "No, no," he said. "Dutchy, you come with us." And to me in English, "Oh, he's all right."

"It is to be hoped so, Captain," I observed.

As the night wore on Nosey "made medicine" and a wild and weird performance it was, or at any rate it struck us that way because of the tenseness of the atmosphere. During the show we were startled by the arrival of two white men who proved to be Sheriff Stevens of Cochise County, Arizona, and Frank Leslie, a rancher, who had come to arrest Dutchy for murder. Captain Crawford took them out of earshot and explained the delicacy of his situation. He promised to deliver up Dutchy after the campaign, which satisfied the officer. But the scouts suspected something and I am pretty sure they guessed the truth of what had happened.

Next day Captain Crawford left with practically the entire scout command. I climbed a spur of rock and followed the winding column until it disappeared from view, and returned to camp with a feeling of depression that I have never experienced before or since. I understood Crawford's reason for taking Dutchy. He wanted to show the Indians that he did not fear the worst of them. That is one sure way to impress an Indian, but just the same this time I did not like it.

The next few days of waiting were long ones indeed. One morning I was awakened before dawn by a pull at my blanket. I opened my eyes to behold Corporal Juan, the scout whose duplicity had been detected a week before, bending over me. He had a note from Captain Crawford. It said to break camp, take some supplies and follow Juan, who would lead me to the main command.

Two days later at about eleven in the morning another scout approached us with a message (Continued on page 70)

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Scouts—Good and Bad

(Continued from page 69)



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from Lieutenant Maus. It said that Captain Crawford had been mortally wounded in a fight with Mexican troops, that the command was out of rations, and for God's sake to hurry up. We lightened our loads and pushed on at forced-march speed and that afternoon met the main body with my unconscious friend, the captain, on a litter. I took charge of the litter, and carried it with my train for five days when Captain Crawford breathed his last without regaining consciousness. So passed the finest soldier and noblest gentleman I ever knew.

Maus told me what had happened. When Geronimo's trail was picked up Captain Crawford had stretched a corral rope about camp at nights and refused to let any scout outside without permission, so that no unfaithful member of his party might give the hostiles warning of the approach. Finally Geronimo's camp was located and Crawford disposed his command for a surprise attack. Despite the greatest precautions the surprise was lost by the "accidental" firing of a scout's rifle beforehand. Thus Geronimo was warned and the attack failed, the hostiles scattering among the mountains like so many quail, and just as impossible to pursue. Crawford encamped on the ground formerly occupied by Geronimo and while there a body of Mexican troops, also after Geronimo, turned up and attacked Crawford's camp under the impression that Geronimo was still there.

Crawford's scouts hated the Mexicans and were returning their fire heavily

when Crawford rushed out to stop it. The Mexicans, naturally, kept on firing and after several attempts to let them know that they were assaulting the wrong people, Crawford, accompanied by Dutchy, went along to a point of vantage. Handing his rifle to Dutchy, he climbed upon a boulder in full view of the Mexicans and waving a white handkerchief in each hand shouted, "No tiro. no tiro—Americanos!"

A moment later Dutchy came running up saying that Captain Crawford had been shot by the Mexicans. The captain was found at the foot of the boulder. He had been shot on the side of the head and his arm had been broken by the fall from the rock. A search of his person failed to reveal anything but a watch with a broken crystal, although it was known that Crawford carried a large sum of money. Dutchy had robbed his commanding officer. No one else could have done it and I have always believed that Dutchy and not the Mexicans killed Captain Crawford. The nature of the wound and the disappearance of the money were evidence enough for me, irrespective of Dutchy's known character.

Nevertheless nothing was ever done about it. When we got back to Arizona the wily Dutchy went hostile before the officers could get him for any of his previous murders. He joined Geronimo as a warrior. After the capture of Geronimo he was sent as a prisoner of war to Florida and then to Oklahoma, where I hear he got into trouble and was killed. If he wasn't he should have been.

9:35 P. M.

(Continued from page 17)

here and he's holding me. The only evidence I've seen so far implicates no one but himself. . . ."

Colonel Wheaton turned slowly, with the dignity that befits the general staff, and looked inquiringly at Meigs.

"What murder?" he asked.

"A woman named Beret."

"Major Chaffee was there?"

"I haven't said so, sir."

"You were?"

"I was at her café searching for stolen property just before the murder, sir. . . ."

"Find any?" the colonel interrupted.

"No, sir," Meigs admitted.

"Who said there'd be any there?"

"No one, sir."

"You search every house in France for stolen property?"

"No, sir. Captain told me to search all roadhouses in the canton." He proceeded hurriedly, in an effort to ward off another interruption. "I dropped my gloves at the gate. Miss Ames—the Red Cross girl whom you saw as you came in—found them. But there's other evidence. Major Chaffee isn't

held just now on the murder case. He's held for smashing a crossing gate."

"For what?" Staff dignity welled out of Colonel Wheaton. "I don't expect to be called from bed at this time in the morning to listen to nonsense!"

"It's not nonsense, sir. There's a woman been killed. I don't call that nonsense. And I intend to prove that Major Chaffee was at the scene of the killing."

Colonel Wheaton raised his eyebrows judicially. "Can he prove that, major?" he demanded.

"He can not."

"Can you prove you weren't there?"

The finance quartermaster shook his head vigorously. "I don't have to. I know regulations, sir."

"I hope you do! Sit down, I want to get at the bottom of this. Lieutenant, by what idiotic reasoning have you drawn this officer into your affairs?"

"I'll explain, sir. This Madame Beret. . . ."

"Who'd you say she was?"

"A respectable café owner, sir."

"Glad to know there was one. How'd

she happen to be murdered if she was so respectable?"

"I don't know, sir," Meigs paused. Interest in justice made him repeat: "But she *was* respectable, sir. . . ."

"Go on!" Colonel Wheaton commanded.

"Yes, sir. She was shot at about half past nine last night in her own café, St. Hubert's. Major, Chaffee's clerk, Sergeant Cass, was picked up by men shortly afterward on the road without a hat or pass, and with a menu card from the St. Hubert in his pocket. A car, that looked like the major's, is known to have been at the café at approximately the same time. Returning to town it smashed a crossing gate. . . . I have witnesses who'll swear it was making fifty miles an hour or better . . . and broke a headlight. The major's car, out in front this minute, has a smashed headlight and fender and is daubed with white paint. I asked him whether Cass was using his car—it was the most generous thing to believe. He denied it. I intend to prove that the car was at the murder. He insists that nobody but himself was in it all evening. That's my case, briefly."

The chief of staff cleared his throat. He looked with a puzzled face from Meigs to Chaffee and back.

"Well, Major, I suppose you deny that?"

The finance quartermaster made a quick, impatient gesture. He ignored Lieutenant Meigs. "I did happen to go to that café," he admitted to the chief of staff, "but I don't know about any murder."

Meigs felt his heart thumping. The facts of the case were straightening themselves out.

"You admit you were there?" Colonel Wheaton inquired. His voice was raised this time. It put discomfort into Major Chaffee and an attempt at self-defense.

"Yes, sir. This policeman admits he was. And that girl he had here a minute ago admits she was. And there's a fat fool of a medico upstairs who was wandering around somewhere in the rain talking about fish. I'm no deeper in it than they are. If this idiot files charges against me, I'll file them against him and the girl."

"But what were *you* doing there?" Wheaton demanded.

"I had a good reason, sir. It didn't have anything to do with stolen property in a respectable roadhouse, either. I was hunting my man Cass. He's been making a fool of himself over a girl out there—oh, sit down, Lieutenant! There're lots of things you police don't know! Her mother came to see me one day. . . ."

"That was the murdered woman?" Wheaton's voice rang like cold iron on the word "murdered."

"Yes, sir, Madame Beret. She came to me much worried because her daughter was planning to go back to the States with Cass. I try to look out for my men. I'd seen the girl. No more suitable for Cass than he would be for her. The mother explained there was another man in the case. . . ."

"Another man?" Lieutenant Meigs spoke in spite of himself. He turned heatedly to the chief of staff. "The major didn't take the trouble to tell me this. . . ."

"I didn't have to. Don't have to tell you anything!"

"Who was the other man? I've got to know that, sir!"

"The mother didn't say who he was. Maybe you for all I care." Chaffee stopped for breath, grimly satisfied with his reply, and allowed his eyes to rest scornfully on the D. C. I. lieutenant.

"I never saw the girl till after the murder," Meigs protested.

A thin smile appeared, and immediately vanished, on the chief of staff's stern face. "I'm questioning the major," he admonished.

"Last night we got an order at eight o'clock to turn out that regimental pay roll at once for this morning's troop movement. I sent for Cass. We couldn't find him. I needed him particularly. . . ."

"Why?"

"He had the keys to the field safes, to begin with. We couldn't even find all the originals on the rolls. Besides, he's the only one in the office who knows the latest regulations on getting out the rolls. . . ."

The chief of staff raised his eyes reprovingly.

"G. O. 171 requires all officers to be familiar with every branch of paper work in their department, Major. Perhaps you haven't seen it yet?"

"Of course I have! I just haven't caught up yet."

"Go on," Wheaton ordered decisively.

"It occurred to me Cass might be with that fool girl. I'd told him not to go to the café again. I jumped into my car and started out to see . . ."

"Alone?"

"Yes, sir, alone."

"You have a chauffeur?" Wheaton asked unfeelingly.

"Yes, sir. But he sleeps at night. Besides I like to drive my own . . ."

"General Orders of G. H. Q. forbid any officer driving . . ."

"Oh hell yes, sir, I know . . ."

"My advice, Major, is to control yourself. Go on."

"I was in a hurry and I drove fast. That crossing gate was open on the way out and the old man standing beside it. My car struck a rut just as I was nearing the café and was pushed off the road. One car passed me, didn't offer to help. A truck. These damn French never give a hand—yes, sir, I'll go on. I got the car back into the road finally and turned in to the café. The lane's pretty narrow, but at last I got down it and turned around. The woman came out—"

"I beg your pardon," Meigs broke in unceremoniously. He had forgotten all about his anger. With his eyes on Chaffee's red, indignant face he was thinking intently. "Do you happen to know what time that was?"

"I do. It was somewhere between half past nine and thirty-five after. I kept close track (*Continued on page 72*)

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9:35 P. M.

(Continued from page 71)

of the time because every minute counted in getting those rolls out. This woman . . . Madame Beret . . ."

"That's the one who was . . . killed?" Colonel Wheaton asked.

"The one. She came to the door. I didn't get out of the car. Just opened the window and called. I asked her if Cass was there. She said no, and came part way down the steps. The rain was slacking up and she was protected by the house. She said he hadn't been there and Celeste . . . that's her daughter . . . had gone to bed early with a headache. I thanked her and started the car . . ."

"You said more than that!" Meigs accused.

Chaffee turned indignantly to Colonel Wheaton. The chief of staff merely cleared his throat twice; he was not taking sides.

"Nothing more of any importance," the finance officer growled. "She called after me, something about sending her daughter away to an uncle's. I couldn't hear very well. My car backfired several times . . . made a lot of noise starting—"

"Backfired?" Meigs put in sharply.

"That's what I said! Backfired. Three or four times. A deuce of a racket. I'd overheated the engine pulling out of the ditch. Near the gate I skidded a little and the headlights shot to one side. Over to the right I saw a woman. She was standing near the stone wall."

"Outside the wall?" Meigs asked.

"Inside. Some distance. Forty or fifty paces from the gate. She dodged back into the bushes." He waved away Meigs' next question. "Needn't ask me who it was. I don't know and don't care. Didn't care then. I hadn't found Cass and that was enough. It was twenty-four minutes of ten by this time. I'd just looked at my watch. I admit I smashed that crossing gate. There was rain on my windshield and I couldn't see plainly. I was pretty mad. Made up my mind I'd file charges against Cass. I'd just got back to my office when these fool police," his disdainful gesture took in the whole D. C. I. office, "called to say that they were holding him. That's all I know about it."

He pulled back into his chair and stared, unchastened, at Lieutenant Meigs. The latter arose nervously and began to pace up and down.

"One question, please," he said. "As you were leaving the café did you look back?"

"Why should I?"

Colonel Wheaton pulled up his left sleeve and frowned at his wrist watch.

"I'm going to have breakfast," he announced. "Major Chaffee, your conduct has been, at the very least, irregular. Has all the earmarks of the militia, sir. I'm not accusing you of this—this crime. But it seems strange that an officer who's as well versed in regulations as you claim to be, should break so

many of them in one evening. And as for meddling in the love affairs of an enlisted man—"

His voice was cool, with the positive enunciation of staff omnipotence. He dusted his knees once, ill humoredly.

"I object, moreover, to being routed out of bed at dawn. As for this lieutenant and his damn gloves, I don't know anything about them. The whole affair seems to me to be a piece of silly rot. You're running in circles. What's your name, Lieutenant?"

"Meigs, sir."

"Where's your captain?"

"In Tours. Hunting stolen sugar."

"You better send for him. What's that, Major?"

"I suppose you'll explain to this policeman that I'm not to be detained any longer, sir?"

The chief of staff did not take the trouble to turn.

"I advise him to use good judgment," he said. Withdrawing into the hall, he saluted mechanically, for it had not occurred to him that neither of the officers present was standing rigidly, hand up, fingers extended, eyes to the front in deference. He was a staff officer and returned salutes automatically. Chaffee got up as the door closed.

"I'm going back to my office," he announced.

Meigs raised his hand in check. "You're in arrest, sir," he reminded him doggedly.

Chaffee snorted.

"You damn impudent young puppy . . . you'll hear from this!"

"Sit down, sir."

Chaffee glared, but sat down.

"I'm holding you, holding everyone, sir, till I get this business straightened out. Desk sergeant, the major will wait here till I get back."

"Sure he will, sir," that soldier agreed heartily. He glanced, tactlessly, at a leather covered black jack on his desk.

Meigs stepped out to the square stone porch. The heavy horn of the staff car was just sounding in imperious departure. Helen Ames waited in the run-down garden. She looked sleepy by now, and far from entertained.

"Sorry," Meigs apologized, "I took longer than I thought. I want to ask you again. Did you hear a shot just before that medical captain came up to you?"

"A shot? Certainly not. Who was that big hat who just went out?"

"The chief of staff."

"Is he one of your murderers, too?"

Meigs reddened. "No. But if you want to know, the man inside is Major Chaffee. Acquainted with him?"

"I am not. I tell you I'm from Paris."

"I wish you'd stayed there," Meigs said bitterly. He retreated to the house and through to the prison room.

It was an unpleasant apartment, smelling of straw and dampness and dis-

infectant. Sergeant Cass sat on a heavy wooden bench along the east wall. He had begun to chew gum in the interval of waiting. As the lieutenant entered, he shifted it to the other cheek.

"I know a lot more than I did a bit ago," Meigs began cheerily. "I know about you and Celeste Beret, Sergeant, all about you. I'm going to give you one more chance to tell the straight story of what happened last night."

"Thanks!" the sergeant answered, just as cheerily. "If you know so much about it, why don't you tell me?"

Lieutenant Meigs stiffened and changed his tactics. He was a good deal more experienced in handling this sort of witness than he was the one out in the garden. "You talk fast now and say a lot!" he snapped. "Know where you're headed? Right straight for a nice barbed wire yard and a few bayonets! Your major's spilled the beans! There's so many rolling around now you couldn't pick 'em up in a week. Think this is a draft board you're dodging? I want to know what time last night you got to the St. Hubert?"

"I told you I wasn't there!"

"Where were you?"

"Well, I started. Didn't get all the way."

"Started?"

"It rained. I came back to town."

"Then what?"

"I had a drink or two. Some hot grogs here and there. Lost my cap trying to hop a ride. Swung on behind a truck that wouldn't stop for me. I was pie-eyed."

"You were not!" Meigs contradicted vehemently. "Not when my men found you! Think they wouldn't know? You weren't pie-eyed when the major put you back to work. So you came in on the Red Cross truck, eh? Where'd you get this address?" He waved the menu card in the sergeant's face.

"Girl gave it to me."

"Celeste Beret?"

"You leave her out of this! You and that major make a good team spottin' all the girls! Think I don't know he's trying to cut me out?"

"Cut you out?" Meigs laughed. But the sudden fury on the fellow's face impressed him. He might be telling the truth about not reaching the café. . . .

"Twice I've caught on to him bein' there! What's he runnin' out there all the time for? What's it to him? Where's Celeste now?"

"The French police have her."

"Police? Got her locked up? Nice way to treat a girl whose mother's just up and died! Think she don't feel bad enough? You damn bulls! You let her go! She's okeh. Okeh, understand? She don't know nothing about it no more than I do. Talk to the fellows who was there?"

"I have."

"Best do it (Continued on page 74)

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9:35 P. M.

(Continued from page 72)

some more then! You say Chaffee was there. I wasn't!" The sergeant got up abruptly from the bench and, hands in pockets, began to walk the narrow width of the prison room. He started to speak again just as Seagraves, his face full of news, opened the door. The operator beckoned Meigs to the yard.

On the flagstone walk at the edge of the garden, Miss Helen Ames and Mlle. Celeste Beret were eyeing each other disapprovingly. It was the American girl's shoes that were drawing the most attention, even more than her round, rather shiny, unadorned face. Behind the French girl, the harassed gendarme Piquet, whose thin shoulders sagged even more than they had during the night, and Inspector Girardot, who still carried his fat umbrella, joined Celeste in her frank hostility. The inspector pulled the lieutenant aside.

"The daughter has a story," he muttered. "Come, Celeste. Would you keep us from breakfast all morning?"

"I went out and brung 'em in, sir," Seagraves explained. "Heard you say you wanted to talk to 'em by seven."

"Good Lord!" Meigs looked about wildly. "As if the place isn't cluttered up enough now! We can go to the storeroom. No one in custody there." He spoke to Miss Ames without meeting her eyes. "If you'll be so good as to wait a while longer. . . ."

Only one chair was available from the desk sergeant's office. When Celeste refused it, Girardot sat down upon it at once. The gendarme Piquet had started to go when the inspector summoned him back. He returned timidly, climbed to a bale of tarpaulins, and there, like a thin dog in torture, sat kicking his heels while Meigs faced Celeste Beret in the center of the untidy floor. Seagraves leaned in the door.

"Tell him," the inspector commanded. "Tell him what you told us."

It was an humbled witness Girardot had brought to town. Her defiance had passed. She had wept continuously, Meigs guessed.

"Start at the beginning," the Frenchman said.

"I can hardly make clear all of it," Celeste explained tonelessly. Her forlorn face became a shade whiter. "It is too difficult. My mother, she was what you call not reasonable. I have a good friend American. I see him often and we talk about many things. We think some day we get married. . . ."

"His name?" Girardot prompted. He waited expectantly for Meigs' surprise.

"The Sergeant Cass."

Meigs merely nodded. "Go on," he said.

"The Sergeant Cass is a pleasant friend. I have many. I can take my choice. Sometimes I look in mirrors; I know I am pretty. But my mother hates the Americans."

"All Americans?" Meigs demanded. This time he was surprised.

"All. On her face she smiles at them and sells them supper and takes the money—it is beneath us, this café business, m'sieur! My mother hates it as much as I, for all she says. When the Americans go she slams wood in the fire and cries: 'Pfaugh!' Ah yes, I have heard it many times. So she would not have me marry Sergeant Cass."

"She had someone else in mind for you?" Meigs asked. Inspector Girardot glanced up quickly.

Celeste shrugged.

"Who knows? Maybe some good French Christian! Finally—that was Wednesday—she says she is going to send me away. I have an uncle—"

"Olivier DeBusset," Meigs supplied.

"You know him?" Celeste lifted her voice.

"I've heard of him."

"Then you know he is old and unpleasant. His blood is ink. No affection. I had no wish to go to him. When I went to Le Loup to the baker I put a letter in the post for Sergeant Cass . . . I told him . . . that was Wednesday . . . I told him to come Thursday night, that I must see him. To call over the stone wall from the road."

"He came?" Meigs felt a new resentment against the sergeant. He had lied not ten minutes ago. Lied, and Meigs nearly believed him.

"Certainment he came! I told my mother I must go to bed early. She remains up by the stove most of the nights lately. She is reading of the affaire Landru, the bluebeard. She reads all the newspapers she can borrow. She will not miss me. When I hear the sergeant call—he can croak like a frog, m'sieur, exactly—I go out of the window. . . ."

"What time was that?"

"Time is not important to me, m'sieur. I do not know. I ran—vite—across the garden and the Sergeant Cass picks me in his arms over the stone wall. It was that moment a motorcycle stops on the road. It worries me, that motorcycle. I think perhaps my mother will get up to serve a drink and some way discover I am gone. The Sergeant Cass laughs at my worry. We have walked, not so far, toward Le Mans, when . . . alors! . . . it begins to rain. But first I have time to tell him of my mother's plan to send me away. Before supper I have written the address of my uncle on a card. This I give to him. I say that when he comes there I am ready. I go to America with him."

"You walked in the rain?" Meigs asked skeptically.

"But yes, and again no. There is another café not far from ours. There we halt. It is just a buvette, not respectable. A man named Pouce with one leg is the patron." Meigs remembered the place. Had he finished earlier at the St. Hubert last night he would have searched it too. He nodded, and the girl continued: "We stand in its shelter,

where the roof sticks out to cover the bicycle rack. We are talking when an auto passes. Flute! Was it rapid!"

"Which way?"

"Toward the St. Hubert. My sergeant growls when he sees it and says: 'I better duck away from here mighty quick!'"

"Why'd he say that?" Meigs asked.

"He do not confide in me why. I walk with him a little way, forty steps maybe. Maybe sixty. We embrace—I tell you everything, m'sieur. He promises he will come to my uncle for me in two, three, four weeks. I no have to urge him. I then go home. . . ."

Girardot, who had been gazing blankly at the tarpaulins on which Piquet perched so unhappily, roused to apparent consciousness long enough to command: "Inform this American lieutenant of everything you do and see."

"Oui, m'sieur!" She spoke hurriedly. The look which she flashed him was one of fear. Girardot glowered fiercely once in return, then relapsed again into his former indifference.

"I see the door of the buvette push open," Celeste said.

"Old Pouce's place?" Meigs asked.

"Oui. A man comes out."

"Who?"

"I know not. It is dark. I do not see him well. He sees me not at all." She paused rebelliously. "What difference is it? He is a man, just!"

"Tell him all!" Girardot thundered. "The lieutenant will decide what difference!"

"This man takes a bicycle and goes pedalling very fast down the road."

"Same way you are going?"

"But yes. Then a motorcycle approaches. I stay far to the side and avoid the mud. It is going toward town. A short distance farther I see an automobile that is out of the road. It climbs back on while I am some distance from it. I see one more conveyance, a camionette. It is going to Le Mans. Then I reach home."

"By the front gate?" Meigs demanded.

"But no. There is a hole in the thorn hedge at the curve, which brings me to a path. It is many steps nearer. I am at the edge of my mother's land when I hear an automobile in difficulty. 'So?' I think. 'My mother has the late customers!' This automobile is making much noise. Bang, bang, bang, as if it might blow up to heaven. It runs out of the lane finally, making the great disturbance. I hide in the bush while the lights shine my way. Then I slip on. I can see the lamp in the kitchen window. . . ."

"See the kitchen door from there?" Meigs interrupted.

"But no. The door faces the lane. I see the lamp in the window at the front. I listen at my mother's room. I hear nothing. So I wipe my shoes on the grass and climb in her window. I am very quiet. The only thing I hear is the fire in the kitchen stove. I think my mother has gone back to her reading. Quickly I undress and get on my bed."

She hesitated so long that Meigs thought she had finished. Seagraves scowled in the doorway. Piquet, on his stack of bales, his forehead once more marked with sweat, had stopped banging his heels together and sat staring lifelessly at the girl. Inspector Girardot, contented and much at ease, leaned back in his chair, the umbrella between his shins.

"Then I heard Napoleon . . . he was screaming. It was a number of minutes. How many? I have no watch. How can I tell? Ten at least. Maybe more."

Girardot came to life.

"Ten?" he grunted.

"I say ten at least. I recognize his voice. I lie still a moment wondering what has happened. I wonder if my mother has missed me while I am away and has sent for him. Then I hear him again. He is calling my name. He cries: 'Jeu-jeu!' He calls me that always. Since I am the little girl. I run out. I see her lying there in the door. And he is standing outside, looking with terror at her."

"I am too excited to think. I know she is dead. Who else but a dead woman would lie so still, and so uncomfortable in the night air? I first think perhaps they have quarrel. I accuse him. I say: 'You killed her, Napoleon!' 'Non, non!' he reply many times. 'Non, non! Why you think that?' Then I see by his face he is sorry I should think that."

Again she stopped.

"That is all?" Meigs prompted. His voice was inclined to be gentle.

"I tell Napoleon finally we should bring her in. There is a draft in the door. He helped me. That is all."

In the silence that followed Meigs heard Cass cough nervously in the prison room beyond, where a private of the guard stood watch before the barred doors. Through the window he saw Helen Ames still walking uneasily among the weed-grown flower beds. There was no sound from Captain Morris in the front room above. Meigs felt the doctor's gun in his pocket . . . two cartridges missing. And Girardot claimed two shots had been fired!

"I will not be detained one additional minute from my breakfast," the inspector announced suddenly. "I shall return." He looked sternly at Piquet. "You remain with mademoiselle," he directed. "You will eat breakfast with me, mon lieutenant?"

"No, no!" Meigs made a sound that resembled irritation. Breakfast at this time? He walked silently with the inspector to the gate. The finance quartermaster's chauffeurless car still waited by the curb, its incriminating headlight squinting blindly. Behind it the small, loaded Red Cross truck was drawn up humbly, and some distance farther back Meigs' own motorcycle in its coat of last night's mud. Chaffee . . . Cass . . . Celeste . . . Morris . . . Helen Ames . . . the lieutenant's mind flashed confusedly from one to another. Had any of them told the whole truth? The two women? Per- (Continued on page 76)



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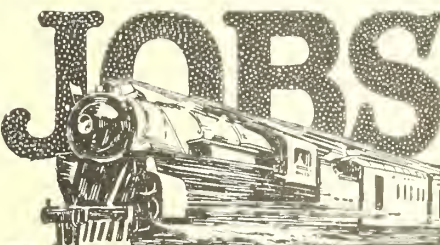
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9:35 P. M.

(Continued from page 75)

haps. Perhaps not. And the captain still in Tours. He'd come back and ask first thing for a motive!

"No motive yet," he said aloud. "If we could find that. . . ."

The Frenchman grumbled.

"If we could! Motives are much more difficult than fingerprints, m'sieur, and sometimes not as valuable. You have suspects in there?" He jerked his great head toward the D. C. I. office.

"The captain who left his bedding roll. I found a gun in it, two shells missing. Said he used them to shoot turtles. His whole story's queer. Claims he'd been fishing three days. Had a pass to Paris but went fishing instead."

"Catch any fish?"

"I didn't ask him," Meigs answered exasperatedly. "I've been too busy!"

"So?"

"I've a Major Chaffee in arrest. He smashed the railroad gate."

"Oh, ho, that one! And what does he say he was doing in the direction of the Café St. Hubert?"

"Hunting Cass, his sergeant."

"What time was that?"

"Nine thirty-five."

"The woman was alive when he left?"

"So he says." He offered Girardot a cigarette. The Frenchman shook his head impatiently. "I am no savage. I do not smoke before breakfast. But this major, it was his car the girl saw?"

"Undoubtedly."

"The same car Gendarme Piquet remarked coming out when he arrived at the gate?"

"I suppose it was. You believe the girl Celeste?"

The Frenchman raised his eyebrows. "I have been a policeman thirty-three years, mon lieutenant, long before you were born. And I have never yet heard a truthful statement until it was proven to me. I go now to breakfast. I shall think and eat. When I have completed both, I shall return."

Meigs watched the Frenchman's fat legs carry him down the narrow, inclined street and around the corner. He neglected to see Helen Ames when she motioned to him. She called.

"I want my breakfast, officer!"

"You'll get it," Meigs answered. Without stopping he walked the length of the stone passage to the prison room. Cass greeted him with a surly grunt.

"I'm giving you one last chance," Meigs cautioned. "Celeste came clean. Told us everything, from the time you croaked like a frog across the wall. . . ."

"Give her the third degree?" the prisoner snapped.

"No! But if there's any more such talk out of you I'll give you five years for disrespect!"

"I ain't talking. I don't know how. I'd like some chow. . . ."

Meigs slammed the door and wearily climbed the stair to the operations room. Although the light of full morn-

ing rolled into the windows, the lamp still burned somberly on the table. He turned it out and looked at the medical officer. He was asleep.

"Glad somebody can sleep!"

Captain Morris opened his eyes. His face twisted at once into a scowl.

"I demand—" he began.

"Don't you start demanding! There's enough of that downstairs!"

"I want breakfast."

"So does everyone else. You'll get it when you tell me a straight story. Why you, a medico, with no right to a gun anyhow, happen to be prowling around a murder with an automatic smelling of smoke and two shells gone! Talking a lot of blather about turtles and fish! Why didn't you use your pass to Paris?"

"There are regulations, Lieutenant, laws in this army. . . ."

"No news in that, Captain. I've had a chief of staff and a quartermaster telling me about 'em for an hour. I can get along without a diagnosis from the medical department. Now if you want to come through . . . if you want to tell me what you were swearing about when Miss Ames found you not fifty feet from a murder—"

"I was swearing because I hadn't caught any fish!"

"Oh my Lord!"

"Didn't have one bite in three days!"

Meigs stared at him incredulously for half a minute. Then, despondently, he left the grumbling doctor and hurried downstairs. Major Chaffee sat in the desk sergeant's room, indifferently facing the wall. He did not look up as Meigs entered.

"Reached Captain Finch yet?" the lieutenant asked the desk sergeant.

"Not yet, sir."

"Give me that telephone! I'm fed up and through! Sugar thieves! I'll show him a case to get enthusiastic about. I want Tours, operator! Barracks 66, Major Adams' office. Lynn Adams, train guard service. And quick, too!" For ten exasperating minutes the lieutenant fought through the stubborn intricacies of the A. E. F. telephone service. At length he stood up. "On his way home now," he growled.

"That's good," Major Chaffee commented sarcastically. His eyes focused on the door. "Well," he asked, "what glorious son of France is this? Another policeman?"

Inspector Girardot had returned from breakfast, the inevitable umbrella in his left hand, his right gripping a napkin, with which he was seriously wiping his mustache. He canted his head slightly as he saw Meigs, and demanded:

"Where is Celeste? I have another question."

Meigs led him to the storeroom, where the drooping Piquet stood unhappy watch. Madame Beret's daugh-

ter had taken advantage of the empty chair and was huddled on it, her head in her hands.

"M'selle," Girardot began, giving his mustaches a final vigorous rub, "you say you heard no shot?"

"None."

"And you had been abed ten or fifteen minutes when our friend Piquet called?"

She nodded.

"Ah!" The inspector put down his umbrella and laid a plump finger alongside his nose. "Where is that sergeant, the man Cass? Bon! I will confront him!" He reached into his pocket. "My pistol! Quick, friend Piquet, lend me yours. . . ."

The gendarme unstrapped his holster. His fingers shook as he handed the small nickel-plated revolver to the inspector. Once he had it, Girardot was cured of his haste to see Cass. He broke open the gun and glanced into the cylinder. With his back to the other persons in the room, he examined the priming ends of the cartridges. Two of the five had been discharged. He turned slowly, facing the gendarme.

"Napoleon Piquet, in the name of the laws of the Republic, and with desolated heart, I arrest you for the murder of Madame Beret. Vile assassin! Serpent!" He waved the revolver wildly.

Piquet had backed into a corner, hands in the air. Celeste Beret scrambled from her chair at the first cry and was sobbing: "Non, non! It cannot be! It cannot!" Piquet's sweating, anxious face twitched once. His mouth hung open a minute. He gulped and nodded.

"Very good, m'sieur," he admitted. His voice was flat as a wet drum.

Meigs shouted: "What's that? What's that you say?"

Girardot stuffed the napkin into his pocket. He paid no attention to Meigs.

"Sympathies, m'selle," he said, turning to Celeste. "I grieve for you. It was *this* terrible scorpion made an orphan of you! Piquet! How came it? Wretch, how came it you disgraced your uniform?"

The trembling gendarme did not move. His voice was a whisper.

"I swear—before God I swear—it was an accident! It was not the madame I meant to shoot! When I got the letter—"

"What letter?" Girardot demanded, still waving the pistol.

"From her, from Madame Beret! Saying this faithless Celeste would run to the wild Americas with a sergeant. . . ."

"Ah!" The inspector breathed heavily. "And who gave you that letter?"

"Pouce, at the little buvette. Madame left it for me. I stop there each day. I read the letter. I am a maniac with anger! My little Jeu-jeu—she would go away with a bold American? I am mad, I say! I (Continued on page 78)



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9:35 P. M.

(Continued from page 76)

start for St. Hubert's as soon as I read! It was I my little Jeu-Jeu saw pedaling like mad! I did not see her, God be pitied! I only see that automobile leaving the St. Hubert. I rush toward it. . . .

"Through the gate?" Girardot thundered.

"But no! I leap the fence, run among the trees. I would kill the American! The car starts from the door. I see the woman—I think it is Jeu-Jeu. I think she has bid good-night to her lover. I fire . . . thus . . . bangs . . . bangs! I am not responsible! When the woman falls she cries out. It is not my Jeu-Jeu's voice—it is her mother. I rush away. The car is departing down the lane. I am overcome. I have deep regret. . . ."

"To be sure," Girardot nodded savagely. "You have only started to regret! Go on!"

"On the road I have panic. Perhaps poor madame is not dead. I may restore her. I hurry back. I halt in the lane. I am cold with fright. Then I go on, calling Jeu-Jeu. That is all."

He sagged back on the heap of tarpaulins. Girardot lifted Celeste to her feet and carried her out into the morning sunlight. Meigs, following, belowered for a guard.

"I now will have that cigarette," the inspector said when he had deposited Celeste on a bench and returned to the office. "Thanks. It was simple. It comes to me at breakfast. How? I will tell you, m'sieur. Drinking my café au lait, I think it over. What does this scorpion Piquet say? That he arrived at St. Hubert's at the very moment the car departed. So did Celeste. Yet Celeste had time to get to bed before Piquet called her. Ten minutes, she says, perhaps more. Then what is this

gendarme doing those ten minutes? An honest man discovering a murder calls help at once."

He blew his smoke out lazily.

"You have questioned many witnesses, m'sieur?" he asked.

"Half a dozen or more."

"Too many. I questioned one. You work all night. I sit comfortable. Look at your feet. Wet. Mine are dry. You wished motives. I consulted the minutes of the hour, which do not vary. You have not eaten. And, m'sieur, I have had a good breakfast."

Major Chaffee, sitting in his chair by the wall, laughed.

"You are the fisherman?" Girardot demanded.

"No! Bring that fool medico down, Sergeant!" Meigs cried. "Release all of 'em. . . . Miss Ames, the major, Cass, the whole batch! American case! You may go, Doctor!" Captain Morris had descended the stair. His eyes were bloodshot. "Here's your gun, sir! Take it, go shoot some more turtles!"

"So you are the fisherman?" Girardot asked. "You caught with good luck?"

"No, damn it!"

"My deepest sympathy," the inspector said sweetly. "I must show you another day where hide some excellent eels. I'll take my prisoner, Lieutenant. The vile assassin! It is past your breakfast time. Good bye."

He backed toward the door, saluting with his left hand, with his right gripping his umbrella and Piquet's collar. An excited American captain bumped into him.

"Captain Finch!" Meigs cried.

The incoming officer grinned. His voice was triumphant.

"Want me, Meigs? What you think! I got the sugar thieves!"

[THE END]

A Personal View

(Continued from page 31)

Thirty-one States are now linked in our air mail routes. Postal fliers will be doing 30,000 miles a day and carrying letters at the rate of 75,000,000 a year before the year's end. Aircraft factories cannot keep up with the demand. The production of '27 which doubled that of '26 promises more than to double again in '28.

Germany still leads the world in commercial aviation, in freight and passengers carried. France is second, Italy third and Britain fourth. In that little Italian peninsula, with its area of 119,242 square miles, there are nearly 3,000 miles of air mail routes compared to 4,600 in our area of 3,026,789 square miles.

And ours is the land of distances where aviation profits by the time factor in travel, while we have the wealth to buy

the planes and pay the fares. If, relative to our area, we had as many planes as Italy what a lot we would have. You would hardly look up any time of day between New York and Chicago and not see a plane. Even Soviet Russia is very much in the game, with 3,000,000 members of her Air Union League while air routes map her vast domain into Persia and Afghanistan.

Half of the passengers carried in Europe are American tourists. Again I ask, why should they not fly at home? Why not patronize the home industry of our enterprising civil aviation companies? Will the hurrying American business man continue to yield speed to the European who has shorter distances to cover? More time gained over railroad trains from New York to Chicago than from Paris to London.

The Least of These

(Continued from page 37)

than to administer direct relief. Since Congress, in income tax and inheritance tax and other matters, has made such speculations from States' rights, a state legislator is prone to bridle and shy at any recommendation from outside the State. Legislative programs, therefore, should be state department programs. The local needs and conditions are of first importance. The National Division only sends out a minimum program which it deems is the least with which any enlightened State can get along. This minimum program is carefully planned with an eye to its financial economy, so that it can be safely said that any money spent under it will be saved to the State many times by arresting conditions that would ultimately need cleaning up at greater expense.

The foundation of good state programs requires a mild non-support law which will reach drunkards and shiftless fathers and a more drastic family desertion law which will reach those who leave the community with intent to abandon their dependents. The first obligation for support should be placed upon the father with definiteness and firmness. If the father is dead or wholly disabled and removed from the family, a state or county widowed mothers' allowance is the most economical and forward-looking method of discharging the State's obligation to insure children of tender years health and normal development. It is cheaper than any institutional care, leaves the incentive for industry in the family and gives the best opportunity for return to independence. All but four States have some such law, but only about fifteen are efficiently and adequately administered. Some county child welfare board under the supervision of a State bureau or an analogous plan devised under local custom or laws seems to promise the best administration. The county board should contain at least half unpaid members. State supervision of adoption, state supervision of eye medication at birth, state supervision through the schools of crippled children, undernourishment, neglect of teeth, retarded mentality and other handicaps through some system of school nurses will save tremendous expense in the long run. A separate system of dealing with juvenile delinquents would prevent the cost of much crime and state guardianship of illegitimate children would save many a life from wreckage. Commonly accepted standards of today regard States that do not have at least these provisions as backward in spiritual development and financial wisdom.

The United States Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor is the most effective source of distribution in the United States of up-to-date information on subjects of child welfare. Its pamphlets are available to everyone and our division has distributed not a

few of them. It is a sound argument for a children's bureau in every State.

Every social worker knows that the biggest problem in child welfare work is with the subnormal family and with children who cannot be satisfactorily educated but who might be with supervision trained to pursue a useful, working, independent life with a little help in placement. There are so many in our population that institutional care is impossible. The cost to the communities of the wretchedness unsupervised morons develop could be curtailed.

To what extent our civilized assistance to this group to survive is endangering racial improvement we can only speculate. To what extent our Creator intended that we ourselves should limit the hopelessly subnormal from passing their blight to the third and fourth generations there may be difference of opinion, but our civilization certainly has the right of self-defense.

We are studying with interest experiments now being made in some States in colonizing the hopelessly subnormal and making the whole field of child welfare work more encouraging by limiting the increase of those who cannot be rehabilitated. To what extent the uneducated but trainable moron can be colonized and made self-supporting and endurable and to what extent such colonization would impose impossible burdens upon the community are problems for the State the mention of which serves no other purpose than to indicate the vastness of the work of the future. The greatest possibility in this future is that preventive work can be done with infants to re-establish mental development and prevent mental degeneration.

To those who fear that the socialistic minded will see in social work among children and state guardianship of dependent children an encouragement of socialistic doctrine, let it be said summarily that The American Legion and Auxiliary regard the building up of childhood to make a perfect citizenship as a privilege and a duty which is not mentionable in the same breath with any obligation to persons or people who have reached maturity and must attain salvation through their own character.

It is perhaps natural that the keenest interest in this work is found in The American Legion Auxiliary. It is safe to say that the greatest part of the local efforts in a definite educational program is conducted by the Auxiliary, and \$6,000 is being distributed by the Auxiliary in 1928 through the offices of the Legion National Division.

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LEONARD H. NASON comes of pre-war New England stock—pre-King Philip's War, that is. He went to Norwich University, Northfield, Vermont, which has sent students and faculty members into every war in which America has been involved from the Mexican on, and sent them in as well-trained soldiers. Nason served as a sergeant in the 76th F.A., Third Division, and was gassed near Château-Thierry and punctured by a rifle bullet in the Argonne, which proves it wasn't altogether an artillery and machine-gun war. And then, on the way home, the *Northern Pacific*, carrying Sergeant Nason and several other convalescents and not-yet convalescents, tried to do a hand-spring over Long Island and for four days it looked like fini *Northern Pacific*. Surviving all these hazards by land and by sea, ex-Sergeant Nason hired him a typewriter and developed into the outstanding interpreter of the A. E. F. to the American people. The results to date, periodical contributions excepted, and counting only real honest-to-heaven books, are "Chevrons," "Three Lights from a Match" and, recently, "Sergeant Eadie." Nason has been with us before, but never with a serial. Wherefore, ladies and gentlemen, it gives us extreme pleasure to introduce to your attention "The Man in the White Slicker."

FOR twenty years Henry M. Daly, the author of "Scouts—Good and Bad," did not sleep in a house, or for that matter in a bed, such as one would rightly call a bed, but he says the best sleeping he did in his life was done during those twenty years and the poorest sleeping was right after he left off roughing it. It is all, Major Daly says, in what you are used to, proving that the human carcase is a pretty adaptable piece of machinery. During the course of his Indian campaigning Major Daly was wounded by bullets, by an arrow and by a tomahawk. The tomahawk wound was a souvenir of the 1876 battle on the Rosebud with the Indians who a few days later wiped out Custer and his cavalry. The major still wears the scar over his right eye. All of which is evidence enough that Major Daly has had a few close-ups of the fighting red man, who he says is as honorable a fellow as his pale-faced brother, who has had a monopoly of the history-writing business and has written the histories so as to make the Indian out pretty much of a blackguard, which Major Daly insists the Indian is not. This, incidentally, is Major Daly's third appearance in the Monthly—old-timers among subscribers

will recall "The Powder-Stained '70's" and "The War Path."

DR. STANLEY M. RINEHART has long been a specialist in chronic diseases of the chest. After serving throughout the war in the Army Medical Corps, he acted as clinical director of tuberculosis for the United States Veterans Bureau in 1922-'23. He has written many popular medical articles, and is also the author of a book, "The Commonsense of Health." Like Leonard Nason and Major Daly, Dr. Rinehart has made a previous bow to Monthly readers, having asked the world "How Old Will You Be at Fifty?" in the November, 1926, issue. Like Major Daly, the Doctor is at present a resident of Washington.

FORMER Sergeant George S. Gibbs has recently, as Major General Gibbs, been made Chief Signal Officer of the United States Army. He is a native Iowan and a graduate of the State University. He was commissioned a second lieutenant of Signal Corps Volunteers in 1899 (subsequent to the events he describes in "A Hot Time in the Old Town") and has risen through the grades in the same branch of the service. He has served in most of the places where the Army has had troops since 1900, and in 1924 was in charge of the task of laying the new Alaska cable. During the war he was Assistant Chief Signal Officer of the A. E. F.

SHERMAN CHILD is a Minnesota state senator and a lawyer, having served in the legislature of his State since 1917 with the exception of two years in which he was a captain in the 349th Infantry, 88th Division. . . . Vincent Starratt is a Chicagoan, author, bibliographer, and old-time war correspondent. He was in Mexico in 1914 and 1915 during troublous days, part of the time with Funston's expedition and later with Mexican troops in the field. His latest book, "Seaports in the Moon," appeared this spring. . . . Samuel Taylor Moore is a frequent contributor to the Monthly. A war-time balloonist, his interest in aviation has not lessened since 1918, and he has flown from New York to San Francisco and back as a passenger. . . . Edwin Earle, who drew the cover design, is a Bostonian.

FORTY. That's the up-to-the-minute total of Legionnaires who have read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the

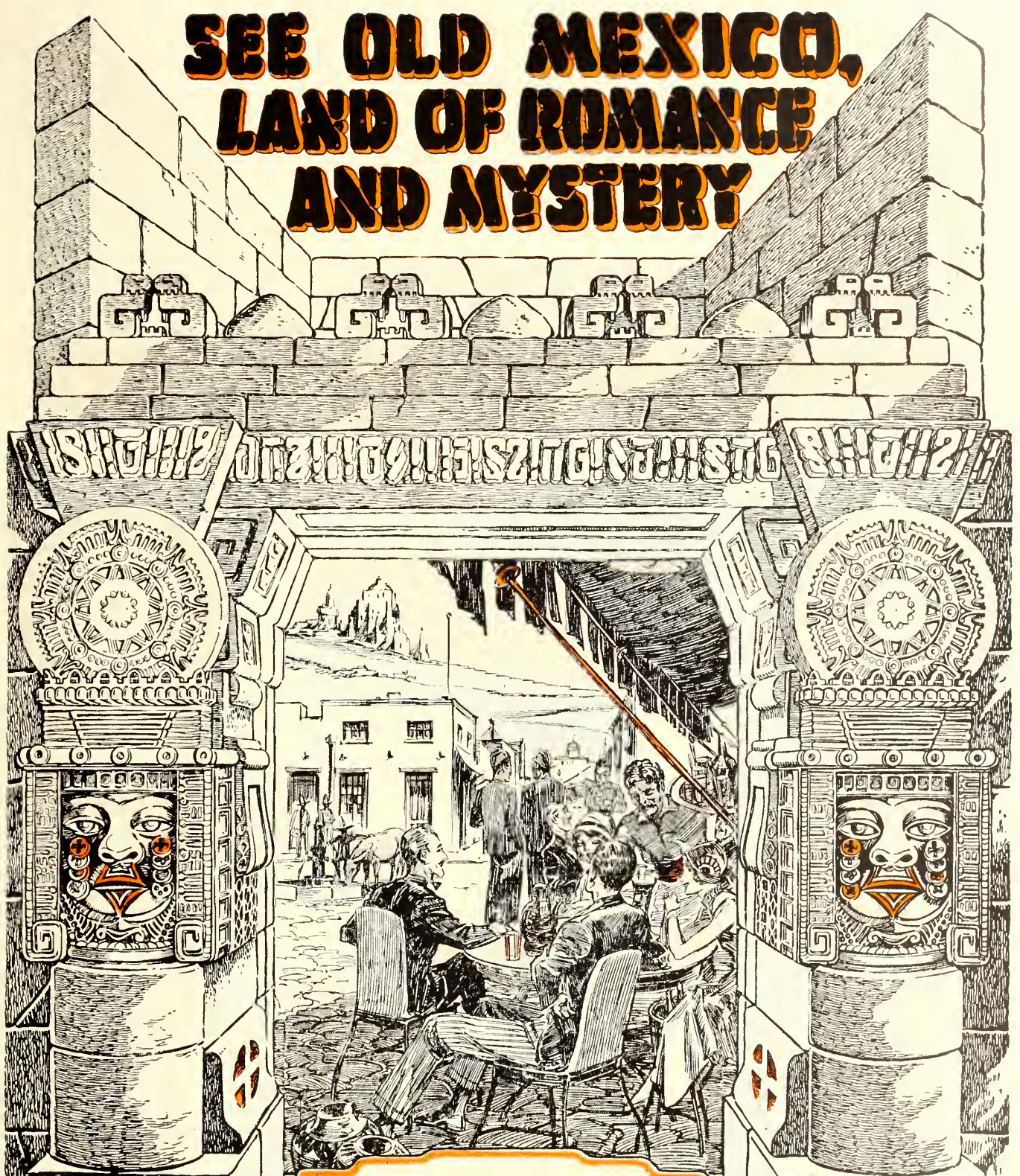
Roman Empire" all the way through. Comes A. L. Fletcher of Raleigh, North Carolina, and deposes: "Thanks to a history-loving dad who started me right and taught me to love it as he did, and still does, I had read Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall' through—all of it once and much of it twice or more—before I was sixteen years of age. In addition I had read Motley's 'Dutch Republic,' Macaulay's 'History of England,' Prescott's great histories of the conquests of Cortez and Pizarro in Mexico and Peru, respectively, and many others. No boy has had quite all that was coming to him if he has missed the two last named. I think that our magazine can do no finer service than to attempt to interest Legionnaires and others in reading the masters of historical literature and I hope that you will keep it up." Mr. Fletcher, it should be noted, is Historian of the Department of North Carolina, The American Legion. He seems to be eminently qualified for the job.

QUALIFIED for the job, too, is William V. Albaugh, Historian of German H. H. Emory Post of the Department of Maryland, who writes from Baltimore: "In January, 1910, I returned from the Army to complete my senior year in Western Maryland College, and I read Gibbon's great work with a great deal of interest just before commencement. I hope to re-read it in the near future." "I read it in the winter of '13-'14 at Amherst," writes Paul S. Greene of Fred Hilburn Post, Douglas, Arizona. He adds a postscript: "If I have to pass an examination in Gibbon I withdraw from the contest." No examinations are conducted. The credentials committee simply asks from every prospective member a written statement that he has read Gibbon entire, and membership cards are issued immediately. Gene Tunney holds card number 1. Who is going to get card number 41?

THE third in John Erskine's selections of representative short stories by American authors—"Rappaccini's Daughter", by Nathaniel Hawthorne—will appear in the September number. There will be articles by Richard Washburn Child on the immigration problem and by Hilaire Belloc on the Argonne. The cover design, as is fitting for this great anniversary month, will be another of Harvey Dunn's striking battle compositions.

The Editor

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